

# Tired Fe Lick Weed In A Bush

Jacob Miller

Ooh, now, want to be free....

Tired fe lick weed in a bush  
Tired fe lick pipe in a gully  
We want to come out in the open  
Where the breeze can blow it so far away  
To the north, to the south,  
To the eas', an' to the wes', to the wes'  
Talkin' about Jonestown, Trenchtown, concrete jungle, too  
From Waterhouse, that's the wes', that's the bes', that's the wes'

From St. Ann's it comes to you  
The best kali weed you ever drew  
So why should you run and hide  
From the red seam, the blue seam, the khaki clothes, too, hmm

Tired fe lick weed in a bush  
Tired fe lick chillum in a gully  
We want to come out in the open  
Where the breeze can blow it so far away  
To the north, to the south,  
To the eas', an' to the wes', to the wes', ooh now

We want, we want to be free..

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