The Rasta's Green Garden

The Blims

Well I'm not political I've never even voted
But my home is where my heart is and my heart is on a boat trip
Racing racing out on the open swell
My hearts not nohas ark you know there's room for you aswell

Chorus
I said raster raster sat under your coconut tree
What's it like to be free
Please please don't tell me
Tell everybody

I see a pretty little girl who's sitting over there
She got her head in her hand like she doesn't care
Her mind is racing racing up in the sky
Try as I may I don't know why
Night turns to day
Day turns to night
Humans by nature they just love to fight
I ask Why Why Why please tell me why
Now its my turn to cry

Chorus

Lyrics Submitted by Bazz

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