

Farley

Ballyhoo!

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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