

Joan Baez, I Pity The Poor Immigrant

(Bob Dylan)

I pity the poor immigrant who wishes he would have 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 whom lies with every 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 iron sides 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 fills 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