

Rez Band, Little Jeanie

Little Jeanie, twelve years old: old enough to know it's Christmas in Hell's kitchen, and Jeanie's pushing
Miss Candy runs the family business; Jeanie calls her "Mom";
Now Jeanie's got a beeper, and the little light is on.

Jeanie's in the subway, selling rock tonight,
Cop sees the vial in her hand, can't believe his eyes,
He asks her, "Where's your mama; has she lost her mind?"
Jeanie doesn't answer; Miss Candy's doing time.

Crack, crack, break my back,
I'm all wired for a heart attack,
Pass the poison down the line,
Generation genocide.

Meanwhile, at the station, they guard the gates of Hell,
Spiritual abortion sitting in a cell,
Caseworker, in the morning, files this life away,
God, if you're up there, show your face.

Crack, crack, break my back,
I'm all wired for a heart attack,
Pass the poison down the line,
Generation genocide,
Crack, crack, this is a fact,
Mama's gonna pay for the love she lacked,
If nobody bleeds and takes up the slack, how's little Jeanie gonna ever get back?

How's little Jeanie gonna ever get back?