

The Prodigals "The Immigrant"

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You may dream of a land, of a far-distant land
Where the clouds drift above,
White over green grass and clover
Do the songs still go on are the races now won
By fellows you used to win over
Do they still recall those days long ago
Are their images those the windows of life still
adorning
Do they feel that ache that you can never shake
That wakes with you still in the morning

You may drink when you're dry
You may laugh till you cry
And the tears from your eyes keep on falling
For lethe it runs slow, and never may you know
Respite from your heart still recalling

If anger glows slow there's a fuse in a jug
A jug filled with punch
A jug filled with punch in the evening
There's the world in your hand, who can ever
understand
Why the jar or two leaves you grieving
Do you torture yourself, is it not you at all,
Is it others' fault instead you can't take a breath without
sighing
There's no logic that you know, that can ever make it so
But twenty pints or so stops you dying

Now you're old, vast and gray
And living in the 'burbs,
In the bunkers of town,
Archie bunkered down in the trenches
You've established your redoubt,
Immigrants keep out
Nostalgia and cops your defenses

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