

# Who Could It Be

LUCIANO

I told my baby not to wake me  
Not even for a cup of tea

Who could it be now?  
Who could it be now?  
Who could it be now?  
Knocking on the Rastaman's door

I've got to get myself away  
And find me a place where I'll be free  
City life is getting me down  
Even when I sleep I'm wearing a frown

It couldn't be the landlord  
Could it be my baby?  
I told her not to wake me  
Not even for a cup of tea

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I'm in deep meditation  
Trying to find myself  
Don't need no provocation  
It's a minute after twelve

Now who dares to disturb  
My tranquility  
When I'm meditating  
On the Almighty

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