

# America

Noah Gundersen

I came through the fence in '93  
I know that they are after me today

I believe this is the land for me  
Of hope, and grace, and liberty

Oh, my grandfather, he told me  
Son, you'll never have to run anymore

Oh, but I broke the law  
Which I will surely die for  
But, now

I am on my way  
I have to leave today,  
Tell my wife and boy that I love them

I gave my son to America  
God, I pray they treat him well

Well, my daddy left when I was five,  
I do not know if he's alive at all

And, it's hard with just my mom and me  
But I work to feed my family  
And, I work hard to keep my bitter pay  
That the rich man comes and takes away

So, I killed him in the dead of night  
With my father's gun  
I took his life away  
I took his life away

Now, I say  
I was on my way  
I have to leave today  
Tell my mom and sister that I love them

I am on the run  
From America  
God, I pray they don't catch me

Now, I sit here in this dirty cell  
The jailer comes to give me hell

They have caught me and my racist mind  
I'll surely pay for what I've done

But, then I look up and I see  
This old man staring at me  
He tells me I remind him of someone

His own boy he left at the age of 5  
That probably thought his daddy died  
And, how he wished he could tell him

He would say

I was on my way, had to leave that day  
Tell my wife and boy that I love them

I gave my love to America  
God I pray they treat him well,  
Oh, god I pray they treat well  
God, I pray they treat him well.