

King Prawn, Immigrant Song Too

I come from a land
So far away
I've come to make a living
Then get away
Better prospects here
That's what they say
Better people here
That's what they say

Stepping off the boat
With my suitcase in my hand
Be damned by the eyes
Of the immigration man
The purpose of my visit
Is questioned and doubted
Suspicion fails
They don't believe I was invited

Feeling all alone
There ain't no place to call home

I'm here from a land
Far from my family
Brought on the wave
Of new opportunity
Come and help the motherland
Is what they said
Suitcase in my hand
To a foreign land

Stepping down the street
Trying to find my own two feet
Turned away by landlords
Who refuse to let me in
A boarder in a hostel
I'm caged like an animal
The odds were stacked against me
For my own survival

Feeling all alone
There ain't no place to call home

They're clearing the way
For a deportation order
They wanna put me on
The first plane home tomorrow
But in their haste
They overlooked my visa
Saddened faces
See that I am Bona Fida

There ain't no place to call home