

# 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.

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