

Immigrant Eyes

Willie Nelson

Oh, Ellis Island was swarming
Like a scene from a costume ball
Decked out in the colors of Europe
And on fire with the hope of it all

There my father's own father stood huddled
With the tired and hungry and scared
Turn-of-the-century pilgrims
Bound by the dream that they shared

They were standing in lines just like cattle
Poked and sorted and shoved
Some were one desk away from freedom
Some were torn from someone they love

Through this sprawling Tower of Babel
Came a young man confused and alone
Determined and bound for America
And carrying all that he owned

Sometimes when I looked in my grandfather's immigrant eyes
I saw that day reflected and I couldn't hold my feelings inside
I saw starting with nothing and working hard all of his life
"So don't take it for granted," say grandfather's immigrant eyes

He would rock and stares out the window
But his eyes are still just as clear
As the day he sailed through the harbor
And came ashore on the island of tears

My grandfather's days were numbered
But I won't let his memory die
'Cause he gave me the gift of this country
And the looked in his immigrant eyes

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