

# We Could Be Jammin' Reggae

Third World

We could be jammin' reggae  
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(Scat)

She was raised on burgers and fries  
Hot dogs, popcorn and chewing gum  
She wanted something different in her life  
(Always got the snow, craving for the sun)  
In the city all her working days  
Fantasizing a sweet island holiday  
You deserve an ivory trip someone said  
When she turned around  
She was looking in the eyes of a Dread  
Send a telex home to your Mama  
Tell her what the Rasta man said

You ain't living to work  
But, you're working to live, oooh  
So you gotta, gotta, gotta gotta  
Grab a little reggae love and dance  
We could be jammin' reggae  
We could be dancin' all night long  
We should be jammin' reggae  
We should be dancin' 'til the morning sun

Hundred smackers in her Levi's  
The girl took off into the friendly skies  
She couldn't believe her own very eyes  
She was in for a big surprise  
Jammin' on the beach in the middle of the night  
Was her Mama as plain as daylight  
Dancin' with the same Dread who turned around to her and said  
Send a telex home to your Papa  
Tell him that you're never gonna come on home  
Cause in your whole life you've never been happier  
So he'd better, better Daddy, please, you'd better  
Come on down, Oh

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