

Jamaica

Ben E. King

Jamaica, oh Jamaica,
Little island shining in the sea,
There's a dark-eyed girl who's waiting,
Yes, she's waiting just for me.

Oh, in Jamaica, oh, Jamaica,
Where the gentle trade winds blow,
Once I'll hold her in my arms again,
I'll never ever ever ever let her go.

Never more will I travel
And no more will I roam,
Captain, weigh your anchor chain
And set your sails for home,

To Jamaica, oh Jamaica,
Little island I've been dreaming of,
I can't wait to reach that golden beach
And that little dark-eyed girl I love.