

## Mr. President

Janelle Monáe

This song is for my mama,  
This song is for you.

Hey Mr. President,  
Tomorrow I'm paying my rent  
My Fuel is runnin' low  
And I've got places to go  
Quit slowin' me down

Can we talk about the education of our children?  
A book is worth more than a bomb any day  
And remember a mirror to Africa  
Who will bring the cure before it's too late.

Don't you see the hurt in their eyes?  
So much disappointment in many faces  
Use your heart and not your pride  
We can't go on and keep pretending

Please Mr. President  
Where's all the money you spent,  
Food is fallin low  
And they have nowhere to go,  
Quit slowin me down.

I ask you to have mercy on us father,  
You think we know the rules by now,  
We can't go starting wars with hearts of hatred  
Out nations greed won't make it better  
Or quiet the fears in our hearts

Don't you see the hurt in their eyes?  
So much Disappointment in all of their faces  
Use your heart and not your pride  
We can't go on and keep pretending

O please Mr. President

Dear Mr. President  
I hope you got the letter I sent  
A Dollar only goes so far  
And we need help here, no matter who we are

See we come from different worlds and different places  
Until there's one great land, one nation under god,  
Times are getting harder and we need you to be like Moses  
And lead your people through  
Please be careful, Be Careful,  
of what you do, what you do