

## Desmond Dekker "Pickney Gal"

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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"

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