

# Sade, Immigrant

[1] - Coming from where he did  
He was turned away from every door like Joseph  
To even the toughest among us  
That would be too much

He didn't know what it was to be black  
'Till they gave him his change  
But didn't want to touch his hand  
To even the toughest among us  
That would be too much

[2] - Isn't it just enough  
How hard it is to live  
Isn't it hard enough  
Just to make it through a day

The secret of their fear and their suspicion  
Standing there looking like an angel  
In his brown shoes, his short suit  
His white shirt and his cuffs a little frayed

Coming from where he did  
He was such a dignified child  
To even the toughest among us  
That would be too much

[Repeat 2]  
[Repeat 1]