## Blue Scholars "The Distance"

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If you've never seen the distance in an immigrant's eyes

Then you've never seen resistance in the form of a cry He decided it was time to bring the drought to an end A sojourner, soul searchin', from whom I descend

Put his life inside his pockets

Leavin on a plane

Living long lonely nights

Children, wife left in labor pains

Tirelessly trying to provide

He applies dialectics to fight for the slice of a pie

But this life was premised on a lie

Instead of being promised by society

The nature of economy is sodomy

Ten generations of poverty turn to poverty later

And a third world diploma

Not even worth the paper it's written on

With no elevators going up to the top, y'all

Instead it's long days slavin' over hourly wages

And when the clock strikes labor

He savors the pages of letters

Sent by his kinfolk

Who invoke the image of what it's like to have been broke

Through cigarette smoke he tries to spin hope to dreams

In close to proximity to family in his memory

And it's faded in between

The night shifts and sleep

A moment of clarity

He may never come home

Despite the familiarity of faces from his homeland

Who speak the same dialect

Fellow countrywomen and men

Standin' in line to get green cards, visas, and

passports

Barely making enough

Over half a paycheck remitted with love

Strangers keep staring

With disgust and mistrust

Talking 'bout "This country's just us"

No justice
His hope snuffed to one day return to his town
To join his ancestors in their burial ground
Almost forgot how the countryside sounds
But this time around, the lost are never found
In the distance between home and where we live
It's the distance between a mother and her kids
It's the distance that keeps us apart
And it's the distance between my soul and my heart

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