

Horace Andy, Spying Glass

You live in the city
You mind your own business
What you see you don't see
But some people they always see
They never mind their own business

You move to the country
You live in the hills
You think you're far from the wicked
When you check it them a use spying glass
They want to know all your business

You live in the city
You stay by yourself
You avoid their company
Still some people are prying you out
Just because you are rasta