

Refugee

Chumbawamba

It's good of you to ask me sir
How I spend my days
Water glass and ladders sir
Working for my pay
Back home I saw a future sir
Learnt my father's trade But here that counts for nothing sir
Paradise betrayed

Looking through the windows
All your world to see
To you I'm just another refugee

My mother needs the money sir
It's hard to make ends meet
Two more children still in school
Hungry mouths to feed

Looking through the windows
All your world to see
To you I'm just another refugee
Now this country is my home
This land of auctioneers
Cast your eye upon me sir
What price the dreams that brought me here?

Looking through the windows
All your world to see
Forever just another refugee.