

Almost Jamaica

Bellamy Brothers

She was born in Dakota
Where she froze to death each winter
But she dreamed about the islands
By the fire burning splendour.

It was almost Jamaica
Almost paradise
It was almost Jamaica
It was almost real nice.

So she moved down on the border
With the sunshine but no seaweed
Though she could not drink the water
Some of the streets were lined with palm trees

It was almost Jamaica
Almost paradise
It was almost Jamaica
It was almost real nice.

Electric fan on the table
Shower is her waterfall
She may never have Jamaica
But in her mind she has it all.

And it was almost Jamaica
Almost paradise
It was almost Jamaica
It was almost real nice.

She loved their hurricane warnings
And the tropical breeze
She loves coconuts and love songs
With a little reggae breeze.

It was almost Jamaica
Almost paradise
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It was almost real nice.

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