

Copacabana

Auteur : Barry Manilow — (sans accords)

Her name was Lola
She was a showgirl
With yellow feathers in her hair
And a dress cut down to there
She would merengue
And do the cha-cha
And while she tried to be a star
Tony always tended bar

Across the crowd floor
They worked from eight til four
They were young and they had each other
Who could ask for more

At the Copa, Copacabana
The hottest spot north of Havana
At the Copa, Copacaba - na
Music and passion were always in
fashion at the Copa

They fell in love ...

His name was Rico
He wore a diamond
He was escorted to his chair
He saw Lola dancing there
And when she finished
He called her over
But Rico went a bit too far
Tony sailed across the bar

And then the pun -ches flew
And chairs were smashed in two
There was blood and a single gunshot
But just who shot who?

At the Copa, Copacabana
The hottest spot north of Havana
At the Copa, Copacaba - na
Music and passion were always in
fashion at the Copa

Her name is Lola
She was a showgirl
But that was thirty years ago
When they used to have a show
Now it's a disco
But not for Lola
Still in the dress she used to wear
Faded feathers in her hair

She sits there so re-fined
And drinks herself half-blind
She lost her youth and she lost her Tony
Now she's lost her mind

At the Copa, Copacabana
The hottest spot north of Havana
At the Copa, Copacaba - na
Music and passion were always in
fashion at the Copa

Don't fall in love
Don't fall in love
(Co - pa - ca-bana)
Copacabana

Copacabana