

## DREADLOCK HOLIDAY

I was walking down the street      Concentrating on trucking right  
 I heard a dark voice beside of me      And I looked round in a state of fright  
 I saw four faces one mad      A brother from the gutter  
 They looked me up and down a bit      And turned to each other      (Gm Cm X2)

I say      I don't like cricket oh no  
 I love it      I don't like cricket no no  
 I love it

Don't you walk thru my words      Bb  
 You got to show some respect  
 Don't you walk thru my words  
 'Cause you ain't heard me out yet      D F#+ Gm

Well he looked down at my silver chain      He said I'll give you one dollar  
 said You've got to be jokin' man      It was a present from me Mother  
 He said I like it I want it      I'll take it off your hands  
 And you'll be sorry you crossed me      You'd better understand that you're alone  
 A long way from home

And I say      I don't like reggae no no  
 I love it      I don't like reggae oh no  
 I love it  
 Don't you cramp me style  
 Don't you queer on me pitch  
 Don't you walk thru my words  
 'Cause you ain't heard me out yet

I hurried back to the swimming pool  
 Sinkin' pina coladas  
 I heard a dark voice beside me say  
 Would you like something harder  
 She said I've got it you want it  
 My harvest is the best  
 And if you try it you'll like it  
 And wallow in a Dreadlock Holiday

And I say      Don't like Jamaica oh no  
 I love her      Don't like Jamaica oh no  
 I love her oh yea      Don't you walk thru her words  
 You got to show some respect      Don't you walk thru her words  
 'Cause you ain't heard her out yet

I don't like cricket  
 I love it (Dreadlock Holiday)  
 I don't like reggae  
 I love it (Dreadlock Holiday)  
 Don't like Jamaica  
 I love her (Dreadlock Holiday)