

When we coming home, love pick up a phone  
Said, you know we both feeling something inside our heart, he  
If he is to stay, had to go away  
Now they both feeling they gotta be apart

To my mother, I love you, ain't no one above you  
When the morning come you're still inside my heart  
Them reasons, they wrong, gonna carry on  
No, we got to be...

No, why does this man find them only reason to ease down they temple? yeah  
Fat spliffs of weed, summertime be better when they got sensimilla  
Yeah, no no no yeah, no no no yeah oh yeah oh yeah

Now, when we coming home, love pick up a phone  
You know they both feeling something inside the heart, he  
If he is to stay, had to go away  
Now they both feeling they gotta be apart

To my bother, I love you, ain't no one above you  
When the morning come you're still inside my heart  
The reasons, they wrong, gonna carry on  
Said, you got to be...

No, why does this man find them only reason to ease down they temple? yeah  
Fat spliffs of weed, summertime be better when they got sensimilla  
Yeah, no no no yeah, no no no yeah oh yeah oh yeah

Lord, I got to go, seek weed, you never know when I...  
Lord, I got to go, seek weed, you never know when I...yeah  
Oh Lord, I got to go, seek weed, you never know when I...  
Lord, I got to go, seek weed, you never know when I...yeah