Rubberneck

Tab

(flight attendant ...)
Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen. please fasten your seatbelts. we are nearing
Jamaica -- one of the "beguiling isles," born of earth's torments. whu-nu-nu-nu's
Airlines is pleased to announce our new rubberneck helper evening tour at the
Wide river. your pulse will thrive in the pervasive beat as you wile away the night to
Calypso music played with torches. yes, you in the third world, snap on a palm leaf and
Receive a complimentary electrifying warhol cut and free glass of tia maria. don't be
Alarmed if you feel a little turbulence during touchdown. it's merely the rastaman
Vibration!
Da, da-doo.
Da, doo.
Da, da-doo.
Doo.
Da, da-doo.
Da, doo.
Da, da-doo.
Doo.
(chorus)
Rubberneck,
Do you want buy ganja.
Rubberneck,
Do you want to follow me home.
Rubberneck,
We're gonna' get your money.
Rubberneck,
We're gonna' cut you never go home.
Had enough of workin',
I need a rest, I need a piece of paradise.
Been inside for so long,
Ain't seen the sun and my skin's turnin' grey to white.
Heard a man on the street talkin',
He and his old lady havin' warm caribbean nights.
So, I go to jamaica and all they tell me is ...

(chorus)
Oh, sweet jamaica,
Sleepy little island in the middle of the deep blue sea.
They got herb the best in the world,
A place every red-blooded hippie should be, yeah.

So, I go pack my bag make a plane,
'cause the man's talkin' warm caribbean nights.
Here I go to jamaica ... to jamaica ... and all the natives go ...
Da, da-doo.
Da, doo.
Da, da-doo.
Doo.
Da, da-doo.
Da, doo.
Da, da-doo.
Doo.
(chorus)
Had enough jamaica,
I need a rest, I need a piece of paradise.
No more rasta red,
Will a knife 'bout to cut my throat, yeah, and all that jive, no.
So, I go pack my bag,
Make a plane for the states before it's too late. ah, bye-bye.
To jamaica ...
(chorus)
(chorus)

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