

# Mother Jones

Lila Downs

tell me, tell me mother jones  
tuesday comes, and tuesday goes  
tell me where the spirit goes

be tender, the woman  
the builder's father time  
looking on a lambo  
and I see Joan of Arc

surrender to the porno  
and listen to their cries  
my people they ain't voting  
see the pepsi man waltz

a victim of her freedom  
that is what they say  
I'm looking in the mirror  
but it really isn't me

the diamonds on the monkeys  
the ladies in the trees  
I'm looking into the future  
I'm dancing to the beat

Tell me, tell me, tell me  
see me, see me, see me,  
the rising sun  
looking for the spirit

the flowers in the valleys  
are blowing in the wind  
they come in many colors  
but she prefers the grey

she's running to the northpole  
with a packet in her sea  
she's got to find the money  
smiling to the debut

I want you to find me  
the day that I'm not there  
I like you to listen  
to the things that I felt

I want you sit and hold me  
hold me when I'm down  
I'm looking to remember  
see the pepsi man waltz

tell me, tell me mother jones  
By the rising sun  
tell me, tell me mother jones  
looking for the spirit