Mexico

Jefferson Airplane

by Grace SlickOwsley and Charlie, twins of the trade,
Come to the Poet's Room
Talking about the problems of the leaf,
And yes, it'll be back soonThere used to be tons of gold and green
Comin' up here from Mexico
A donde esta la planta, mi amigo, del sol?
[The translation is: "Where is the plant, my friend, of the sun."]But Mexico is under the thumb
Of a man we call Richard
And he's come to call himself king
But he's a small-headed man
And he doesn't know a thing
About how to deal for youHow to deal for you
There are millions of you now
I mean it's not as if you were alone
There are brothers everywhere
Just waiting for a toke on that gold
And God knows how far it can goYou're famous Uncle Charlie
For your Mexican smoke
You're a legend Owsley
For your righteous dopeThere were a half a million people on the lawn
And we sang to the faces in the dark
How long must that damn race
Wait for the jailer's time to end?
How long must the Panther race
Wait for the iron bars to bend?
And no no no no no nobody waits

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