

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