

# MARC COHN, Ellis Island

I was driving down Ninth Avenue  
As the sky was getting dark  
Didn't have nothin' else to do  
So I kept on riding to Battery Park  
I stepped out in the damp and misty night  
As the fog was rolling in  
Man said, "Last boat leaving tonight  
Is the boat for Ellis Island"  
As my feet touched solid ground  
I felt a chill run down my spine  
I could almost hear the sound  
of thousands pushing through the lines  
Mothers and bewildered wives  
that sailed across the raging sea  
Others running for their lives  
to the land of opportunity  
Down on Ellis Island  
"What is this strange paradise?"  
They must've wondered through their cries and moans  
After all they've sacrificed  
Their faith, their families, friends and homes  
Then on the Inspection Stairs  
They were counted out or counted in  
Frozen while the inspectors stared  
Down on Ellis Island  
Now me I only stumbled in  
Just to wander around that empty hall  
Where someone else's fate had been  
Decided in no time at all  
And cases filled with hats and clothes  
And the belongings of those who journeyed far  
They're strange reminders I suppose  
Of where we're from and who we are  
But as the boat pulled off the shore  
I could see the fog was lifting  
And lights I never seen before  
Were shining down on Ellis Island  
Shining down on Ellis Island