

# 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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We never bite  
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