America

Noah Gundersen

I came through the fence in ?93
I know that they are after me today

I believe this is the land for me
Of hope, and grace, and liberty

Oh, my grandfather, he told me
Son, you?ll never have to run anymore

Oh, but I broke the law
Which I will surely die for
But, now

I am on my way
I have to leave today,
Tell my wife and boy that I love them

I gave my son to America
God, I pray they treat him well

Well, my daddy left when I was five,
I do not know if he?s alive at all

And, it?s hard with just my mom and me
But I work to feed my family
And, I work hard to keep my bitter pay
That the rich man comes and takes away

So, I killed him in the dead of night
With my father?s gun
I took his life away
I took his life away

Now, I say
I was on my way
I have to leave today
Tell my mom and sister that I love them

I am on the run
From America

God, I pray they don?t catch me

Now, I sit here in this dirty cell
The jailer comes to give me hell

They have caught me and my racist mind
I?ll surely pay for what I?ve done

But, then I look up and I see
This old man staring at me
He tells me I remind him of someone

His own boy he left at the age of 5
That probably thought his daddy died
And, how he wished he could tell him

He would say
I was on my way, had to leave that day
Tell my wife and boy that I love them

I gave my love to America
God I pray they treat him well,
Oh, god I pray they treat well
God, I pray they treat him well.

Lyrics submitted by Caitlyn Whitaker.

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