

Expatriate

Smoke or Fire

I left home three years ago today
For the land of opportunity, at least that's what they say
And you'd think a country built by immigrants would understand
To give a better life and future to his family
A man would do most anything

All this time thinking of Mexico
Things are starting to make sense
And I'm thinking maybe I'll go back again
Then we can build a fence

Seven days of work to send home what little pay I make
Where I'm from they still take care of each other in their time
of need
Here we are illegal, most pretend we don't exist
We are only hands to work, with no voice or face
Please tell the kids

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Enclosed with this page, you'll find what I've saved
I'm doing my best to sleep when I can
Don't worry about me
This place just ain't what it seems
But now I see

All this time thinking of Mexico
Things are starting to make sense
And I'm thinking maybe I'll go back again
Then we can build a fence