

# 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