

Ma-Me-O-Beach

Joan Armatrading

Ma-Me-O-Beach
The kind of place that I like to be
Running on the sand
Or just lying in my baby's arms
I said running on the sand
Or just lying in my baby's arms I can't swim
But I like the sea
So I'm going down
To Ma-Me-O-Beach
I'm taking my babe Gone in the water
While I'm sunning on the floor
I hear you call me in
But I'd drown for sure
Don't mean, maybe Ma-Me-O-Beach
The kind of place that I like to be
Running on the sand
Or just lying in my baby's arms
I said running on the sand
Or just lying in my baby's arms Some like the tan
But they don't like the sun
Me I'm brown enough
In fact, I'm overdone Turn me over
Turn me over
Turn me over
Turn me over Pretty girls are there
If you're good with the chat
All kinds of games
If you fancy that Some like to swim
Some like to watch
And some come to make up the crowd
And that's a fact Ma-Me-O-Beach
The kind of place that I like to be
Running on the sand
Or just lying in my baby's arms
I said running on the sand
Or just lying in my baby's arms Ma-Me-O-Beach
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