

# Bob Dylan, I Pity The Poor Immigrant

I pity the poor immigrant  
Who wishes he would've 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 who lies with ev'ry 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 builds 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.