

# The Statue

Don McLean

Strangers once were welcome in your house  
You once were kind to those who stood beneath your torch  
On the dark and windy porch of Liberty  
Waiting for a man we'd come to see  
Waiting for our moment to be free

Huddled masses hungered for your breast  
You once were faithful to the words that ring your base  
And the smile upon your face of Liberty  
But your eyes are carved in steel and will not see  
Your body is not warm for them or me

Oh, if I could only give you life as God gave life to me  
Maybe then if you could see what they have done  
Your metal eyes would run with tears  
For all the blood you could not shed  
For the gentle and the dead who loved you so  
Our dream is gone but how are you to know?  
The torch has not been passed, it does not glow

But we still wait  
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