

**Project Immigration Tracklisting
(PIT)**

Music and dance united us. Join and listen to music and know you are not alone.

Here you are welcome!

CD1 (17 November 2011)

1. America - Neil Diamond (1980)
2. Americano - Lady Gaga (2011)
3. Beneath, Between and Behind – Rush (1975)
4. British Intelligence - Jamie T (2009)
5. Deportees - Woody Guthrie (1948)
6. Icky Thump - The White Stripes (2007)
7. Illegal Alien – Genesis (1983)
8. Who's Gonna Build Your Wall? - Tom Russell (2007)

CD2 (17 November 2011)

1. Laugh and Be Happy - Randy Newman (2008)
2. Matamoros Banks - Bruce Springsteen (2005)

3. Migra – Santana (1999)
4. Miss Little Havana - Gloria Estefan (2011)
5. Movin' Out (Anthony's Song) - Billy Joel (1977)
6. My People - The Presets (2007)
7. One In A Million - Guns N' Roses (1988)
8. Without A Face - Rage Against The Machine (1996)

CD3 (17 November 2011)

1. Prayer Of The Refugee - Rise Against (2006)
2. Refugee - Lostboy! AKA (2010)
3. Sign In Stranger - Steely Dan (1976)
4. The Immigrant - Neil Sedaka (1974)
5. The Refugee - U2 (1983)
6. The Royal Scam - Steely Dan (1976)
7. Waving Flags - British Sea Power (2008)

CD1, song 1
America - Neil Diamond (1980)

Songfacts:

This is a tribute to immigration in America, where people from all over the world were welcome to come and seek opportunity. Diamond grew up in Brooklyn, New York, where many Europeans arrived. His grandparents were immigrants: on his father's side they came from Poland, and on his mother's side from Russia. (thanks to David Wild, author of He Is...I Say: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love Neil Diamond)

Michael Dukakis used this as his theme song in his failed 1988 Presidential campaign to emphasize his own ethnic origins as a third-generation American.

Diamond wrote this for the 1980 movie *The Jazz Singer*, where he starred as a young Jewish man who must defy his father to follow his dreams of becoming a singer.

Will Ferrell used to impersonate Diamond on *Saturday Night Live*. In one bit where they did a fake *Behind The Music*, Ferrell (as Diamond) said this

song was "fueled creatively by my massive hatred of immigrants."

Songlyrics:

Far
We've been traveling far
Without a home
But not without a star
Free
Only want to be free
We huddle close
Hang on to a dream

On the boats and on the planes
They're coming to America
Never looking back again
They're coming to America

Home, don't it seem so far away
Oh, we're traveling light today

In the eye of the storm

In the eye of the storm

Home, to a new and a shiny place

Make our bed, and we'll say our grace

Freedom's light burning warm

Freedom's light burning warm

Everywhere around the world

They're coming to America

Every time that flag's unfurled

They're coming to America

Got a dream to take them there

They're coming to America

Got a dream they've come to share

They're coming to America

They're coming to America

They're coming to America

They're coming to America

They're coming to America

Today, today, today, today, today

My country 'tis of thee

Today

Sweet land of liberty

Today

Of thee I sing

Today

Of thee I sing

Today

CD1, song 2

Americano - Lady Gaga (2011)

Songfacts:

Lady Gaga debuted this Mexican-themed footstomper about immigrants at the Estadio Tres de Marzo in Guadalajara, Mexico on May 3, 2011. She performed an acoustic version of the tune in both Spanish and English. Note that Gaga isn't the first with a song called Americano: Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers released their Americano! In 2004.

Speaking with Vogue magazine, Gaga explained the song is: "a big mariachi techno-house record, where I am singing about immigration law and gay marriage and all sorts of things that have to do with disenfranchised communities in America. It sounds like a pop record, but when I sing it, I see Edith Piaf in a spotlight with an old microphone."

Mexican music producer Fernando Garibay and DJ White Shadow produced this mariachi-influenced track. It was one of several contributions they made to Born This Way. Gaga told the UK magazine NME: "This was my first proper collaboration with Fernando and White Shadow. Labels had been telling

Fernando to tone down his Mexican influences, but here we rally brought them out."

The song's pro immigrants message is told via a love story between Gaga and a girl in LA. The Mother Monster explained to NME: "It was when Prop 9 was overturned in California. The immigration law was passed in Arizona, houses were being raided for immigrants, some of whom had been here for 20 years. America was once the land of the free, and now we're telling everyone to get the f--- out."

Garibay told MTV News how the song was written. "I remember her saying, 'Yes, I want mariachi, I want Latin percussions. I want to go big.' I'm so used to people in the industry saying, 'Latin: It's a little bit cheesy,' " he recalled. "But she was like, 'F that! Let's go full Mexicano.' We started with me on guitar and her on piano, kind of wrote the lyric on the spot, and she sang it all the way through, and that's how the song was born."

In a posting on her Facebook wall, Gaga wrote that his song is about "what the American dream means to me."

Songlyrics:

I met a girl in east L.A.

