

Third World, We Could Be Jammin' Reggae

[W. CJarke, M. Cooper, S. Coore, R. Daley, W. Stewart]

We could be jammin' reggae

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(Scat)

She was raised on burgers and fries

Hot dogs, popcorn and chewing gum

She wanted something different in her life

(Always got the snow, craving for the sun)

In the city all her working days

Fantasizing a sweet island holiday

You deserve an ivory trip someone said

When she turned around

She was looking in the eyes of a Dread

Send a telex home to your Mama

Tell her what the Rasta man said

You ain't living to work

But, you're working to live, oooh

So you gotta, gotta, gotta gotta

Grab a little reggae love and dance

We could be jammin' reggae

We could be dancin' all night long

We should be jammin' reggae

We should be dancin' 'til the morning sun

Hundred smackers in her Levi's

The girl took off into the friendly skies

She couldn't believe her own very eyes

She was in for a big surprise

Jammin' on the beach in the middle of the night

Was her Mama as plain as daylight

Dancin' with the same Dread who turned around to her and said

Send a telex home to your Papa

Tell him that you're never gonna come on home

Cause in your whole life you've never been happier

So he'd better, better Daddy, please, you'd better

Come on down, Oh

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