Paradise Child

Damian Marley

When love, takes me over Its paradise When love, takes me over It's always nice

Touch pon di ends And a incense, herbs and oils Scrapbook newspaper Clippings and files A view of di countryside Remind me of nine miles Where di trees are green And di people smile After few water crackers And some warm milo tea Rub massage home made Coco butter skin cream Interior design of Ights gold and green And the vibes are pure And the thoughts are clean

She collect her own Dividends weekly So mi know ah no money Mek she seek me Cool me down And tie mi knotty dem neatly Draw close While whispering sweetly Mi teach her each and everytime That she link me We haffi bun A five bills bag a stinky True she roots and culture She win me I even had to Introduce her to Cindy

Well I was sitting
By an open fire place
In my flavorite dungarees
I play a few strums
Upon my guitar
And It sounds so good to me
Big skunky blunt a blaze
And plus
My flavorite stooks beside me
I glance over
Just so I could see her
But my locks got in the way

Cool breeze a blow
Thru the weeping willow
She always leave
A fragrance on my pillow
When I'm ready

She will always follow
Me to the place of
My old sleepy hollow
Soft silky voice is
So sacred and hollow
Cause out spoken noisy
Streams run shallow
Reach to the stars
When I launch the Apollo
Could a land up ah Sao Paulo