

# Buju Banton, Poor Old Man

Say, there were lonely a man even than before...  
Shooba, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo

There was once an old man, who lived all alone  
All through out his life, no happiness have he had known  
Now with tears in his eyes, he watches as folks passes by  
Walking hand in hand with love  
Walking hand in hand with love

Now said, I read a letter, poor old woman say  
Trying to express how much she needed help  
Her loneliness, no sweet caress  
No tenderness, she needed some help

Babe, young, the elderly they all want love  
Good loviduby mi say kiss and hug  
That fill up the cup, mi say dat full di the mug  
Overflow to the brim, mi say, like water jug  
Woman dem a bubble up, need a little cuddle up  
Nah tek nuh fubble up, hardcore a double up  
Anywhere we go dancehall a fi nice up  
When this one play feel it, yeah  
It's the order of the day, you can't deny it, no way  
When dis one play, you feel it, yeah

When will they meet? Poor old woman say  
When will they greet? Poor old woman say  
Her loneliness is the message that she sends  
And all she need is one good faithfull friend  
That will make her smile again

Throughout her life there is nothing but misery  
Upstairs and downstairs, roller coaster tragedy  
All kind a things, mi say none she never fancy  
When yu chek it out, it was all topsy turvey  
Gwan Buju Banton yu pattern is ever irie  
Anywhere you go dem call yu Mr. Mark Myrie  
And when they're having problems  
They think that we can solve them  
Who they're having problems  
They think that we can solve them

She cried, help me please, poor old woman say  
Some company, poor old woman say  
In sympathy, she asked me for some help  
To find some one to share her loneliness  
She said, she can't go on like this

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Such loneliness, poor old woman say  
Nah, can't forget, poor old woman say  
In sympathy, she asked me for some help  
To find some one to share her loneliness  
She said, she needs something better than this...