Grace Jones, My Jamaican Guy

Take a toke from the smoke,
Never standing by the door,
Just stretching out pan de floor,
That way him don't fall over,
No way him gwan fall out pan me,
That way him won't fall over,
No way him gwan fall out pan me.
'Cause he's layed back, not laying back,
Layed back, not worried back,
Layed back, not thinking back,
Layed back, never holding back,
My Jamaican guy, My Jamaican guy.
When my dread start to sw..
Him no think if it hot nor cold,
We just come in a de riva cold,
Dat way him don't waste him wata,
No way it gwan run out pan him,
Dat way him don't waste him wata,
No way it gwan run out pan him.
'Cause he's layed back, not worried back,
Layed back, not thinking back,
Layed back, not laying back,
Layed back, never holding back,
My Jamaican guy, My Jamaican guy.
My J.A. guy.
Take my life for a drive,
Never need to change his tools,
Him drive like a stubborn mule,
Dat way him naw go plop plop,
No way gas gwan bun out pan him,
Dat way him naw go plop plop,
No way gas gwan bun out pan him.
'Cause he's layed back, not thinking back,
Layed back, not worried back,
Layed back, not laying back,
Layed back, never holding back,
My Jamaican guy,
My J.A. guy.