

DREADLOCK HOLIDAY

Words & Music by Eric Stewart & Graham Gouldman

Medium Reggae beat

Chords: F#m, Bm, F#m

mf

Chords: Bm, F#m, Bm

I was walk - in' down the street, con - cen -
down at my sil - ver chain. He said, "I'll
back to the swim - ming pool, sink - in'

Chords: F#m, Bm, F#m

trat - in' on truck - in' right. I heard a dark voice be - side of me,
give you one dol - lar." I said, "You've got to be jok - in', man.
pi - ña co - la - da. I heard a dark voice be - side me say,

Bm

F#m

and I looked round in a state — of fright.
It was a pres - ent from me moth - er."
"Would you like some-thing hard - er?"

Bm

F#m

Bm

I saw four fac - es, one mad; a broth-er from the gut - ter. They
He said, "I like it. I want it. I'll take it off your hands and you'll be
She said, "I've got it. You want it. My har-vest is the best. And if you

F#m

Bm

looked me up and down a bit and turned to each oth - er.
sor - ry you crossed me. You'd bet - ter un - der - stand that you're a -
try it, you'll like it and wal - low in a dread-lock hol - i -

F#m C#m7 4 fr. Bm7 C#m7 4 fr. F#m C#m7 4 fr.

lone, day." a long way from home."

Bm7 F#m D

I say I don't like crick-et, oh, no. I
 And I say I don't like Reg-gae, no no. I
 And I say don't like Ja - mai - ca, oh, no. I

Bm D F#m





love it. I don't like crick-et, no
 love it. I don't like Reg-gae.
 love her. Don't like Ja - mai - ca, oh,



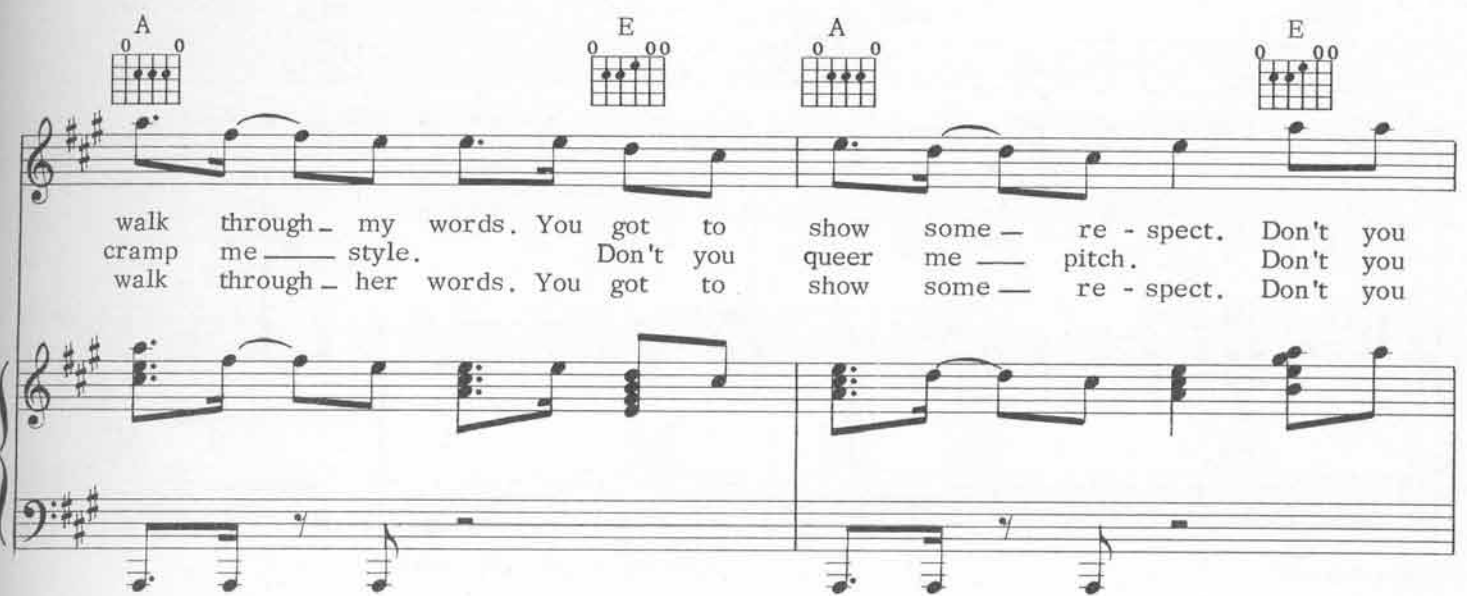







no. I love it. Don't you
 no. I love it. Don't you
 no. I love her. Don't you



walk through my words, You got to show some re - spect. Don't you
 cramp me style. Don't you queer me pitch. Don't you
 walk through her words, You got to show some re - spect. Don't you



walk through my words, 'cause you ain't heard me out yet. —
 walk through my words, 'cause you ain't heard me out yet. —
 walk through her words, 'cause you ain't heard her out yet. —

