

Nakashima Mika "Gillimon"

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Let me tell you 'bout a tale, my friends, the tale of an irie trip

That started from this rasta port aboard this jammin' ship, I say

Aboard this jammin' ship

Jah mate was a mighty sailor man, the skipper brave

Five passengers set sail that day for a really irie tour, I say

A really irie tour (so irie)

Jah weather started getting rough, the tiny ship it was a-tossed

If not for the courage of the jammin' crew, jah Minnow would be lost, I say

Jah Minnow would be lost (it's-a-nowhere)

The ship hit ground on the shore of this uncharted desert isle

With Gillimon

Jah skipper-mon too

Jah millionaire-mon, and his wo-mon

The movie star

The professor-mon

And Mary Ann, she jams here on Gillimon's Isle (isle, isle, isle, isle, isle,

isle!)

Oh, Gillimon is a rasta man

He smokes the ganja all day long

And all night too

Gillimon, you jammin' jammin' jammin', a jam jam jammin', a jam jam jam... say

I say, I say, I say, I say this party is for you

This is the tale of our castaways, they're here for a long long time

They'll have to make jah best of things -- they smoke many dimes, I say

They smoke many dimes (so many!)

The first mate and his skipper, too, must do their very

To make the others high as kites in this tropic island nest, I say

They only smoke jah best (only jah best!)

No bongs, no bowls, no waterpipes, not a single luxury Just a-rolling the spliff in the palm leaves, it's as primitive as can be, you

say

As primitive as can be (so primitive!)

So join us here each week, my friends, you're sure to get real high

From seven jammin' rasta-mons here on Gillimon's Isle

Gillimon's Isle

Gillimon's Isle

Gillimon's Isle

Gillimon's Isle

Seven...

(Russell Ives; ?1994 Naked Earth Productions)

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