

## Immigrant Eyes

Guy Clark

Oh Ellis Island was swarming  
Like a scene from a costume hall  
Decked out in the colors in Europe  
And on fire with the hope of it all

There stood my father's own father stood huddled  
With the tired and hungry and scared  
Turn of the century pilgrims  
Bound by the dream that they shared

They were standing in lines just like cattle  
Poked and prodded and shoved  
Some were one desk away from sweet freedom  
Some were were torn from someone they love

Through this sprawling tower of babel  
Came a young man confused and alone  
Determined and bound for America  
And carryin' everything that he owned

Sometimes when I look in my grandfather's Immigrant Eyes  
I see that day reflected and I can't hold my feelings inside  
I see starting with nothing and working hard all of his life  
So don't take it for granted say grandfather's Immigrant Eyes

Now he rocks and stares out the window  
But his eyes are still just as clear  
As the day he sailed through the harbor  
And come ashore on the island of tears

My grandfather's days are numbered  
But I won' t let his memory die  
'Cause he gave me the gift of this country  
And the look in his Immigrant Eyes