## Jeff Finlin, Only An Immigrant

Only an immigrant
He heard his name being called
From the city cross the river his streak of luck would crawl
Bound in expectation
Of a promised land
The streets of gold and dreams of old
Had slipped his hands

Only an immigrant
He made his plans
A practical solution
For a desperate man
He packed his dago pride
And a six gun head
The one hed seen in movies
Down at the five and ten
In which they said itd be different
If you played your luck
A little blood sweat and tears
Is all it took

Only an immigrant
It didnt work that way
So he took that long low ride
To the pay off place
Underneath the river
To the upper side
The car sped through the heat
Of a vision tied
In the tears and dissolution
Of an immigrants pride
Blind in love and sorrow
For a broken dream
That died and was reborn
In this perfect scheme

Only an immigrant
The bullets flew
The women screamed
And the cops they beamed
As the guns blazed blue
And as the smoke it cleared
A puddle grew
Red as roses round a man
That no one knew
Wheres he from? someone said
No one had a clue
All they knew
Was he was only an immigrant