

In a town in southernmost Sicily  
Lived a family too proud to be poor  
In the year that fever took father away  
They hastened for American shores  
Now a mother and her son are standing in line  
It's a cold day on Ellis Isle  
And they look to the Statue of Liberty  
For the boy we have American Life

Ong is a Laotian refugee  
He works in the audio trade  
The smoke from flux is filling his lungs  
He's earning minimum wage  
Spending spare time down on  
San Pablo ave  
Once a week gets a woman for the night  
And he writes home tales of prosperity  
For the boy we have American Life

Bob is an unemployed veteran  
Born and bred in the South Bronx  
He's living off the streets down in east L.A.  
Residing in a cardboard box  
Now he plays a little quit and he has a small dog  
Searching for aluminum cans  
And he hold on tight to his dignity  
He was born into American Life