

You're My Jamaica

Neal McCoy

Every day I read ads in the paper
Saying come to the islands
Bikini'd ladies, sweet rum drinks
They'll keep you smiling

But I've got calypso music on the record at home
When it comes to the warmth and the sunshine
Well, I got my own

You're my Jamaica
You're where I want to be
You're my island when I am being
Tossed on a stormy sea
My heavenly haven
Where I can spend eternity
You're my Jamaica
You're paradise to me

White sunny sand, palm trees and tango
It's sounds so inviting (Sounds so inviting)
Limbo dancing and star light romancing
It's all so exciting (C'mon down, c'mon down, c'mon down)
But I got my flowery shirt and rum punch in my hand (Rum punch in my hand)
And my own exotic lover in my native land

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