

# Jefferson Airplane, Mexico

Owsley and Charlie, twins of the trade,  
Come to the Poet's Room  
Talking about the problems of the leaf,  
And yes, it'll be back soon  
There used to be tons of gold and green  
Comin' up here from Mexico  
A donde esta la planta, mi amigo, del sol?  
[The translation is: "Where is the plant, my friend, of the sun."] ]  
But Mexico is under the thumb  
Of a man we call Richard  
And he's come to call himself king  
But he's a small-headed man  
And he doesn't know a thing  
About how to deal for you  
How to deal for you  
There are millions of you now  
I mean it's not as if you were alone  
There are brothers everywhere  
Just waiting for a toke on that gold  
And God knows how far it can go  
But thanks Uncle Charlie  
For your Mexican smoke  
You're a legend Owsley  
For your righteous dope  
There were a half a million people on the lawn  
And we sang to the faces in the dark  
How long must that damn race  
Wait for the jailer's time to end?  
How long will the Panther race  
Wait for the iron bars to bend?  
And no no no no no nobody waits