

# She Needs My Love

Damian Marley

I Jr.Gong long side Yami Bolo  
Come to tell you a little story about the girl next door  
Certain tings can happen but she will never know  
Unless she come ah di rasta man stage show

I Jr.Gong man have the love connection  
Come fi sail like a big boat across the ocean  
So come and get yourself inna di love motion  
You have di Rastaman wid di love potion

She needs my love  
She said she needs my love  
She need my love  
She said she need Jah love

She is a girlfriend, she live next door  
I think I've seen her that face before  
Her memories can't erase from my mind  
I love ya angel, one of a kind

Well, den she see me and she ball out  
Yo, Jr.Gong, di searching shall end  
Where the searching begun

She need a bed room bully who's a real rangatan  
She love me like how black yankee love Farrakhan  
Well, she's very impressed with the youngest veteran  
She started realizing there's no better man

Now when time rain a fall, I become di weather man  
Performing every one of her stage show dem fi long  
I beg ya pardon deh miss kinky walking  
Bright like sunlight when me glimpse you dis morning

Come down to night, you ah mi moon shine darling  
Mash up mi head, all when ah you mi eye balling  
Ready fi di hundred with out no stalling  
Ince comes the youngest signal and warning

Big trampoline for di bedroom brawling  
Cause she's not just  
Good she's appalling  
Her performances deserve applauding

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Tell her fi link it, me nah sink it, to piece and bit  
When it come down to loving, it's a perfect fit  
Whole heap ah more loving and we just nah quit

She can't tek the vibe of Babylon dem spirit

Straight up loving and ah nah no bull  
Ah Rastafari bless her with di ting she have  
She have all right reserve, fi she galang bad  
Fresher than a vegetable inna mi market bag

Any time she come link up me ends  
Me glad,well, ah she a get di money  
And a spend di wad  
'Cause me know the chumpas

Will not be squandered, she mek me start sing  
Some Ray Charles ballad  
'Cause the style of the loving is not just a fad

She need a lover to hug and squeeze her tight  
She need a man to come home at night  
But he's always working that's what she say  
I had to tell her, go home and pray

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