

I Pity the Poor Immigrant
Bob Dylan

Tipo de gaita: Diatônica
Tom: C

-6 -6 -6 6 -5 6 -6 -5
I- pity- the poor immigrant
-4 4 -4 -5 6 -6 -5 -5
Who wishes he would ve stayed home,
-6 -6 -6 -6 -6 -6 -6 6 -5 6 -6
Who uses- all his power to do evil
-5 -4 4 4 -4 -5 6 -6 -5 6 -5
But in the end is always left so alone.
-6 -8 -8 -8 8 7 7 -6
That man whom with his fingers cheats
-6 7 -8 7 -5 6 -6
And who lies with ev ry breath,
-6 -6 -6 6 -5 6 -6 -5
Who passionately hates his life
-4 4 -4 -5 6 -5
And likewise, fears his death.

I pity the poor immigrant
Whose strength is spent in vain,
Whose heaven is like Ironsides,
Whose tears are like rain,
Who eats but is not satisfied,
Who hears but does not see,
Who falls in love with wealth itself
And turns his back on me.

I pity the poor immigrant
Who tramples through the mud,
Who fills his mouth with laughing
And who builds his town with blood,
Whose visions in the final end
Must shatter like the glass.
I pity the poor immigrant
When his gladness comes to pass.