Noah Gundersen, America

I came through the fence in '93 I know that they are after me today

I believe this is the land for me Of hope, and grace, and liberty

Oh, my grandfather, he told me Son, you'll never have to run anymore

Oh, but I broke the law Which I will surely die for But, now

I am on my way I have to leave today, Tell my wife and boy that I love them

I gave my son to America God, I pray they treat him well

Well, my daddy left when I was five, I do not know if he's alive at all

And, it's hard with just my mom and me But I work to feed my family And, I work hard to keep my bitter pay That the rich man comes and takes away

So, I killed him in the dead of night With my father's gun I took his life away I took his life away

Now, I say I was on my way I have to leave today Tell my mom and sister that I love them

I am on the run From America God, I pray they don't catch me

Now, I sit here in this dirty cell The jailer comes to give me hell

They have caught me and my racist mind I'll surely pay for what I've done

But, then I look up and I see This old man staring at me He tells me I remind him of someone

His own boy he left at the age of 5 That probably thought his daddy died And, how he wished he could tell him

He would say I was on my way, had to leave that day Tell my wife and boy that I love them

I gave my love to America God I pray they treat him well, Oh, god I pray they treat well God, I pray they treat him well.

