

Premature

Toots and The Maytals

Let the girl go home
Let her go right home
She's underage
She's not fit for the preacher
Let the girl go go home
Let her go right home
She's underage
She's not fit for the Preacher
Only adults can go
To see the sweet carnal show
Lord she's the one little girl
Her mother ever had
And I'm the one little son
My father ever had

Mmm, hmm

Mmm, hmm

Let the girl go home
Let her go right home
She's underage
She's not fit for the preacher
She's only 14 going to 15
Lord she's the one little girl
Her mama ever had
I'm the one little son
My father ever had

Mmm, hmm

Mmm, hmm

As telling through the prophecy
Brother Moses tell it to me
As telling through the prophecy
Revelation rock it to me
Let the girl go home
Let her go right home
She's underage
She's not fit for the Preacher

Only adults can go
To see the sweet carnal show
Lord she's the one little girl
Her mama ever had
And I'm the one little son
My father ever had

Mmm, hmm

Mmm, hmm

If everybody premature
They're walking and singing
And begging for more
If everybody premature
They're walking and singing
And laughing for more
As telling through the prophecy
Moses tell it to me
As telling through the prophecy
Revelation rock it to me
You see the children shall be having children
You see the children shall be having children
You see the children shall be having children

Children children children
Children children children
Children children children
Children children children
A whole lot of children
Children
As telling through the prophecy
Mother tell it to me
As telling through the prophecy
Rastaman sock it to me