In floral shorts as sweet as May

She sang in eights in two-barrio chords

We fell in love, but not in court

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

I don't sp-, I don't sp-

Ah ah America Americano

Ah ah ah ah ah America Americano

Ah ah ah ah ah America Americano

Ah ah ah ah ah America Americano

Mis canciones son de la re-revolucion
Mi corazOn me duele por mi generacion
If you love me we can marry on the west
coast

On a Wednesday en el verano en agosto

I don't speak your, I don't speak your
language, oh no (la-la-la-la-la-la-la)

I don't speak your, I won't speak your,
won't speak

Your Jesus Cristo (la-la-la-la-la-la-la)

Ah ah ah ah ah America Americano

Ah ah ah ah ah America Americano

I will fight for, I have fought for how I
love you (la-la-la-la-la-la-la)

I have cried for, I will die for how I care
(la-la-la-la-la-la-la)

In the mountains, las campanas estOn
sonando (la-la-la-la-la-la-la)

Todos los chicos (chicas) y los chicos
(chicas) estOn besando
(La-la-la-la-la-la-la)

I don't speak your, I don't speak your
language, oh no (la-la-la-la-la-la-la)

I don't speak your, I won't speak your
Jesus Cristo (la-la-la-la-la-la-la)

I don't speak your, I don't speak your
Americano (la-la-la-la-la-la-la)

I don't speak your, I won't speak your
Jesus Cristo (la-la-la-la-la-la-la)

Ah ah ah ah ah America Americano

Ah ah ah ah ah America Americano

Ah ah ah ah ah America Americano

Ah ah ah ah ah America Americano

Don't you try to catch me

Don't you try to catch me

No, no, no, no

I'm living on the edge of

Living on the edge of the law, law, law,
law

Don't you try to catch me

Don't you try to catch me

No, no, no, no

Don't you try to catch me

Living on the edge of the law, law, law,
law

CD1, Song3

Beneath, Between and Behind – Rush
(1975)

Songfacts:

This is about the discovery of America and the birth of the nation. It refers to the rapid growth, immigration, wars, and American dream.

Songlyrics:

Ten score years ago, defeat the kingly
foe

A wondrous dream came into being

Tame the trackless waste, no virgin land
left chaste

All shining eyes, but never seeing

[Chorus:]

Beneath the noble bird

Between the proudest words

Behind the beauty, cracks appear

Once with heads held high

They sang out to the sky

Why do their shadows bow in fear?

Watch the cities rise

Another ship arrives

Earth's melting pot and ever growing

Fantastic dreams come true

Inventing something new

The greatest minds, and never knowing

[Chorus]

The guns replace the plow, facades are
tarnished now

The principles have been betrayed

The dreams's gone stale, but still, let
hope prevail

History's debt won't be repaid

CD1, song 4

British Intelligence - Jamie T (2009)

Songfacts:

This angry track is from British hip-hop artist Jamie T (aka Jamie Treays)'s second album, Kings and Queens.

Treays told The Daily Telegraph September 2, 2009 that this was inspired by "a mate, whose girlfriend couldn't get a visa to live here, so he married her."

Songlyrics:

British Intelligence there on your back

And they wont catch no one so they wont catch me

3, 4's and right up your back

And you just got sacked now your moneys not free

Taking time has never won enough

And 3 to the 4 when your really wired

To much never, enough now your fired.

This is for the cold concrete sold by the feet?

Taxed by a man that I'm yet to meet

Pay an army I'm hardly ready to speak

Memorys start in 93

And? came round last week

And told me she's sick and tired of women?

I'm still travelling trains, delayed in the rain on a monday morning

Watched by survailance teams

Business men live out their dreams and sleep with secreteries

In stockrooms over flowed with coffee and the?

While were still riding,

Trying to find a place where their not watching

Called her up in the end

To apologise for being so drunk and stubborn.

British Intelligence there on your back

And they wont catch no one so they wont catch me

3, 4's and right up your back

And you just got sacked now your moneys not free

Taking time has never won enough

And 3 to the 4 when your really wired

To much never, enough now your fired.

The 501's a selfious son

Travel down the inner to the suburn

He's lurking, burning cigrettes on

We'll be on the bar that his lover works in

And and a legal lay in the end

Jessie from the west said marry up quick

Get lost in the system

With a BCG and a finger print scan

Well the

Man I was outside calling a friend
Trying to save claim on the money I lent
While were still riding trying to find a
place where their not watching
Called her up again indentiy cards and
camera men.

British Intelligence there on your back
And they wont catch no one so they
wont catch me
3, 4's and right up your back
And you just got sacked now your
moneys not free
Taking time has never won enough
And 3 to the 4 when your really wired
To much never, enough now your fired.

He said suzie would you lose me in
trouble
He said suzie lets move on the double
Would we, please get him in trouble

He said could we, would we get him in
trouble

So woulda should we better get him in
trouble

3 weeks down and now youve burst
youre...

British Intelligence there on your back

And they wont catch no one so they
wont catch me

3, 4's and right up your back

And you just got sacked now your
moneys not free

Taking time has never won enough

And 3 to the 4 when your really wired

To much never, enough now your fired.

CD1, song 5:

Deportees - Woody Guthrie (1948)

Songfacts:

This song is also known as "Deportee" and more fully as "Deportee (Plane Wreck At Los Gatos)" or "Plane Wreck At Los Gatos (Deportees)." Guthrie's biographer Joe Klein said of its composition: "He was writing as many songs as ever, but few of any consequence. His children's songs continued to be charming... and his other songs remained perfunctory, with the notable exception of 'Plane Wreck at Los Gatos (Deportees),' which he composed after reading, early in 1948, that a plane deporting migrant farm workers back to Mexico had crashed. It was the last great song he would write, a memorial to the nameless migrants 'all scattered like dry leaves' in Los Gatos Canyon, where the plane crashed... The song, as he wrote it, was virtually without music - Woody chanted the words - and wasn't performed publicly until a decade later when a schoolteacher named Martin Hoffman added a beautiful melody and Pete Seeger began singing it in concerts."

"Deportee" was published in the 1986 Blandford Press book Carry It On!: A

History in Song and Picture of the Working Men and Women of America, by Pete Seeger and Bob Reiser where the credits were given as Words by Woody Guthrie, Music by Marty Hoffman, Copyright 1961, 1963, Ludlow Music Inc of New York.

Seeger and Reiser added, "The plane was flying home a group of Mexican workers who had entered the United States illegally, prompted by promises of high-paying jobs from unscrupulous growers in the California orchards. The newspaper didn't bother listing the names of those killed. Like surplus crops, they were just to get rid of."

