

Harry Belafonte "Kingston Town"

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Down the way, where the nights are gay,
and the sun shines daily on the mountain top,
I took a trip on a sailing ship,
and when I reach Jamaica I made a stop.

But I'm sad to say,
I'm on my way,
won't be back for many a day.
My heart is down,
my head is turning around,
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston Town.

Sounds of laughter everywhere,
and the dancing girls swing to and through.
I must declare my heart is there,
thou I've been from Maine to Mexico.

But I'm sad to say,
I'm on my way,
won't be back for many a day.
My heart is down,
my head is turning around,
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston Town.

At the market you can hear,
ladies cry out while on their heads they bear,
acky rice, salt, fish are nice
and the rum is fine any time a year.

But I'm sad to say,
I'm on my way,
won't be back for many a day.
My heart is down,
my head is turning around,
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