

## Immigrant Songs

Deerhoof

I was the driver of the guests  
To your party, to your party  
I was the baker of the sweets  
For your party, for your party  
I was the singer of the songs  
At your party, at your party

All of the tune you wanted to hear  
Happy to you, depressing to me  
Written as calls to revolution  
Funneling down, a cent hits the ground

I'm dreaming of a melody  
That goes up  
A song about love?  
This song we sing won't be for you  
Never again  
No, never again  
No, never again

Da-la-la, da-la-la, da-la-la la-la  
Da-la-la, da-la-la, da-la-la la-la  
Da-la-la, da-la-la, da-la-la la-la

You think of me as only a child  
Ancestors are my muscles and bones  
Kindness is all I needed from you

But you think we're in your house  
But you think we're in your house  
But you think we're in your house  
You are mistaken, you are mistaken

I'm dreaming of a melody  
That goes up  
A song about love?  
This song we sing  
Won't be for you  
Never again  
No, never again  
No, never again

Da-la-la, da-la-la, da-la-la la-la  
Da-la-la, da-la-la, da-la-la la-la