

CHORUS:

Immigration in the United States  
I'm waking up early every day  
Just to go work in the mills  
And these people don't know how I feel X2

Verse 1:

I hate to immigrate from place to place I hate to make the time  
I wait I hate to wait and before I hit the city they took my  
hope and dreams and broke it up then roll it up then saved it  
until we was old enough to smoke it up but actually the  
catastrophes and day n night working in the factories. living  
with strangers is hard cause I need the house and when they  
leave the house I got to clean the house before they see the  
house. Is hard cause 12 in all I have a long story I couldn't tell it  
all. But now I am a inspiration all because of my immigration.

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I came all the way across the ocean to get treated like this

I'm the same person as them but I'm irish  
I'm 12 years old walking in the big roads  
These people just don't know how my life goes  
I'm living outside in the cold and slums  
When I look around I don't see nothing but bums  
I'm working 10 to 12 hour days 6 days a week  
I'm so stupid I can't write what I speak

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Dear Diary,

I am maria elen sappins. I am 12 years old.  
I live in new york. I am a Irish Immigrant. I dont  
have a home. I spent all of my money trying to come  
here. I work in a factory on the west side of brooklyn.  
I make 30 cents a day and I work 14 hours a day.  
The days are long but I need the money. without  
it I cant eat nor send money for my family.  
all I can do is pray and hope for the best.  
At least I can wake up another day and say that  
Im still here and Im still standing.