

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
But we still wait