

People Come First

Deacon Blue

I met a friend at the underground
He was waiting for a train that never came 'round
There's one to take you out, one to bring you home
I've been waiting so long I don't know which one I'm on

Give me your tired folk yearning to breathe
Your huddled masses longing for freedom

People, people come first
People, people come first
People, people come first
People, people come first

My friend walked out and never came back
He said there's too much going on, I just don't understand
I can do what I need or I can do what I like
But I'm tired of every turn and twist of this life

Give me your tired folk yearning to breathe
Your huddled masses longing for freedom

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He's trying to run, when he can't walk
He's trying to sing, when he can't talk
He's trying to write, when he can't see
'Cause he's so scared of what this world might be

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