

Eric Clapton, Whatcha Gonna Do

(Peter Tosh)

Mama, mama, dem hold papa,
Say they charge him fe' smoke ganja.
If me never jump the fence dem hold me too,
So tell me mama, what we gonna do?

[Chorus:]

Oh, mama, whatcha gonna do now?
Oh, mama, whatcha gonna do?
Oh, mama, whatcha gonna do now?
Oh, mama, whatcha gonna do?

Next week, next week is the case.
Him have a dread judge to face.
Him ha' fe' either see in space
Or make the doctor man work on him face.

[Chorus]

Next door neighbor, dem hold your son,
They say they find him with one gun,
An' there's no need to mention
Him going to get an indefinite detention.

[Chorus]

Him know nobody
So him ha' fe' remain in custody.
Him see Babylon, him stand up an' screw,
Say, him never knew it was a curfew.

[Chorus 2x]