

Bran Van 3000, Rainshine

I don't care how sick you say it's gonna get,
My big ass bubble has not busted yet.
Because I feel,
I feel fine, I feel fine.
Yes I feel,
I feel fine, I feel fine.
Yes I feel, I feel fine, I feel fine.
Yes I feel, I feel fine.

New time again, dis a new time again,
For de time now, de dodge a man him come through and then,
Me no want no war, me say between no man,
'Cause this hear time dodge a no work for satan.
Lord have mercy,
Lord have his mercy.
Lord have mercy,
Lord have his mercy.

You know what?
I've got nothing to complain about.
My breath is bad,
But my beer is stout.
So take my hand and let us jump about,
'Cause we got nothing to complain about.
The sky is grey,
I think it's gonna rain.
But that's okay,
'Cause hell, I like the rain.
So join me here in this here refrain,
And shut your shit,
And don't complain.
What?
'Cause we got nothing to complain about,
And you got nothing to complain about.
So c'mon,
It ain't that difficult to figure out,
That we've got nothing to complain about.
So c'mon.

A man a shot upon him, life through the dark,
When you check it out, it's a natural fact,
Jah jah have good judgement when you do all you want,
And if...

You can speak of babylon while you're around me,
'Cause every single little thing I see astounds me.
Rainshine...

Inna this time, me no fight 'gainst no man,
Me no want no man come try to test dodge,
'Cause when you check it out and go upon one mission,
And God and the Father and me inspiration.
Me test upon a mission and a one-way plan,
Me no want no man try disrespect me fashion,
'Cause when you check it out and put inspiration,
And that is how a you go reach Mount Zion.

I feel magical, mystical, motherful, logistical.

Lord have his mercy.

Magical, mystical, motherful, logistical,
Magical, mystical,
Magical,

Magical, mystical.

Look around,
Look around,
Look around,
On the ground,
On the ground,
There's a finger on my blister.