Undoubtedly Guthrie shared these sentiments, but exactly why Joe Klein and apparently both Pete Seeger and Bob Reiser consider this to be a great song remains to be seen; the mere fact that a song bashes the capitalist system or the US Government does not make it great. In any case, Uncle Sam is not the bad guy here, and neither are the orchard owners. People who enter a country illegally are by definition illegal immigrants; every sovereign nation has a right to deport illegal immigrants. And don't unscrupulous employers pay low

wages? The Los Gatos air crash resulted in thirty-two deaths, including twenty-eight Mexican nationals. There was nothing sinister or oppressive about the way the victims were treated; they simply died in a tragic accident. It is likely Guthrie read the news report which appeared in the press the following day, so it is hardly surprising the names of all the victims were not listed; in any case it is standard practice for the authorities to withhold releasing the names of fatalities until their families have been informed.

Songlyrics:

The crops are all in and the peaches are rott'ning,

The oranges piled in their creosote dumps;

They're flying 'em back to the Mexican border

To pay all their money to wade back again

CHORUS:

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye, Rosalita,

Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria;
You won't have your names when you
ride the big airplane,
All they will call you will be "deportees"
My father's own father, he waded that
river,
They took all the money he made in his
life;
My brothers and sisters come working
the fruit trees,
And they rode the truck till they took
down and died.
Some of us are illegal, and some are not
wanted,
Our work contract's out and we have to
move on;
Six hundred miles to that Mexican
border,
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers,
like thieves.

We died in your hills, we died in your
deserts,

We died in your valleys and died on your
plains.
We died 'neath your trees and we died in
your bushes,
Both sides of the river, we died just the
same.

The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos
Canyon,
A fireball of lightning, and shook all our
hills,
Who are all these friends, all scattered
like dry leaves?
The radio says, "They are just deportees"

Is this the best way we can grow our big
orchards?
Is this the best way we can grow our
good fruit?
To fall like dry leaves to rot on my
topsoil
And be called by no name except
"deportees"?

**CD1, song 6:
Icky Thump - The White Stripes
(2007)**

Songfacts:

On the UK music show Later With Jools Holland (June 1, 2007), Jack White explained that he had heard his British wife, model Karen Elson, use the expression "Ecky Thump," a Northern English phrase that means "What The Heck." He changed it to the more American sounding "Icky" (meaning disgusting) so that teenagers would get it, citing how Led Zeppelin dropped the "A" in "Lead" for the same reason. Jack liked the expression and wrote the song around it with his bandmate Meg White.

The song is a commentary on immigration, and how immigrants are treated unfairly in America.

The lyrics, "I'm gonna sing around the collar" is a play on "Ring around the collar," which refers to the tough-to-remove sweat and dirt stains on the inside of shirt collars. It is typically used in laundry detergent commercials.

Candy cane is a traditional American red and white striped Christmas candy. The

White Stripes use only these colors (often in stripes) and black in their sets and costumes.

The "Dry Ice" mentioned in the lyrics refers to solid carbon dioxide, which is typically used in horror films to create artificial fog.

This was voted by the Rolling Stone magazine readers as their favorite song of 2007.

This won a Grammy for Best Rock Performance by a Duo or Group With Vocals. The album won for Best Alternative Music Album.

Jack White mentions all three of the band's colors in this song: Redhead Senorita, One White Eye, and Black Rum.

Songlyrics:

liliiiiieeeee

Icky thump

Who'da thunk?

Sittin' drunk on a wagon to Mexico.

Ah well

What a chump

Well my head got a bump

When I hit it on the radio.

Redhead señorita

Looking dead

Came and said

"Need a bed?"

En Español.

I said

"Gimme a drink of water

I'm gonna 'sing around the collar'

And I don't need a microphone."

Icky thump

With a lump in my throat

Grabbed my coat

And I was freaking
I was ready to go

And I swear
Besides the hair
She had one white eye,
One blank stare
Lookin' up
Lyin' there.

On the stand
Near her hand
Was a candy cane
Black rum, sugar cane
Dry ice something strange.

La la-la la la-la
La la-la la la la

White Americans, what?
Nothing better to do?
Why don't you kick yourself out?
You're an immigrant, too.

Who's using who?
What should we do?
Well, you can't be a pimp
And a prostitute too.

Icky thump
Handcuffed to a bunk
Robbed blind
Looked around
And there was nobody else.

Left alone
I hit myself with a stone
Went home and learned how

To clean up after myself.

**CD1, song 7:
Illegal Alien – Genesis (1983)**

Songfacts:

You can leave comments about the song at the bottom of the page.

This is a light-hearted, humorous look at the frustrations an illegal immigrant Mexican faces when attempting to illegally enter the United States. Even though the lyrics are satirical, some listeners perceived it to be racially offensive. Phil Collins' phony Mexican accent doesn't help matters.

Particularly controversial was the part of the song where the immigrant offers sexual favors from his sister as a bribe to let him cross the border. This was edited from radio versions of the song.

This song was #13 in Blender magazine's list of the 50 Worst Songs Ever.

Songlyrics:

Got out of bed, wasn't feeling too good

With my wallet and my passport, a new pair of shoes

The sun is shining so I head for the park,

With a bottle of Tequila, and a new pack of cigarettes

I got a cousin and she got a friend,

Who thought that her aunt knew a man who could help

At his apartment I knocked on the door,

He wouldn't come out until he got paid.

Now don't tell anybody what I wanna do

If they find out you know that they'll never let me through.

It's no fun being an illegal alien

It's no fun being an illegal alien

Down at the office had to fill out the forms

A pink one, a red one, the colours you choose,

Up to the counter to see what they think

They said 'It doesn't count man, it ain't written in ink'.

Don't trust anybody least not around here, cause

It's not fun being an illegal alien,

It's not fun being an illegal alien,

It's not fun being an illegal alien,

It's not fun being an illegal alien,

An illegal alien, O.K.

