Immigrant

The Peter Malick Group

Coming from where he did
He was turned away from
Every door like Joseph
To even the toughest among us
That would be too muchHe didn't know what it was to be black
'Til they gave him his change
But didn't want to touch his hand
To even the toughest among us
That would be too muchIsn't it just enough?
How hard it is to live
Isn't it hard enough?
Just to make it through a dayThe secret of their fear and their suspicion
Standing there, looking like an angel
In his brown shoes, his short suit
His white shirt and his cuffs a little frayedComing from where he did
He was such a dignified child
To even the toughest among us
That would be too muchIsn't it just enough?
How hard it is to live
Isn't it hard enough?
Just to make it through a dayComing from where he did
He was turned away from
Every door like Joseph
To even the toughest among us
That would be too muchHe didn't know what it was to be black
'Til they gave him his change
They didn't want to touch his hand
To even the toughest among us
That would be too much

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