

Jack Ingram "Inna From Mexico"

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Inna came from Mexico
She tried to find a job
She figured she'd work on rich girl's nails
That couldn't be so hard

Inna's got a twelve year old
And she dies inside
She can't clear the picture from her eyes
Of leaving that little girl behind

But she's gonna find a daddy here
And her little girl's gonna come here too
But just like every other dream so far
She knows that one probably won't come true

And you can see it in her smile looking at her eyes
Yeah, that's right, she keeps her smile when she's
about to cry
And I think she knows the truth but she whispers faith
And Inna's friends back home, think she's got it made

So every week she sends some money home
She says things here going well
She doesn't let the tears touch the page
And stain the letter all to hell

I met Inna at a grocery store
We were waiting in line
I asked her who the Barbie doll was for
You'd thought that I had asked her who died

So I started to apologize
Man, I was just trying to kill some time
But I still can't get Inna from my mind
But I will never look behind

'Cause I can see it in her smile looking at her eyes
Yeah, that's right, she keeps her smile when she's
about to cry
And I think she knows the truth but she whispers faith
And Inna's friend's back home, think she's got it made

Yes, I think she knows the truth but she whispers faith
Inna's friend's back home, they think she's got it made

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