

Skye, Jamaica Days

The ships they sail on, on my wall paper wall
I don't know why
London rains fall, Jamaica days call
I don't know why

Your eyes are blinding my urban ways
I need to know your sunshine rays
I don't know why

The silver in my night is your silver hair and my flight
I don't know why
For the price of eleven quid
Mama Travelled as kid away from home
Don't know why

Your eyes are brightness just like mine
Too much silence too much time
I don't know why

Your eyes are blinding my urban ways
I need to know Jamaica days
I don't know why

The ships they sail on
My wall paper wall
Mama I know why