

Chillin' in the basement,  
Jammin to Bob Marley  
I'm hangin' out with Farley on a summer night  
The jumper hit the pavement  
He's looking for the gold medal  
And all he got was flower pedals and a lousy bronze

And I know someday  
That I will be running for my life  
And when that day comes,  
I hope that I learn to fly

I know that we can do this,  
I know that can groove this,  
Oh, this reggae music  
From this lousy home

I know that we can do this,  
I know that can groove this,  
Oh, this reggae music  
You better get some while you can

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