

# Mama

Big Mountain

Memories turning into dreams  
With the centuries  
The tales get taller every year  
To build those legacies  
What is hot can then be cold  
In the books of time  
You can find justice and truth  
In a bag of lies

Mama, I can feel you crying, mama  
Mama, I can feel you crying, mama

I worked the soil  
I sow the seed  
For the one who builds  
I worked until my fingers bleed  
In those wretched fields  
Now he wants me to forget  
All the harms been done  
Pack my bags and send me down the road  
In the burning sun

Let me tell you bot the people who ah slaved  
All kinds of ways  
Just to make a nation what it is today  
Dem work inna de sun  
Dem work inna de cold  
Workin when dem young  
And working when dem old  
De bust up dem hands  
De bust of dem feet  
And when dem complain  
Dem get nothin fe eat  
We buy the things that they suffa to build  
I can't believe that it's going on still  
The people dem struggle with  
Dem blood, sweat and tears  
Work hard for nothin for so many long years  
Try to feed dem yout when they never get paid  
And there's nothin' they can do  
Nothin' they can say  
We need to stop the craziness goin round  
In all of the countries, cities and towns  
I can't stand to see the people work till they die  
I can't stand to hear all the mama's them cry

Watch the money trickle down  
To the hungry souls  
Just enough to wet those lips  
And keep them on a roll  
What's yours is yours  
That's right, what's mine is mine  
It's a vicious game they play  
Someone's daddy made those rules  
And the son don't want to change