Mama's Kitchen

Words and Music by Raffi

Moderately (in 2)

C7
B
Em

Ma-ma's kitchen got no dress code,

you just come and eat your

fill,
yeah,
yeah,
yeah,
yeah,
Mama's kitchen got no color code,
You come in your native skin,
hey, hey,
hey.

Mama's kitchen got no borders,
It's everywhere you turn,
turn, turn, turn, turn. Mama's kitchen got no dress code, isn't it time we learned? Hey, hey, hey.

No politics on mama's menu,
On the left page or the right.
Food enough for each human belly.
In the heart within its sight.
Mama's kitchen for the needy
Serves a piece of planet pie,
yeah, hm, hm, hm, hm.
And the spoils go to the greedy,
Spoilin' horizon's sky,

Am
B
Em
Fm
G
Fm
Em
Am
B
Esus4
Em
Am
Em