Consideration for your fellow man

Wouldn't hurt anybody, sure fits in with my plan

Over the border, there lies the promised land

So don't tell anybody what I wanna do

If they find out you know that they'll
never let me through.

It's no fun being an illegal alien,

It's no fun being an illegal alien,

It's no fun being an illegal alien,

It's no fun being an illegal alien.

CD1, song 8:

Who's Gonna Build Your Wall? - Tom Russell (2007)

Songfacts:

This song deals with the immigration issue in the United States. Many politicians under the George W. Bush administration tried to quell illegal Mexican immigration by erecting a fence along the U.S.-Mexico border and deny benefits to illegal's who are in the country. In this song, Russell points out that Mexican immigrants are doing the work that allows rich people to live an affluent lifestyle at relatively low cost: jobs like landscaping, cooking and housekeeping.

Songlyrics:

Who's Gonna Build Your Wall lyrics

I've got 800 miles of open border

Right outside my door

There's minute men in little pick up trucks

Who've declared their own damn war

Now the government wants to build

A barrier like old Berlin 8 feet tall

But if uncle Sam sends the illegal's home

Who's gonna build the wall?

Who's gonna build your wall boys?

Who's gonna mow your lawn?

Who's gonna cook your Mexican food

When your Mexican maid is gone?

Who's gonna wax the floors tonight

Down at the local mall?

Who's gonna wash your baby's face?

Who's gonna build your wall?

Now I ain't got no politics

So don't lay that rap on me

Left wing, right wing, up wing, down wing

I see strip malls from sea to shining sea

It's the fat cat white developer

Who's created this whole damn squall

It's a pyramid scheme of dirty jobs

And who's gonna build your wall?

Who's gonna build your wall boys?

Who's gonna mow your lawn?

Who's gonna cook your Mexican food

When your Mexican maid is gone?

Who's gonna wax the floors tonight

Down at the local mall?

Who's gonna wash your baby's face?

Who's gonna build your wall?

We've got fundamentalist Moslem's

We've got fundamentalist Jews

We've got fundamentalist Christians
They'll blow the whole thing up for you

But as I travel around this big old world
There's one thing that I most fear
It's a white man in a golf shirt
With a cell phone in his ear

Who's gonna build your wall boys?
Who's gonna mow your lawn?
Who's gonna cook your Mexican food
When your Mexican maid is gone?

Who's gonna wax the floors tonight
Down at the local mall?
Who's gonna wash your baby's face?
Who's gonna build your wall?

CD2, song 1:
Laugh and Be Happy - Randy Newman
(2008)

Songfacts:

Newman told Mojo magazine that this sarcastic song of advice to immigrants was aimed at Hispanics.

Songlyrics:

I know what's going on here
Ain't no great mystery
You'll lost faith in yourselves
Clear as it can be
You can whine all you want to
Drown in your misery
Or you can listen to me
Listen to me

Laugh and be happy
Don't you ever wear a frown

Don't let the bastards ground you down
Laugh and be happy
A simple thing to do
Live in your dream
And your dream will come true

Be a red sun shining
In a sky so blue
Blackbirds singing in the trees
Be a real silver lining
Up there for me and you
Listen to me
Listen to me

Now the country that we're living
To be the good old U.S.A.
That's right
It's never been about keeping you out
It's about letting you in

And letting you play
So let them be happy
Smile right in their face
Pretty soon you're going to taking their place

Come wackin', wackin', wackin'
Like old man trouble
Wackin' on their front door
Going to send you packin'
All in double
You ain't going away no more

Laugh and be happy
Don't you ever wear a frown
Get right back on your feet
Whenever they knock you down
Laugh and be happy
Believe me when I say

Everything is going to go your way

You've been on top of the world

**CD2, song 2:
Matamoros Banks - Bruce
Springsteen (2005)**

Songfacts:

This song is about plight of illegal immigrants who cross the Mexican border each day. Matamoros is a city in Mexico bordering Texas.

Songlyrics:

For two days the river keeps you down

Then you rise to the light without a sound

Past the playgrounds and empty switching yards

The turtles eat the skin from your eyes, so they lay open to the stars

Your clothes give way to the current and river stone

'Till every trace of who you ever were is gone

And the things of the earth they make their claim

That the things of heaven may do the same

Goodbye, my darling, for your love I give God thanks,

Meet me on the Matamoros

Meet me on the Matamoros

Meet me on the Matamoros banks

Over rivers of stone and ancient ocean beds

I walk on sandals of twine and tire tread

My pockets full of dust, my mouth filled with cool stone

The pale moon opens the earth to its bones

I long, my darling, for your kiss, for your sweet love I give God thanks

The touch of your loving fingertips

Meet me on the Matamoros

Meet me on the Matamoros

Meet me on the Matamoros banks

Your sweet memory comes on the evenin' wind

I sleep and dream of holding you in my arms again

The lights of Brownsville, across the river shine

A shout rings out and into the silty red river I dive

I long, my darling, for your kiss, for your sweet love I give God thanks

A touch of your loving fingertips

Meet me on the Matamoros

Meet me on the Matamoros

Meet me on the Matamoros banks

Meet me on the Matamoros

Meet me on the Matamoros

Meet me on the Matamoros banks

**CD2, song 3:
Migra – Santana (1999)**

Songfacts:

This song is in protest to what was formerly the Immigration and Naturalization Service (now part of the Department of Homeland Security) and their raids of undocumented immigrants in the United States. But instead of inciting violence, the song preaches peace between Americans and immigrants.

"Migra" is slang in Spanish for the Immigration and Naturalization Service.

The jingling at the end of the song is Santana himself with sleigh bells.

