

Delta Rae, Hands Dirty

I could raise the crops from the Earth
I could raise my children from birth
But when I'm looking for work
They say that job ain't for her

i could be a good man's wife
I could give a new child life
but when I fight for my rights
they say no woman no cry

but I ain't giving up
I ain't count on luck

I get my hands dirty
I show up so early
they show me no mercy
so I just keep working
maybe god could save me
or my boss might pay me
right now no one serves me
maybe their hands are dirty?

I could lead impossible missions
occupy the highest position
but when I ask them to listen
they discard my opinion

we,,, I ain't asking no more
I will command the floor
I'm breaking every glass ceiling
I'm building skyscraping buildings

and when the next storm comes
I'll do what I always done

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I have seen the other side of the mountain
when early queen will be afforded her throne
and I will stand beside my sisters
and all persistent resisters
they'll say I knew it would come true
and I'll say darling me too

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