

Mr. President

Janelle Monáe

This song is for my mama,
This song is for you.

Hey Mr. President,
Tomorrow I'm paying my rent
My Fuel is runnin' low
And I've got places to go
Quit slowin' me down

Can we talk about the education of our children?
A book is worth more than a bomb any day
And remember a mirror to Africa
Who will bring the cure before it's too late.

Don't you see the hurt in their eyes?
So much disappointment in many faces
Use your heart and not your pride
We can't go on and keep pretending

Please Mr. President
Where's all the money you spent,
Food is fallin low
And they have nowhere to go,
Quit slowin me down.

I ask you to have mercy on us father,
You think we know the rules by now,
We can't go starting wars with hearts of hatred
Out nations greed won't make it better
Or quiet the fears in our hearts

Don't you see the hurt in their eyes?
So much Disappointment in all of their faces
Use your heart and not your pride
We can't go on and keep pretending

O please Mr. President

Dear Mr. President
I hope you got the letter I sent
A Dollar only goes so far
And we need help here, no matter who we are

See we come from different worlds and different places
Until there's one great land, one nation under god,
Times are getting harder and we need you to be like Moses
And lead your people through
Please be careful, Be Careful,
of what you do, what you do