

Naked Earth, Gillimon

Let me tell you 'bout a tale, my friends, the tale of an irie trip
That started from this rasta port aboard this jammin' ship, I say
Aboard this jammin' ship
Jah mate was a mighty sailor man, the skipper brave and sure
Five passengers set sail that day for a really irie tour, I say
A really irie tour (so irie)
Jah weather started getting rough, the tiny ship it was a-tossed
If not for the courage of the jammin' crew, jah Minnow would be lost, I say
Jah Minnow would be lost (it's-a-nowhere)
The ship hit ground on the shore of this uncharted desert isle
With Gillimon
Jah skipper-mon too
Jah millionaire-mon, and his wo-mon
The movie star
The professor-mon
And Mary Ann, she jams here on Gillimon's Isle (isle, isle, isle, isle, isle,
isle!)
Oh, Gillimon is a rasta man
He smokes the ganja all day long
And all night too
Gillimon, you jammin' jammin' jammin', a jam jam jammin', a jam jam jam... say
I say, I say, I say, I say this party is for you
This is the tale of our castaways, they're here for a long long time
They'll have to make jah best of things -- they smoke many dimes, I say
They smoke many dimes (so many!)
The first mate and his skipper, too, must do their very best
To make the others high as kites in this tropic island nest, I say
They only smoke jah best (only jah best!)
No bongos, no bowls, no waterpipes, not a single luxury
Just a-rolling the spliff in the palm leaves, it's as primitive as can be, you
say
As primitive as can be (so primitive!)
So join us here each week, my friends, you're sure to get real high
From seven jammin' rasta-mons here on Gillimon's Isle
Gillimon's Isle
Gillimon's Isle
Gillimon's Isle
Gillimon's Isle
Seven...
(Russell Ives; 1994 Naked Earth Productions)