

Jason Lee

Immigrants' Rights

I'm just a normal kid from Boston

but society says my friends are aliens.

We grew up together in New York City

no drugs and such, we ain't junkies.

They're viewed as illegals

though none of their actions make them rebels.

We go through the same struggles:

girls, school, life, the usual.

But why is that politicians hate them so?

Jump a subway turnstile and it's back to Seoul.

Then there's the college scam that asks for so much money

At least I get aid to make it less costly.

Then there's my friends who don't get jack,

I mean, they could take out loans but no one can pay 200k back.

Look at me, driving at the age of seventeen.

My friends can only do that behind a screen.

Fast forward a few years and I see myself in business

All they can do is hide in the darkness.

I can move up because of these nice nine numbers

The ones I grew up with could lose it all with a torn finger.

Because the health system here is broken

it no longer views us equally as humans.

Then on my friends live, their futures so aimless

All they can do is wait for a decision from Congress.