COPACABANA (At The Copa)

Words by BRUCE SUSSMAN and JACK FELDMAN
Music by BARRY MANILOW

Brightly

Gm

Gbm Fm

Fm(maj7)

Gm

Gbm Fm Dmaj7 Gm

Fm7

Her name was

Lo - la,
Ri - co,

She was a show - girl—
He wore a dia - mond—
With yel - low fea - thers in her
He was es - cort - ed to his

Am7-5

Bb11 Bb7 Emaj7 Eb Am7-5

D7 D+ Gm (9) Gm Fm7

hair chair.
And a dress cut down to there.
She would me - ren - gue—
And when she’d fin - ished—

D7 D+ Gm (9) Gm Fm7

Bb11 Bb7 Emaj7 Eb Am7-5

And do the cha - cha—
He called her o - ver—
And while she tried to be a
But Ri - co went a bit too
star Tony always tended bar across the crowded floor.

They worked from eight till four.
And chairs were smashed in two.
They were young and they had each other.

gun-shot But just who shot who? At the Copa,

Co-pa-ca-ba-na — The hottest spot

north of Havana — At the Copa,
Co-pa-cabana, Music and passion were always the fashion. At the Co-pa-

They fell in love. She lost her love. Co-pa-

Co-pa-cabana.

His name was Co-pa-
3. Her name is Lola,
She was a show girl
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 refined
And drinks herself half blind.
She lost her youth and she lost her Tony;
Now she's lost her mind.
At the Copa, etc...