

# The Ballad Of Sacco And Vanzetti

Scott Walker

Father - yes, I am a prisoner  
Fear not, to relate my crime  
The crime is loving the forsaken  
Only silence is shame

Blessed are the persecuted  
And blessed are the pure in heart  
Blessed are the merciful  
Blessed are the ones who mourn

"Give to me your tired and your poor  
Your huddled masses, yearning to be free  
The wretched refuge of your teeming shore  
Send these, the homeless"  
- send this task to me

And now I'll tell you  
What's against us  
And aught that's lived for centuries  
Go through the years  
And you will find  
What's blackened all  
Of the history

Father, yes I am a prisoner  
Only silence is...  
Shame