

Don't pity this poor immigrant  
My eyes were open when I caught the boat  
All I wanted was your shelter, and maybe just a little hope  
But you turned your anger on me for the courage that you lack  
I don't want your half-assed freedom  
You can have the whole deal back  
Now let me tell you something  
Let's get this straight from the start  
Don't call me harp, don't call me harp

You said "Bring me your poor and destitute  
And I can kick them when they're down"  
Cause there's always enough misery  
And we'll be sure to share it round  
Now I'll turn my anger on you for the decency you lack  
For the morals you fail to uphold, your cocaine, crack and smack  
To the land that wears its heart up front  
I'm screaming from the back  
Don't call me harp, don't call me harp

And the ghetto's almost full now  
It's time the trash was moved uptown  
And the sight of all those beggars on the streets  
Must really get you down  
Soon they'll turn their anger on you for the promises you broke  
For all the lies you told them as their dreams went up in smoke  
And I feel I stand among them as I shout this from the heart  
Don't call me harp, don't call me harp

You built your land on principles decent, brave and true  
I find it hard to understand just what went wrong with you  
Don't call me harp, don't call me harp