

I AM AN IMMIGRANT

I am an immigrant who sailed across the sea
Boat buckling groaning moaning to foaming symphonies
I was traveling third class with my fellow escapees
Below decks awash with us retching retched refugees

I am an immigrant now trying to make my pay
People say good luck then turn their backs walk away
I'm cleaning toilets I used to think I was a bigger man
I try to smile maybe it's an interlude as I clean another pan

I am an immigrant this language is absurd
At least I understand now how to give someone the bird
Swearing words are easiest or so it seems
Makes you sound more like a man not sharing fears or dreams

Been here two weeks now not earned a dime
People say how is it are you having a great time
Truth is I could live anywhere people make the place
But suddenly things changed as I looked into your face

So here I am in my Mountenaire twenty years on
True there's been tough times
But now those times are gone
I've made bad turns, but made some good
Now I'm on easy street, touch wood

I am immigrant this Englander said to me
As he drew breath stepping into my burgundy RV
True it has marble floors true it's a sight to see
True he is an immigrant who once upon a time was me

And I think back o'er the years
Look into his eyes
He's grey hair already but still hope burns in his eyes
He brings a lot of laughter
He brings a lot of sighs
And I say a prayer for that Englander
And his family
I pray his hope never dies

I am an immigrant this land has made me strong
My story is one of believing for right against wrong
I believed man was at the core good inside
And I never forget that day I met you
My Queen my friend my bride