

Joan Baez

"I pitty the poor immigrant"

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I pitty the poor immigrant who wishes he would
Have stayed home who uses all of his power to
Do evil and in the end is left alone
That man who with his fingers cheats who lies
With every breath who passionately hates his
Life and likewise fears his death
I pitty the poor immigrant who's strength is
Spent in vain who's heaven is like iron sides
Who's tears fall like rain who eats but is not
Satisfied who hears but does not see
Who falls in love with wealth itself and turns
His back on thee.
I pitty the poor immigrant who tramples through
The mud who fills his mouth with laughing and
Who fills his town with love who's visions in the
Final land must shatter like a glass
I pitty the poor immigrant when his gladness
Comes to pass.

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