

Joan Baez

"I Pity The Poor Immigrant"

Visit "[I Pity The Poor Immigrant](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Bob Dylan)

I pity the poor immigrant who wishes he would have stayed home

Who uses all his power to do evil but in the end is always left so alone

That man whom with his fingers cheats and whom lies with every breath

Who passionately hates his life and likewise fears his death

I pity the poor immigrant whose strength is spent in vain

Whose heaven is like ironsides whose tears are 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 me

I pity the poor immigrant who tramples through the mud

Who fills his mouth with laughing and who fills his town with blood

Whose visions in the final end must shatter like the glass

I pity the poor immigrant when his gladness comes to pass

Visit [Joan Baez](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.