

# Refugee

Chumbawamba

It's good of you to ask me sir  
How I spend my days  
Water glass and ladders sir  
Working for my pay  
Back home I saw a future sir  
Learnt my father's trade But here that counts for nothing sir  
Paradise betrayed

Looking through the windows  
All your world to see  
To you I'm just another refugee

My mother needs the money sir  
It's hard to make ends meet  
Two more children still in school  
Hungry mouths to feed

Looking through the windows  
All your world to see  
To you I'm just another refugee  
Now this country is my home  
This land of auctioneers  
Cast your eye upon me sir  
What price the dreams that brought me here?

Looking through the windows  
All your world to see  
Forever just another refugee.