Dreadlock Holiday

Boney M.

I was walkin' down the street
Concentratin' on truckin' right
I heard a dark voice beside of me
And I looked 'round in a state of frightI saw four faces, one mad, a brother
From the gutter
They looked me up and down a bit
And turned to each otherI say, I don't like cricket, oh no
I love it, yeah
I don't like cricket, oh no
I love it, yeahDon't you walk through my words
You got to show some respect
Don't you walk through my words
Like you ain't heard me out yetWell, he looked down at my silver chain
He said, "I'll give you one dollar"
I said, "You've got to be joking man
It was a present from me mother"He said, "I like it, I wan' it, I'll take it off your hands
An' you'll be sorry, you'd crossed me
You'd better understand that you're a long
A long way from home"And I say, I don't like reggae, oh no
I love it, hey
I don't like reggae, yeah yeah
I love it, oh yeahDon't you cramp me style
Don't stick me on your bench
Don't you walk through my words
Like you ain't heard me out yetI hurried back to the swimming pool
Sinkin' Pina Colada
I heard a dark voice beside me saying
"Would you like something hotter?"She said, "I've got it, you wan' it
My harvest is the best and if you try it
You'll like it and wallow in the
Dreadlock holiday, dreadlock holidayAnd I say, don't like Jamaica, oh no
I love her, oh yeah
Don't like Jamaica, oh no
I love her, yeahDon't you walk through my words
You got to show some respect
Don't you walk through my words
Like you ain't heard me out yetI don't like cricket, oh no
I love it, middle of sunny day
I don't like cricket, oh no

I love it, middle of sunny dayI don't like Jamaica, oh no
I love her, middle of sunny day
I don't like cricket, oh no
I love it, middle of sunny dayI don't like reggae, oh no

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