Songlyrics:

Migra Migra pinche Migra dejame en pas

Migra Migra pinche Migra dejame en pas

Malicia veo en tus ojos desprecio en tu corazon

Malicia veo en tus ojos desprecio en tu corazon

Es hora de reconocer que todos somas una voz

Abrasa el concepto venimos de la misma voz

Me necesitas tu a me mas why mas que yo a ti

Me necesitas tu a me mas why mas que yo a ti

Me necesitas tu a me mas why mas que yo a ti

Me necesitas tu a me mas why mas que yo a ti

People people let's start together let's do it right

People people let's love one another I know we know how

Me necesitas tu a mi mas why mas que yo a ti

Me necesitas tu a mi mas why mas que yo a ti

Me necesitas tu a mi mas why mas que yo a ti

Me necesitas tu a mi mas why mas que yo a ti

Migra Migra pinche Migra dejame en pas

People people let's love one another I know we know how

CD2, song 4:

Miss Little Havana by Gloria Estefan (2011)

Songfacts:

The first nine tracks of Cuban-American singer-songwriter Gloria Estefan's 11th studio album tells the tale of a young girl who hooks up with the wrong guy in Miami after moving there from Cuba. All the tracks on the album were written or co-written by Pharrell Williams of The Neptunes.

Speaking to The Associated Press, Estefan said that Miss Little Havana wasn't originally conceived as a story. She explained: "Oddly enough, when we were writing, we did not set any kind of parameters, we were just feeling out how each one works, and that's a very intimate process. But it wasn't until we finished writing the nine songs ... (that) I told Pharrell, 'Pharrell, there's a story here.' I put the order of the album actually together to emphasize that story ... (and) then, he didn't know I did this, but I picked three little ... phone messages (I got from Pharrell) after one of the songs, and I thought, 'I'm going to emphasize even more this thing.' ... Miss Little Havana tells the story of who she

is, then she hooks up with an ex on the dance floor, he calls her — 'Come let's party' — you get a couple of songs where they are back together and then at the end she realizes he's still a dog (laughs) ... It was fun to do."

Though Gloria is herself a Cuban émigré living in Miami, the story is not biographical as the only lover she has had has been her husband, Emilio Estefan. The singer told The Associated Press who Miss Little Havana represents. "Miss Little Havana is a typical story of any young girl that has dreams, that wants to break out and be free. Those were some of my dreams as well. Obviously I come from a different kind of background that kept me very close to the family for a long time, but I was actually 17 when I joined the band. So although it's not exactly my story, it's any girl that is looking for something, that has dreams and aspirations, and of course sometimes the men get in the way, because you're looking for love and sometimes you hook up with the wrong on - I've been lucky that I didn't."

Songlyrics:

Miss Little Havana

17 with a body just like a model

I heard that she was in that superstar cabana

Dancin' as if she just hit the lotto

But that will amount to ze ze ze zero

So

It is just the same scenario

Mom's at work and daddy's never home

Idle hands lookin' for time to blow

And get some freedom

She ain't payin' attention

Her mind's in the air

Life is so hard

And no one cares

There ain't no angels to whisk you away

So wizen up ok

Miss Little Havana

17 with a body just like a model

I heard that she was in that superstar
cabana

Dancin' as if she just hit the lotto

But that will amount to ze ze ze zero

Dos...She's beginning her life on her own

Brand new place but she don't have a
phone

Matter of fact the only thing she owns

Is her freedom

She ain't payin' attention

Her mind's in the air

Life is so hard

And no one cares

There ain't no angels to whisk you away

So wizen up ok

Miss Little Havana

17 with a body just like a model

I heard that she was in that superstar
cabana

Dancin' as if she just hit the lotto

But that will amount to ze ze ze zero

If he says it's a secret

C'mon let's fly away

Girl, don't believe it

Those guys tell lies all day

He'll never keep it

He will tell everything

Everyone will know

Uh-oh no lotto

Open up your eyes

Abre los ojos

Open up your eyes

Abre los ojos

Open up your eyes

Abre los ojos

Open up your eyes

Miss Little Havana

17 with a body just like a model

I heard that she was in that superstar
cabana

Dancin' as if she just hit the lotto

But that will amount to ze ze ze zero

But that will amount to ze ze ze zero

But that will amount to ze ze ze zero

But that will amount to ze ze ze zero

But that will amount to ze ze ze zero

CD2, song 5:

Movin' Out (Anthony's Song) - Billy Joel (1977)

Songfacts:

The lyrics refer to the New York working-class immigrant masculine ethos, in which wage-earners take pride at working long hours to afford the outwards signs of having "made it" in America. The character "Anthony" questions if owning a house in Hackensack (a suburb of New York city) is worth the effort, while "Sergeant O'Leary" works 2 jobs in hopes of one day owning a Cadillac.

Joel first wrote this song to a soft ballad mystery tune he had in his head. When he performed it for his band in the studio, they informed him WHERE he got the tune - it was identical to Neil Sadaka's "Laughter In The Rain." Embarrassed, Joel changed it to a more rocking tune.

In 2002, The stage production Movin' Out opened on Broadway. The show was based on Joel's songs, and he won a Tony Award for the orchestration. The Broadway production closed in 2005,

but lived on as a touring production from 2004-2007.

Billy Joel told USA Today July 9, 2008: "In the song, there's the sound of a car peeling out. That was (bassist) Doug Stegmeyer's car, who at the time had a '60s-era Corvette. He took his little tape machine in the car and hung the microphone out the rear end, and started burning rubber, screeching away from his house.

At the end, we went on and on and on and they faded it out. We were just having too much fun playing, we couldn't stop! We'd look at Phil (Ramone, the album's producer) and he'd just go, 'Ah, just keep going, who knows how much of this we're going to use, just go with it.' The education of self-editing is a good process to learn."

Songlyrics:

Anthony works in a grocery store,
Saving his pennies for someday.

Mama Leone left a note on the door
She said

"Sonny move out to the country"

But workin too hard can give you a heart
attack

Tou oughta know by now (you oughta
know by now)

Who needs a house out in Hackensack?

