

Jack Ingram, Inna From Mexico

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

Inna's got a 12 year old
And she dies inside
She can't get the picture from her eyes
Of leavin' her little girl behind
She's gonna find a daddy here
And her little girl's gonna come here to
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 thats right she keeps you smiling when she's about to cry
And I think she knows the truth but she whispers fate
Inna's friends back home think she's got it made

So every week she sends some money home
She says things here are going well
She doesn't let the tears touch the page
It'd 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
Who'd have thought 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
I will never look behind

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

Yes I think she knows the truth but she whispers fate
Inna's friends back home think she's got it made