

Manzanar

Tom Russell

He said my name is Nakashima
And I'm a proud American
I came here in '27
From my homeland of Japan And we picked your grapes and oranges
Made some money, bought a store
Until 1942
Pearl Harbor and the war Came those relocation orders
They took our house, the store, the car
Then they drove us to the desert
To a place called Manzanar The Spanish word for "apple orchard"
Though we saw no apple trees
Just the rows of prison barracks
And barbed wired boundaries And we dream of apple blossoms
Waving free beneath the stars
Till we wake up in the desert
The prisoners of Manzanar
Manzanar Fifty years, they've all but vanished
And now I am an old man
But I don't regret the day
That I came here from Japan But on moonlit winter nights
I often wish upon a star
That I'd forget the shame and sorrow
That I felt at Manzanar And we dream of apple blossoms
Waving free beneath the stars
Till we wake up in the desert
The prisoners of Manzanar
Manzanar

Songwriters

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