

Max Romeo, A Fi We Country

A fi we country
Mek we live it up, alright
A fi we country
So no mash it up, yes
A fi we something
So mek we use it up
A fi we country
So no shoot it up, no mash it up

Thinking of a vacation the other day
All work and no play makes a dull day
My woman, she looks at me and says (yeah)
Why not take a vacation in Montego Bay

'Cause
A fi we country
Mek we live it up, alright
A fi we country
So no mash it up, yes
A fi we something
Mek we use it up
A fi we country
So no shoot it up, no mash it up

I said, "Woman, I prefer a foreign land
Where I can pretend to be a big-shot man"
She said, "Have you tried rafting on the Rio Grande?
Or clompering on Negril's white sand?"

Yes
A fi we country
Mek we live it up, alright
A fi we country
So no mash it up, yes
A fi we country
Mek we build it up, alright
A fi we country
So no shoot it up, no mash it up

"Honey, I know it's my own land,
But those places are for the foreign man"
She said, "Oh no, it couldn't be so,
You can be a visitor in your own land"
I know that we have traveled far
From those slave markets in Zanzibar
This land is our own sweat and blood
So let's live it up, live it up, don't shoot it up

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So no mash it up, yes
A fi we something
So mek we use it up
A fi we country
So no shoot it up, no mash it up