

## King Crimson

# "Immigrant Song Too"

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I come from a land  
So far away  
I've come to make a living  
Then get away  
Better prospects here  
That's what they say  
Better people here  
That's what they say

Stepping off the boat  
With my suitcase in my hand  
Be damned by the eyes  
Of the immigration man  
The purpose of my visit  
Is questioned and doubted  
Suspicion fails  
They don't believe I was invited

Feeling all alone  
There ain't no place to call home

I'm here from a land  
Far from my family  
Brought on the wave  
Of new opportunity  
Come and help the motherland  
Is what they said  
Suitcase in my hand  
To a foreign land

Stepping down the street  
Trying to find my own two feet  
Turned away by landlords  
Who refuse to let me in  
A boarder in a hostel  
I'm caged like an animal  
The odds were stacked against me  
For my own survival

Feeling all alone  
There ain't no place to call home

They're clearing the way  
For a deportation order  
They wanna put me on  
The first plane home tomorrow  
But in their haste  
They overlooked my visa  
Saddened faces  
See that I am Bona Fida

There ain't no place to call home

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