

# I Pity The Poor Immigrant

Bob Dylan

I pity the poor immigrant  
Who wishes he would've stayed home,  
Who uses all his power to do evil  
But in the end is always left so alone.  
That man whom with his fingers cheats  
And who lies with ev'ry breath,  
Who passionately hates his life  
And likewise, fears his death.

I pity the poor immigrant  
Whose strength is spent in vain,  
Whose heaven is like Ironsides,  
Whose tears are like rain,  
Who eats but is not satisfied,  
Who hears but does not see,  
Who falls in love with wealth itself  
And turns his back on me.

I pity the poor immigrant  
Who tramples through the mud,  
Who fills his mouth with laughing  
And who builds his town with blood,  
Whose visions in the final end  
Must shatter like the glass.  
I pity the poor immigrant  
When his gladness comes to pass.