Who Could It Be

Luciano

I told my baby not to wake me
Not even for a cup of teaWho could it be now?
Who could it be now?
Who could it be now?
Knocking on the Rastaman's doorI've got to get myself away
And find me a place where I'll be free
City life is getting me down
Even when I sleep I'm wearing a frownIt couldn't be the landlord
Could it be my baby?
I told her not to wake me
Not even for a cup of teaWho could it be now?
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Knocking on the Rastaman's doorWho could it be now?
Who could it be now?
Who could it be now?
Knocking on the Rastaman's doorI'm in deep meditation
Trying to find myself
Don't need no provocation
It's a minute after twelveNow who dares to disturb
My tranquility
When I'm meditating
On the AlmightyWho could it be now?
Who could it be now?
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Could it be my baby?
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