

Immigrant Boogie

Ghostpoet

No one knows how many on the boat
Violent skies won't show us where to go
Huddle close, we wanna, shall we jump?
Kinda sad, my joy [?]

Oh, let us in
We never bite
Me and the four kids, show some love
Then it will be right
We won't stay
Grand promise in every way
It's just the boat's going down
And I don't think we wanna stay
Immigrant boogie

I was dreaming of a better life
With my two kids and my lovely wife
But I can't swim and water's in my lungs
So, here it ends, well, life has just begun

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