

Mi Casa Es Su Casa

# Mi Casa Es Su Casa

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The irony of construction workers. After the job is done they are not welcome to come inside to those fancy  
skycrappers.



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Home sweet Home, they like

To say

I wonder if this is true,

Workers in blue

Joe Smith is so happy, like

A good pappy

The job is done, just

Like to used condom

The big sky scrapper, magnificent

Wonder,

Iâ m one with the thunder

Now, Joe smith, canâ t go

Inside

I sweat my forehead, for

My piece of bread

You have no tie, bye-bye

Joe Smith,

## Mi Casa Es Su Casa

Hey man, I worked on this sky

Scrapper, with my

Very own hands, every

Grain of sand

Joe Smith, the worker, me,

The New Yorker

An irony, phony, stony,

I canâ t step into

This plaza,

Mi casa es su casa?

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