

Boney M. "Dreadlock 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, yeah
I don't like cricket, oh no
I love it, yeah

Don't you walk through my words
You got to show some respect
Don't you walk through my words
Like you ain't heard me out yet

Well, he looked down at my silver chain
He said, "I'll give you one dollar"
I said, "You've got to be joking man
It was a present from me mother"

He said, "I like it, I wan' it, I'll take it off your hands
An' you'll be sorry, you'd crossed me
You'd better understand that you're a long
A long way from home"

And I say, I don't like reggae, oh no
I love it, hey
I don't like reggae, yeah yeah
I love it, oh yeah

Don't you cramp me style
Don't stick me on your bench
Don't you walk through my words
Like you ain't heard me out yet

I hurried back to the swimming pool
Sinkin' Pina Colada

I heard a dark voice beside me saying
"Would you like something hotter?"

She said, "I've got it, you wan' it
My harvest is the best and if you try it
You'll like it and wallow in the
Dreadlock holiday, dreadlock holiday?"

And I say, don't like Jamaica, oh no
I love her, oh yeah
Don't like Jamaica, oh no
I love her, yeah

Don't you walk through my words
You got to show some respect
Don't you walk through my words
Like you ain't heard me out yet

I don't like cricket, oh no
I love it, middle of sunny day
I don't like cricket, oh no
I love it, middle of sunny day

I don't like Jamaica, oh no
I love her, middle of sunny day
I don't like cricket, oh no
I love it, middle of sunny day

I don't like reggae, oh no

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