

# Mockingbird

Anas Mitchell

Hush, you little baby, don't you say a word  
Here comes the devil, all dressed up like a mockingbird  
And if that mockingbird should try to steal you off the ground  
Mama's gonna grab on tight and hold you down, down, down

Mama, can you tell me, where did my money go?  
What did the devil sell me? I don't even know  
He's been pecking in my pockets, diving round my door  
Trying to take me with him- what does he want me for?

[Chorus]

Mama told me, don't let go the ground  
Somebody hold me, hold me down

I got the devil on my shoulder- hollering- beating his red wing  
Saying "polly wanna dollar, I don't care if you can sing"  
And "put down that guitar, now, darlin', you can't really play it  
Don't matter what you got to say- you don't know how to say it"

[Chorus]

What's this coming? what's this coming? coming over me  
I can't stand myself, I can't even stand on my own feet

[Chorus]

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