“My Manda” is the story of a Colombian “mule” smuggling cocaine into the United States by swallowing it.  A “manda” is an offering, or sacrifice, sometimes given in exchange for a granted prayer.

My Manda
*lyrics by McCallion,  music by Zavala and McCallion*

I swallowed the poison, I got on the airplane
Old woman just walk through the gate
For five thousand dollars, I sold them my insides
To die if the rubber should break
But I am an old woman, and die I am bound to
The years have been heavy for me
For five thousand dollars, the son of my own son
Could rise from the dust in the street

No llores, no llores
Your joy was all I sought
Take this, this my manda
For life with life is bought

These clouds all around me might fill me with wonder
If not for the thought of my dying
So small and so distant, the cities below me
Their invention but protests of time
I remember his sweet breath, the breath of a baby
That soured like the trash in the streets
And first as a mother, and then a grandmother
I ‘m asked to bear these defeats

And now am I bitter, it’s you who must tell me
I’m old and I’m poor and I’m tired
I come as a daughter, I come as a mother
I come for the life of my child
The coca is burning, it’s filling my belly
Oh grant me a use for this pain
For all of my anger, I beg no forgiveness
But my manda must not be in vain

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