

David Alan Coe

"Devil Went To Jamaica"

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The devil went to Jamaica
He was looking to sell some weed
He was doin' fine
They were standin' in line
It was excellent weed indeed
When he came across a young man
Who was likewise peddling pot
And the devil slid down the beach to the kid
And said boy let me tell you what
I guess you kind of figured
I'm a reefer head of course
And after all this time
I guess that I'm a conniseur of sorts
Now your stuff smells okay
But this could tranquilize a horse
I'll bet a million in cash against your stash
Cause I think mines better than yours
The boy said my names Johnny
And you ain't smoked nothing yet
One hit of this grass will kick your a@@
You got yourself a bet

Johnny roll a ball of hash
And make sure it's the bomb
Cause the devils got the kind of stuff they smoked in
Vietnam
You'll get a million smack-a-roo's in cash if you can
cope
But if you can't the devil gets your dope

The devil packed a bong
With a little Acapulco Gold
And resin flew from his finger tips
As he fired up his bowl
He filled that chamber all the way
And he took a mighty hit
And as they passed it back and forth
It gave them both a coughing fit
(coughing)
When the bowl was finished Johnny said
Hey man, that stuff was great

But fill your lungs with some of this
And prepare to vegetate

Cannibis Sativa, Sweet Maryjane
The devils in the backyard frying his brain
Zig-Zag filled with the diggity-dank
Hold on tight it will hit you like a tank

The devil nodded off
Because he knew that he was stoned
And he asked if he could by an ounce
Of the stuff that Johnny owned
Johnny said, Devil just come on back
If you ever wanna catch a buzz
I done told you once
You son of a bi\$^h
Mine's the best there ever was

And they fired up doobies one by one
Ain't gonna stop until the bag is done
Green as a bullfrog
Sticky as glue
Granny do you get high, yes I do

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