

We Could Be Jammin' Reggae

Third World

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(Scat)

She was raised on burgers and fries
Hot dogs, popcorn and chewing gum
She wanted something different in her life
(Always got the snow, craving for the sun)
In the city all her working days
Fantasizing a sweet island holiday
You deserve an ivory trip someone said
When she turned around
She was looking in the eyes of a Dread
Send a telex home to your Mama
Tell her what the Rasta man said

You ain't living to work
But, you're working to live, oooh
So you gotta, gotta, gotta gotta
Grab a little reggae love and dance
We could be jammin' reggae
We could be dancin' all night long
We should be jammin' reggae
We should be dancin' 'til the morning sun

Hundred smackers in her Levi's
The girl took off into the friendly skies
She couldn't believe her own very eyes
She was in for a big surprise
Jammin' on the beach in the middle of the night
Was her Mama as plain as daylight
Dancin' with the same Dread who turned around to her and said
Send a telex home to your Papa
Tell him that you're never gonna come on home
Cause in your whole life you've never been happier
So he'd better, better Daddy, please, you'd better
Come on down, Oh

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