

Tenement
Sick

Came from Ireland

All alone and 10 years old

Days were long nights was cold
Mom sent me for ^{some day} a better life
and hoped I would find a wife

Went to work in the mill

didn't make enough for my pockets to fill
my ~~sh~~ No food or water

~~the house~~ we was all outta order

The streets were dirty

If sure weren't purty

Diseases had peoples hearts weezin

~~Isnt~~ Isn't that Treason?

So as time went by it never
got better

Oh God will it stay this way
forever? We never gonna get out this old dirty weath

I wanna go home just to save my day
life out here ain't worth no pay so imma

go back, where I came no matter how long

~~take~~ Immigration was horrible you can't

influence a life tortioner) we about to have a life memor

Immigration was hard no ~~batts~~ no Cdr

So I will wish upon a star

and head back for home where

no one will have to come

Dear Diary

my name is John and I'm a immigrant
going to new york for a better life
but it turned out crazy. I lived
in tenement it was dirty and packed
people was sick and had diseases. life
was hard it didn't get better. we didn't
have jobs we couldn't do nothing but
that didn't mean we didn't have to
work every day. And I ain't fallen easy
work neither, working was hard and the
pay wasn't too nice either. After long
days at work coming home to the dirty
tenement was a bummer. Just looking around
the streets was torture. There was poop,
murder and every kind of crap on the
ground. There was also a lot of crime.
You would always have to watch your back
to make sure no one pickpocketed you.
Police officers used flare guns to stun and
capture thieves. But that didn't stop them from
coming back.