Is that what you get with your money?

It seems such a waste of time

If that's what it's all about

Mama if that's movin up then I'm movin
out

Sergeant O'Leary is walkin the beat

At night he becomes a bartender

He works at Mister Cacciatore's down on
Sullivan Street

Across from the medical center

He's tradin' in his Chevy for a Cadillac

You oughta know by now (you oughta
know by now)

And if he can't drive with a broken back

At least he can polish the fenders

You should never argue with a crazy
mind

You oughta know by now..

You can pay Uncle Sam with the
overtime

Is that all you get for your money?

And if that's what you have in mind

Yeah, if that's what you're all about

Good luck moving up, 'cause I'm moving
out

I'm moving out.

**CD2, song 6:
My People - The Presets (2007)**

Songfacts:

In a the March 25, 2008 issue of Rave magazine, lead singer Julian Hamilton explains that the song is about immigrants coming to Australia only to be detained. Said Hamilton: "I wanted to write a song about this horrible phenomenon where people come out here in search of a better life and we lock them up. I felt so horrible about the way we treat these destitute people that I wanted to write a desperate sounding song. The line 'let me hear you scream if you're with me' could be understood to come from the perspective of someone who is locked up, needing to hear that there are people outside who are behind him and supporting him."

The song's promo won "Best Video" at the 2008 ARIA Awards.

Songlyrics:

I'm here with all of my people

Locked up with all of my people

So let me hear you scream if you're with me

So let's head in your room lovely

I'll follow all around the world for you

And you'll find out tonight, oh it's a world of extreme

Oh, they'll take all our ceremony

They'll never find a happy hope for you

But know that's not the only chance you'll get, yeah you'll see

Oh, I'm here with all of my people

Locked up with all of my people

So let me hear you scream if you're with me

I'm here with all of my people

Shut down with all of my people

So let me hear you scream if you're with me

Still the celebration haunts

Today I heard it on the radio

You've gone and found a way to get me out from this place

Soldiers on the waterfront

They wanna ship me far away

I'll find my way tonight so I can find my way to you

I'm here with all of my people

Locked up with all of my people

So let me hear you scream if you're with me

I'm here with all of my people

Shut down with all of my people

So let me hear you scream if you're with
me

Party time all of my people

So let me hear you scream if you're with
me

I'm here with all of my people

Locked up with all of my people

I'm here with all of my people

Shut down all of my people

And it feels so and it feels so good

And it feels so and it feels so good

And it feels so and it feels so good

And it feels so and it feels so good

And it feels so, so, so, so, so, so, so, so

I'm here with all of my people

Locked up with all of my people

So let me hear you scream if you're with
me

I'm here with all of my people

**CD2, song 7:
One In A Million - Guns N' Roses
(1988)**

Songfacts:

This song caused a great deal of controversy because of its explicit references to "Immigrants and faggots" and its use of a certain racial epithet. The song led to the group being banned from an AIDS benefit concert in New York. Front man Axl Rose apologized in advance for causing offense on the album sleeve. Later he went further, explaining exactly why he wrote the song.

In an August 1989 interview with the magazine Rolling Stone, Rose said the song was written in the apartment of West Arkeen, "who's like the sixth member of the band." It was inspired partly by his experience of the Los Angeles Greyhound bus station and seeing people getting ripped off by street hustlers - hence the unflattering reference to young black men.

The verse about "Immigrants and faggots" referred to being treated by immigrant workers in convenience stores like you don't belong, something

that clearly rubbed this "small town white boy" up the wrong way.

Regarding specifically "Faggots," Rose said, "I've had some very bad experiences with homosexuals" adding that when he was hitchhiking as a teenager a homosexual tried to sodomize him, which led to the man ending up on the wrong end of Axl's razor. Rose was born in Lafayette, Indiana on February 6, 1962, and had a turbulent youth which was colored by some very negative experiences including this encounter.

In a second interview with the same magazine, in April 1992, Rose said "I've had my share of dealings with aggressive gays, and I was bothered by it."

Rose is no racial bigot; the band's guitarist, Slash, was born July 23, 1965, the son of a white Englishman and a black American woman. He grew up in Stoke-on-Trent but later moved to California where the band was formed, and although he was no juvenile delinquent he is clearly cut from the same cloth as Rose.

Slash recalled to Q magazine April 2010 the fight he had with Rose about

recording this song: "We had a big disagreement about it, and the more I argued about it, the more adamant he was about putting it out there. It probably says a lot about our relationship.

I'm sure he was aware of my heritage, but at the same time he had his own point of view that he was trying to put across, which he's spoken about plenty. I wasn't surprised at the level of controversy it caused. There'd been a lot of attention towards homosexuality at that time and as always - to racism and stuff, and I think the tone of that song was offensive. It didn't shock me that it was so controversial. It was just the way it was put, the words it used.

I'm not one to harbour regrets. I didn't agree with it when it came out and still don't, but no one really cares about it any more. It was unfortunate at the time, but it is what it is and what's done is done. You know what, I don't think about it any more. It was a big deal when it came out but I haven't heard it in so long. I don't think it did us any harm, not in the long run."

Despite his bad experiences with homosexuals, Axl performed Bohemian

Rhapsody with Elton John at the 1992 "Concert For Life" at Wembley Stadium. The concert was a tribute to Queen lead singer Freddie Mercury, who died of AIDS the year before.

Songfacts:

Yes I needed some time to get away

I needed some peace of mind

Some peace of mind that'll stay

So I thumbed it. Now it's six in L.A.

Maybe a greyhound could be my way

Police and *****s, that's right

Get outta my way

Don't need to buy none of your

Gold chains today

Now don't need no bracelets

Clamped in front of my back

Just need my ticket 'till then

Won't you cut me some slack

You're one in a million

Yeah that's what you are

You're one in a million babe

You're a shooting star

Maybe some day we'll see you

Before you make us cry

You know we tried to reach you

But you were much to high.

