Guy Clark, Immigrant Eyes

Oh Ellis Island was swarming
Like a scene from a costume hall
Decked out in the colors in Europe
And on fire with the hope of it all
There stood my father's own father stood huddled
With the tired and hungry and scared
Turn of the century pilgrims
Bound by the dream that they shared
They were standing in lines just like cattle
Poked and prodded and shoved
Some were one desk away from sweet freedom
Som were were torn from someone they love
Through this sprawling tower of babel
Came a young man confused and alone
Determined and bound for America
And carryin' everything that he owned

Chorus
Sometimes when I look in my grandfather's Immigrant Eyes
I see that day refelcted and I can't hold my feelings inside
I see starting with nothing and working hard all of his life
So don't take it for granted say grandfather's Immigrant Eyes

Now he rocks and stares out the window
But his eyes are still just as clear
As the day he sailed through the harbor
And come ashore on the island of tears
My grandfather's days are numbered
But I won' t let his memory die
'Cause he gave me the gift of this country
And the look in his Immigrant Eyes