# Dreadlock Holiday (2)

## 10cc

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 fright.
I saw four faces, one mad; a brother from the gutter.
They looked me up and down a bit and turned to each other.
I say, I don't like cricket, oh no, I love it.
I don't like cricket, oh no, I love it.
Don't you walk through my words.
You got to show some respect.
Don't you walk through my words,
Cause you ain't heard me out yet.
Well, he looked down on my silver chain.
He said: 'I'll give you one dollar'.
I said: 'You've got to be jokin', man,
It was a present from me mother'.
He said: 'I like it, I want it, I'll take it off your hands,
And you'll be sorry you crossed me,
You better understand that you're alone (a long way from home)
And I say, I don't like Reggae, oh no, I love it.
I don't like Reggae, oh no, I love it.
Don't you cramp me style,
Don't you queer me pitch.
Don't you walk through my words,
Cause you ain't heard me out yet.
I hurried back to the swimming pool, sinkin' Pina Colada.
I heard a dark voice beside me say
'Would you like something harder ?'
She said: 'I've got it, you want it,
My harvest is the best, and if you try it,
You'll like it and wallow in a dreadlock holiday.
And I say, don't like Jamaica, oh no, I love her.
Don't like Jamaica, oh no, I love her.
Don't you walk through my words.
You got to show some respect.
Don't you walk through my words,
Cause you ain't heard me out yet.
I don't like cricket, oh no, I love it (Dreadlock holiday)

I don't like Reggae, oh no, I love it (Dreadlock holiday)
I don't like Jamaica, oh no, I love her (Dreadlock holiday)

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