Much too high...

Much too high...

Much too high...

Immigrants and fagots

They make no sense to me

They come to our country

And think they'll do as they please

Like start some mini-Iran

Or spread some ****ing disease

And they talk so many God damn ways

It's all Greek to me

Well some say I'm lazy

And others say that's just me

Some say I'm crazy

I guess I'll always be

But it's been such a long time

Since I knew right from wrong

It's all the means to and end I'm

I keep it moving along

Hey, hey, hey, yeah

You're one in a million

You're a shooting star

You're one in a million babe

You know that you are

Maybe some day we'll see you

Before you make us cry
You know we tried to reach you
But you were much too high
Much too high
Much too high

Radicals and racists
Don't point your finger at me
I'm a small town white boy
Just tryin' to make ends meet
Don't need your religion
Don't watch that much TV
Just makin' my livin' baby
Well that's enough for me

You're one in a million
Yeah that's what you are
You're one in a million babe
You're a shooting star

Maybe some day we'll see you
Before you make us cry
You know we tried to reach you
But you were much too high
Much too high
Much too high

CD2, song 8:

Without A Face - Rage Against The Machine (1996)

Songfacts:

The song discusses the problems which faced Mexican immigrants going into America, and how America were building a "Berlin Wall" at the border to stop the immigrants coming in.

Lead singer Zack De La Rocha (from the "Live and Rare" disc): "It seems as soon as the wall of Germany fell, the US government was busy building one between the border between the US and Mexico. Since 1986 as result of a lot of the hate talk and hysteria that the the government of the United States has been speaking, 1500 bodies have been found on the border. We wrote this song in response to it."

Songlyrics:

Uh! Got no card so I got not soul

Life is prison, no parole, no control

Tha jura got my number on a wire tap

Cause I jack for similac, **** a Cadillac

Survive one motive no hope

Cause every sidewalk I walk is like a tightrope

Yes I know my deadline sire, when my life expires

I'm sendin' paper south under tha barbed wire

Tha mother of my child will lose her mind at my grave

It's my life for their life so call it a free trade

"Por vida" and our name up on tha stall

I took a death trip when I tried ta cross tha white wall

Walk unseen past tha graves an tha gates, born without a face

One motive no hope ah, born without a face

Walk unseen past tha graves an tha gates, born without a face

One motive no hope ah, yeah, born without a face

Without a face

Yeah, I tried ta look back ta my past long lost

A blood donor ta tha land owner holocaust

Pops heart stopped, in came tha air drop

Flooded tha trench he couldn't shake tha toxic shock

Maize was all we needed ta sustain

Now her golden skin burns, insecticide rain

Ya down wit DDT yeah you know me

Raped for tha grapes, profit for tha bourgeois (?)

War tape boomin' path is Luminoso

I'm headed north like my name was kid 'Cisco

To survive one motive no hope, ah

It's hard ta breathe wit Wilson's head around my throat

Strangled and mangled another SS
curtain call

When I tried ta cross tha white wall

When I tried ta cross tha white walls

Walk unseen past tha graves an tha
gates, born without a face

One motive no hope ah, born without a
face

Walk unseen past tha graves an tha
gates, born without a face

One motive no hope ah, born without a
face

You say fortify, reaction, you divide

And you say fortify, reaction, reaction

And you say fortify, reaction, reaction

You say fortify, reaction, you divide

CD3, song 1:
Prayer Of The Refugee - Rise Against
(2006)

Songfacts:

This song is about an immigrant or a refugee trying to make ends meet in America. He faces frequent discrimination at the hands of the people and government.

Songlyrics:

Warm yourself by the fire, son

And the morning will come soon

I'll tell you stories of a better time

In a place that we once knew

Before we packed our bags

And left all this behind us in the dust

We had a place that we could call home

And a life no one could touch

[Chorus]

Don't hold me up now

I can stand my own ground

I don't need your help now

You will let me down, down, down!

Don't hold me up now

I can stand my own ground

I don't need your help now

You will let me down, down, down!

We are the angry and the desperate

The hungry, and the cold

We are the ones who kept quiet

And always did what we were told

But we've been sweating while you slept
so calm

In the safety of your home

We've been pulling out the nails that
hold up

Everything you've known

[Chorus]

So open your eyes, child

Let's be on our way

Broken windows and ashes

Are guiding the way

Keep quiet no longer

We'll sing through the day

Of the lives that we've lost

And the lives we've reclaimed

[Chorus]

Don't hold me up

(I don't need your help, I'll stand my
ground)

Don't hold me up

(I don't need your help)

No! No! No!

Don't hold me up!

(I don't need your help, I'll stand my
ground)

Don't hold me up!

(I don't need your help, I'll stand my
ground)

Don't let me down, down, down, down,
down!

**CD3, song 2:
Refugee - Lostboy! AKA (2010)**

Songfacts:

This is the opening track from Simple Minds frontman Jim Kerr's solo debut album, which was released under the alter ego name of Lostboy! AKA.

Kerr currently lives in the small town of Taormina on the East Coast of Sicily. In an interview with the Daily Mirror, where he explained this song, he references the Sicilian island of Lampedusa, which is notable as a staging post for illegal immigrants. Said Kerr: "To me, Refugee is a voice that's dying to be heard. It sounds like young man's music. Refugee is a word that's always in the headlines, especially in Italy. The difference between LostBoy! and Simple Minds is that at a certain point in my career the song would have been called Lampedusa . It would have been all very obvious - a cry for change. Lostboy! says it's about what's in my head - he's a spiritual refugee. I liked where I grew up but I was attracted to the esoteric and there was a point where it couldn't contain my imagination. Through music and books I found a different kind of life."

Songlyrics:

All those flowers in the wasteland,

All that time beneath those skies
charcoal grey.

