Skeleton

Lila Downs

The land is the mother of a tender crop
The corn will grow with the shining sun
I've seen a believer, I've seen Moses wear red
In my answer to their prayers, I pray to the deadI came in November to the date in my name
I followed a young man down the river of pain
I drank form his tears quenched the thirst in my bones
Then I played his heartbeat and he gave me his soulListen to the woman
At the bottom of the sea
Floating in her hair
There is a reflection o' me

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