

My Jamaican Guy

Grace Jones

Oh my Jamaican guy, my Jamaican guy
My Jamaican guy, oh my Jamaican guy Take a toke from the smoke
Never standin' by the door
Just stretchin' out pan de floor
That way him don't fall over
No way him gwan fall over me
That way him don't fall over
No way him gwan fall over me 'Cause he's layed back, not layin' back
Layed back, not worried back
Layed back, not thinkin' back
Layed back, never holdin' back, I said
My Jamaican guy, oh, my Jamaican guy
My Jamaican guy, oh, my Jamaican guy When my dread start to swell
Him no think if it hot nor cold
We just come in a de riva cold
Dat way him don't waste him wata
No way it gwan run out pan him
Dat way him don't waste him wata
No way it gwan run out pan him 'Cause he's layed back, not worried back
Layed back, not thinkin' back
Layed back, not layin' back
Layed back, never holdin' back, I said
My Jamaican guy, oh, my Jamaican guy
Oh, my Jamaican guy, my Jamaican guy My Jamaican guy, my J.A. guy
My Jamaican guy, my J.A. guy
My Jamaican guy, my J.A. guy My Jamaican guy, my Jamaican guy
My Jamaican guy, my Jamaican guy
My Jamaican guy, my Jamaican guy Take my life for a drive
Never need to change his tools
Him comin' like a stubborn mule
That way him naw go plop plop
No way gas gwan bun out pan him
That way him naw go plop plop
No way gas gwan bun out pan him 'Cause he's layed back, not thinkin' back
Layed back, not worried back
Layed back, not layin' back
Layed back, never holdin' back, I said
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