

Tom Morello & Boots Riley

"Good Morning, Mrs. Smith"

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[Boots Riley] In the military outpost known as hell We was way too drunk off Muscatel Prone to fail and get thrown in jail From the stories that the TV was known to tell This night at the end of the world Police sirens sing to boys and girls Handful of pills to press your curl Baby shine that light, let your fight unfurl My confession is also my blessing Hollered Hail Marys suckin on a Smith & Wesson May salutations interrupt your isolation I'm just like you, another profit calculation I learned a lot from things left at my apartment Forgotten papers that you dropped on my carpet Musical chairs, you thought your luck was just startin' Who told the record to stop? Took the collection note you left at my spot And made you origami Woo hoo!! Good morning, Mrs. Smith!! Woo hoo!! Good morning, Mrs. Smith!! [Boots Riley] In the military outpost known as hell We was way too drunk off Muscatel Prone to fail and get thrown in jail From the stories that the TV was known to tell This night at the end of the world Police sirens sing to boys and girls Handful of pills to press your curl Baby shine that light, let your fight unfurl Dancin' in my kitchen with Sly Stone's permission Lit my ignition, cursing fascist apparitions You said your life was something like the inquisition All you could do was lay there in prone position I said there's love inside the people connectin' and interactin' Strugglin', finding direction That's why you see insurrection Here's some affection We the targets of war Took the eviction note they tacked on your door And made you origami Woo hoo!! Good morning, Mrs. Smith!! Woo hoo!! Good morning, Mrs. Smith!! [Boots Riley] In the military outpost known as hell We was way too drunk off Muscatel Prone to fail and get thrown in jail From the stories that the TV was known to tell This night at the end of the world Police sirens sing to boys and girls Handful of pills to press your curl Baby shine that light, let your fight unfurl I heard that power is the rum of the brain And for us it's fixin', not just numbin' the pain And I'm not just comin' complainin' I'm just explainin' how this life is a blessin' I took the farewell note you meant for your exit And

made you origami Woo hoo!! Good morning, Mrs.
Smith!! Woo hoo!! Good morning, Mrs. Smith!! Woo
hoo!! Good morning, Mrs. Smith!! Woo hoo!!

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