

Jacob Miller, Tired Fe Lick Weed In A Bush

Ooh, now, want to be free....

Tired fe lick weed in a bush
Tired fe lick pipe in a gully
We want to come out in the open
Where the breeze can blow it so far away
To the north, to the south,
To the eas', an' to the wes' , to the wes'
Talkin' about Jonestown, Trenchtown, concrete jungle, too
From Waterhouse, that's the wes', that's the bes' ,th

From St.Ann's it comes to you
The best kali weed you ever drew
So why should you run and hide
From the red seam, the blue seam, the khaki clothes, too, hmm

Tired fe lick weed in a bush
Tired fe lick chillum in a gully
We want to come out in the open
Where the breeze can blow it so far away
To the north, to the south,
To the eas', an' to the wes' , to the wes', ooh now

We want, we want to be free....

From St.Ann's.... [etc.]