

Sade, Immigrant

[1] - Coming from where he did
He was turned away from every door like Joseph
To even the toughest among us
That would be too much

He didn't know what it was to be black
'Till they gave him his change
But didn't want to touch his hand
To even the toughest among us
That would be too much

[2] - Isn't it just enough
How hard it is to live
Isn't it hard enough
Just to make it through a day

The secret of their fear and their suspicion
Standing there looking like an angel
In his brown shoes, his short suit
His white shirt and his cuffs a little frayed

Coming from where he did
He was such a dignified child
To even the toughest among us
That would be too much

[Repeat 2]
[Repeat 1]