

Jamaica, Jamaica, our mother and maker,
Her songs are true, her rhythm too,
You'll feel it so and then you'll know,
You'll never go back to Felixstowe.

You sailed to us across the sea,
Your ship was cold, as cold could be.
Now, tell us how you could, how could you go?
A pirate cat like you, so cool,
A pirate cat with eyes like j'wels,
Should stay with us, not leave for Felixstowe.

Here a pirate cat has all they wish,
No dogs, no rain, seas full of fish.
No other place has treasures half so rich.
Our fruit's so sweet, with mice to eat,
Warm sands to play with kids all day,
How could you ever leave for Felixstowe?

We see the sun rise ev'ry day,
At night on the sea he goes away;
And under the moon, we drink our rum,
We sing our songs and tell our tales.
And thank our stars that watch us here,
Our favourite place, we hold it dear
Just stay one night, you'll not return to Felixstowe.

Believe you me, you'll come to see,
How life here is so sweet and free.
A cat like you could live just like a king.
Come, take a chance and join our dance,
Jamaica will make your heart sing;
You'll never look back home to Felixstowe.

Perhaps one day when the sun's away,
We'll sail and go to Felixstowe.
For now, we'll stay in Jamaica!