“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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