

# The Immigrant

Neil Sedaka

Harbors open their doors to the young searching foreigner  
Come to live in the light of the big L of liberty  
Plains and open skies bill boards would advertise  
Was it anything like that when you arrived?  
Dream boats carried the future to the heart of America  
People were waiting in line for a place by the river

It was time when strangers were welcome here  
Music would play they tell me the days were sweet and clear  
It was a sweeter tune and there was so much room  
That people could come from everywhere

Now he arrives with hopes and his heart set on miracles  
Come to marry his fortune with a hand full of promises  
To find they've closed the door they don't want him anymore  
There isn't anymore to go around  
Turning away he remembers he once heard a legend  
That spoke of a mystical magical land called America

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