

Pickney Gal

Desmond Dekker

I put my money into a condense can
You steal it 'way, give it to your TV man
Come here, pickney gal, come here
Where you think you're running to?
I said to come here, girl, pickney gal, come here

How could you say that I'm not real?
Look 'pon your face, it favor turn cornmeal
Come here, pickney gal, come here
Where you think you're running to?
I said to come, come, come here, pickney gal, come here

How could you say, I'm not speaking the truth?
Look 'pon your gut, it favor spoilt jack fruit
Come here, girl, pickney gal, come here
Where you think you're running to?
I said, "Come, come, come here, girl, pickney gal, come here"

How could you say that I'm not real?
Look 'pon your face, it favor turn cornmeal
Come here, come here, girl, pickney gal, come here
Where you think you're running to?
I said, "Come, come, come here babe, pickney gal, come here"

How could you say, I'm not speaking the truth?
Look 'pon your gut, it favor spoilt jack fruit
Come here, gal, pickney gal, come here
Where you think you're running to?
Look, I said, "Come, come, come, come here, pickney, come here"