

10Cc**"Dreadluck Holiday"**

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I was walkin' down the street, concentratin' on truckin'
right I heard a dark voice beside of me, And I looked
'round in a state of fright.
I saw four faces, one mad; a brother from the
gutter. They looked me up and down a bit and turned to
each other.
I say, I don't like cricket, oh no, I love it. I don't like
cricket, oh no, I love it.
Don't you walk through my words. You got to show
some respect. Don't you walk through my words, Cause
you ain't heard me out yet.
Well, he looked down on my silver chain. He said: 'I'll
give you one dollar'. I said: 'You've got to be jokin',
man, It was a present from me mother'
He said: 'I like it, I want it, I'll take it off your hands, And
you'll be sorry you crossed me, You better
understand That you're alone (a long way from home).
And I say, I don't like Reggae, oh no, I love it. I don't like
Reggae, oh no, I love it.
Don't you cramp me style, Don't you queer me
pitch. Don't you walk through my words, 'Cause you ain't
heard me out yet.
I hurried back to the swimming pool, sinkin' Pina
Colarda. I heard a dark voice beside me say 'Would you
like something harder ?'
She said: 'I've got it, you want it, my harvest is the
best, And if you try it, You'll like it and whollow in a
Dreadlock holiday.
And I say, don't like Jamaica, oh no, I love her. Don't like
Jamaica, oh no, I love her, oh yea
Don't you walk through her words. You got to show
some respect. Don't you walk through her words, 'Cause
you ain't heard me out yet.
I don't like cricket, oh no, I love it (Dreadlock holiday) I
don't like Reggae, oh no, I love it (Dreadlock holiday) I
don't like Jamaica, oh no, I love her (Dreadlock holiday)

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