

# 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 that's 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 that's 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