

The Immigrant

Neil Sedaka

Harbours open their arms to the young searching foreigner
Come to live in the light of the beacon of liberty
Plains and open skies billboards would advertise
Was it anything like that when you arrived
Dream boats carried the future to the heart of America
People were waiting in line for a place by the river
Chorus
It was a time when strangers were welcome here
Music would play they tell me the days were sweet and clear
It was a sweeter tune and there was so much room
That people could come from everywhere
Now he arrives with his hopes and his heart set on miracles
Come to marry his fortune with a hand full of promises
To find they've closed the door they don't want him anymore
There isn't any more to go around
Turning away he remembers he once heard a legend
That spoke of a mystical magical land called America
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