

Word of the Farmer

Gregory Isaacs

I won't
No, I won't

I, I won't let you take
All the fruits of my soil, oh
While you work ah play, yeah
I'm the one who sweats and toil, yeah

Now when there was no water
To water the crops
Jah know
I cried and I cried
And I used my tear drops, yeah, oh
'Cause I knew I was capable, all day
To put some bread upon my table, whoa yeah

Said I sweat and toiled so hard
I won't let you take away my vineyard
No backra, no master
Stay low
I've worked so hard

When there was no one, no one
To give me a hand, yeah
I tried and I tried
Just as an upful man, yeah
Now my fruit has come to perfection
You're heading in, in I direction, yeah
But I, I won't let you
Take away the fruit of my soil
No backra
While you work ah play, yeah
I'm the one who sweats and toil
I never see no master

When there was no water
To water the crops

I cried and I cried
I used my tear drops

No I won't, no
No I won't, let you take all...