

Us 3 "Eleven Long Years"

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Mi tek off mi land down now in Jamaica
Callaloo, di box juice, and di sensimillia
Givin' thanks and praise to almighty Jah Jah
Glad fi reach now mi safe, mi have fi seen mi father

Di sun it a beat and mi a get well para
'Cos a many many tings a di Yoot man, now I would like
to know
Was he fat, was he slim, did he drink or did he smoke?
These are di type a di tings a weh a di Yoot, man a
want fi know

It's been eleven long years
Since mi seen mi father, ay ay mi father
Thank God, bless God
Mi a go see mi father

Now mi know mi reach know mi know mi safe
Now mi see mi father a come
'Cos a many many years since him gone
When him tek a tek a house and land

Fi go better himself, big up himself
For weh him did dream a weh did he plan
'Cos di ting I remember di most
He was ambitious man

So him build up a house, build up a land
Buy up a car and a minivan
Fi go settle himself and a wait fi di day
When a Yoot man come along

So everything set, everything fly
Now mi know cool and go blow my mind
Because mi ready fi go see my father
And dat's di only thing upon my mind

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