

Immigrant's Daughter

Margaret Becker

Grandma sailed the Irish coast
When she was barely thirteen
She was young enough
To believe in her dreams

Working at a sweatshop
Down on Bleeker Street
Staring out the window
She could see Miss Liberty

The price didn't seem too steep

She believed in a nation
She believed in love
She believed in loyalty
And she put her fate in the hands of God

I believed in a nation
That's got more than land and water
I hope, I have the simple faith
The silent strength of the immigrant's daughter

She could not be halted
By famine or disease
She married America
And she scrubbed it on her knees

Fiercely devoted
To who was yet to be
She gladly gave her reverence
To the high authority

The price didn't seem too steep

She believed in a nation
She believed in love
She believed in loyalty
And she put her fate in the hands of God

I believed in a nation
That's got more than land and water
I hope, I have the simple faith
The silent strength of the immigrant's daughter

I look at the photographs
([Incomprehensible])
On my naked wall
([Incomprehensible])
The gallery of legacy
([Incomprehensible])
Has such a haunting call
([Incomprehensible])

Falling down on my knees
([Incomprehensible])
The calling comes to me
([Incomprehensible])

I'm gonna run to the land of the living
And take everyone that I can with me

I believe in a nation
I believe in love
I believe in loyalty
And I put my fate in the hands of God

I believe in a nation
That's got more than land and water
I hope, I have the simple faith
The silent strength of the Immigrant's daughter
I hope, I have that simple faith