

No One Is Illegal

A protest song by Peter Brunette

1. It broke her heart to see him go—goodbyes were not her forte—
But the only way he could feed their kids was to head up to *el norte*.
You frown upon migration, so then why d'you go and spark it
By dumping your protected corn on the Mexican market?
You think of your Amerika as white and Anglo-Saxon.
You say it ain't his country that he sweats and pays his tax in,
But he's just as American as a bald eagle.
He's just an American. No one is illegal.
2. There's dozens of Americas a gal can hang her hat in,
Some black, some aboriginal, and more than twenty Latin.
When she worked in El Salvador for a couple bucks an hour,
She sewed those fancy suits you wear up in your high-rise tower.
Yet now you start to harbour unkind sentiments toward her
Because she sought to improve her lot on the wrong side of the border,
But she's just as American as a bald eagle.
She's just an American. No one is illegal.
3. You founded your Amerika as upstarts and newcomers
On lands that had been settled for some fifteen thousand summers.
You didn't ask my people if we favoured immigration
Before you crossed an ocean to declare your proud, young nation.
I'm one of those whose lives were scarred by that fateful decision,
The man you call an Indian and lock up on a prison,
But I'm just as American as a bald eagle.
I'm just an American. No one is illegal.

ENDING: No one is illegal. (*Repeat ad lib. and fade.*)