

# Paradise Child

Damian Marley

When love, takes me over  
Its paradise  
When love, takes me over  
It's always nice

Touch pon di ends  
And a incense, herbs and oils  
Scrapbook newspaper  
Clippings and files  
A view of di countryside  
Remind me of nine miles  
Where di trees are green  
And di people smile  
After few water crackers  
And some warm milo tea  
Rub massage home made  
Coco butter skin cream  
Interior design of  
Ights gold and green  
And the vibes are pure  
And the thoughts are clean

She collect her own  
Dividends weekly  
So mi know ah no money  
Mek she seek me  
Cool me down  
And tie mi knotty dem neatly  
Draw close  
While whispering sweetly  
Mi teach her each and everytime  
That she link me  
We haffi bun  
A five bills bag a stinky  
True she roots and culture  
She win me  
I even had to  
Introduce her to Cindy

Well I was sitting  
By an open fire place  
In my flavorite dungarees  
I play a few strums  
Upon my guitar  
And It sounds so good to me  
Big skunky blunt a blaze  
And plus  
My flavorite stooks beside me  
I glance over  
Just so I could see her  
But my locks got in the way

Cool breeze a blow  
Thru the weeping willow  
She always leave  
A fragrance on my pillow  
When I'm ready

She will always follow  
Me to the place of  
My old sleepy hollow  
Soft silky voice is  
So sacred and hollow  
Cause out spoken noisy  
Streams run shallow  
Reach to the stars  
When I launch the Apollo  
Could a land up ah Sao Paulo