

Easton Clarke

"Bike No Licence"

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Bike no licence
Having a bag of weed
Coming from Harbour View
Oh Lord I ride in a curfew
Oh Lord I ride in a curfew

My first youth two years
The other is a suckling
What can I do ?
Oh Lord I ride in a curfew
Oh Lord I ride in a curfew

I'm locked down in jail
I'm looking through the rails
My rent soon due
Oh Lord I ride in a curfew
Oh Lord I ride in a curfew

=instrumental break=

I'm locked down in jail
I'm looking through the rails
My rent soon due
Oh Lord I ride in a curfew
Oh Lord I ride in a curfew

What a morning letter
I sent it by the officer
Please don't cry, Lou
Oh Lord I ride in a curfew
Oh Lord Natty ride in a curfew

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