

Letter to America

I wrote "Letter to America" after hearing about the refugees who, in late January 2017, just a week after the presidential inauguration, were found, barefoot and freezing, crossing the northern New England and New York borders into Canada, fearing for their lives if they remained in the United States. The song imagines one refugee's view of a country previously envisioned through the lens of the inscription on the Statue of Liberty.

I left the rubble of my native shore,
Twice broken from my home
We are the tired, we are the huddled, poor
With nowhere else to go

Washed to shore on gasoline-soaked rafts
Months parched on desert sand
Across barbed wire, walls, and mortar's path
For just a nest of land, for just a nest of land

*Who holds that lamp beside the golden door
The true land of the free?
Across the snows of America
it's Canada I see, it's Canada I see*

Millions more have traveled paths like mine
From famine, floods and war
Able, feeble, sick, or newborn child
The wealthy and the poor

We are doctors, teachers, daughters, sons
Can you hear the beating of our hearts
That are breaking, each and every one
As our families torn apart, as our lands are pulled apart *chorus*

There was once a flame we held so dear
It shone 5,000 miles
I see it flicker in the dark of fear
I watch it almost die

We see ourselves in your country's worth
Our families are your own
But for now we'll travel to the north
Where we'll be welcomed home, where we'll be welcomed home *chorus*

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This song appears on the album, *Ride in the Light*
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