But, every moment in the shade there,

Nourished by a force that flies from far
away.

And we will say: Come to me, refugee, let
me be the one one who frees you.

When you're calling, when you're calling,
refugee.

Yes we will say: Come to me, refugee, let
me be the one who bleeds now.

When you're falling, where you're
crawling, refugee.

All those poets in the basement,

Still haunted by the ancient crimes of
yesterday.

Like those flowers in the wasteland,

They will rise with open eyes and point
the way.

'Cause when your skin starts burning,

You can feel the planet turning,

There's no transition, nothing sets you
right.

And when your roof starts falling,

There's no place, no place to crawl in,

Hope transmitting, returning to your
plight.

And we will say: Come to me, refugee, let
me be the one who heals you.

When you're toiling, crawling, refugee.

Yes we will say: Come to me, refugee, let
me be, I will conceal you.

When you're calling, when you're calling
refugee.

Yes we will say, we will say.

When you're falling, when you're falling,

And we will say, we will say,

When you're falling,

When you're calling refugee.

**CD3, song 3:
Sign In Stranger - Steely Dan (1976)**

Songfacts:

Donald Fagen and Walter Becker are rarely forthcoming about Steely Dan's songs. This song was said to be the name of a club Fagen was in as a child. However, the lyrics sound as if there is a man named PePe helping fugitives and immigrants get new identities.

Songlyrics:

Have you heard about the boom on
Mizar Five

People got to shout to stay alive

They don't even have policeman one

Doesn't matter where you been or what
you've done

Do you have a dark spot on your past

Leave it to my man he'll fix it fast

Pepe has a scar from ear to ear

He will make your mug shots disappear

[Chorus]

You zombie

Be born again my friend

Won't you sign in stranger

Do you like to take a yo-yo for a ride

Zombie I can see you're qualified

Walk around collecting Turkish union
dues

They will call you sir and shine your
shoes

Or maybe you would like to see the show

You'll enjoy the Cafe D'Escargot

Folks are in a line around the block

Just to see her do the can-can-Jacques

[Chorus]

Love or leave her, yellow fever

Sure, it's all in the game

And who are you

Just another scurvy brother

[Chorus]

**CD3, song 4:
The Immigrant - Neil Sedaka (1974)**

Songfacts:

This was released as the B-side to "Laughter In The Rain," helping it get exposure to become a success of its own. Similar to "Ferry Cross The Mersey" by Gerry and the Pacemakers, it's one of his more socially relevant songs. Though it was meant to protest the US government's refusal to grant John Lennon permanent resident status, many read it as a commentary about the sometimes hostile reception that immigrants got in the United States at the time, an issue that's even more relevant today.

Songlyrics:

Harbors open their doors to the young
searching foreigner

Come to live in the light of the big L of
liberty

Plains and open skies bill boards would
advertise

Was it anything like that when you
arrived?

Dream boats carried the future to the
heart of America

People were waiting in line for a place
by the river

It was time when strangers were
welcome here

Music would play they tell me the days
were sweet and clear

It was a sweeter tune and there was so
much room

That people could come from
everywhere

Now he arrives with hopes and his heart
set on miracles

Come to marry his fortune with a hand
full of promises

To find they've closed the door they
don't want him anymore

There isn't anymore to go around

Turning away he remembers he once
heard a legend

That spoke of a mystical magical land
called America

It was time when strangers were
welcome here

Music would play they tell me the days
were sweet and clear

It was a sweeter tune and there was so
much room

That people could come from
everywhere

It was time when strangers were
welcome here

Music would play they tell me the days
were sweet and clear

It was a sweeter tune and there was so
much room

That people could come from
everywhere

**CD3, song 5:
The Refugee - U2 (1983)**

Songfacts:

This was an attempt to contrast the experience of Irish-American immigrants with African-Americans.

Fellow Irishman Bill Whelan is credited as producer, although Steve Lillywhite, who produced their first 2 albums, also worked on it. Whelan would go on to produce Riverdance.

U2 never performed this live.

Songlyrics:

War, war

She's the refugee

I see your face

I see you staring back at me

War, war

She's the refugee

Her mama say one day

She's gonna live in America

In the morning, she is waiting

Waiting for the ship to sail

Sail away

War, war

Her papa go to war

He gonna fight, but he don't know what for

War, war

Her papa go to war

Her mama say one day

He's gonna come back from far away

Help me

How can you help me?

In the evening

She is waiting

Waiting for her man to come

And take her by her hand

And take her to this promise land

War, war

She's a pretty face

But at the wrong time

In the wrong place

War, war

She's a pretty face

Her mama say one day

She's gonna live in America

Yeah, America

War, war

She's a refugee

She's coming back, she's coming, keep you company

War, war

She's a refugee

Her mama say one day

She's gonna live in America

CD3, song 6:
The Royal Scam - Steely Dan (1976)

Songfacts:

This is a song about people from Puerto Rico who immigrated to New York in the '50s and '60s hoping to secure the American Dream only to find discrimination and hate from the native population.

The album cover of The Royal Scam features a homeless man laying on a bench. Behind him are monolithic skyscrapers topped with the snarling heads of a wolf, snake, alligator and bear. This dark, eerie cover sets the stage for a cynical album.

Songlyrics:

And they wandered in
From the city of St. John
Without a dime
Wearing coats that shined
Both red and green
Colors from their sunny island

From their boats of iron
They looked upon the promised land
Where surely life was sweet
On the rising tide
To New York City
Did they ride into the street
See the glory
Of the royal scam

They are hounded down
To the bottom of a bad town
Amid the ruins
Where they learn to fear
An angry race of fallen kings
Their dark companions
While the memory of
Their southern sky was clouded by
A savage winter
Every patron saint

Hung on the wall, shared the room
With twenty sinners

See the glory
Of the royal scam

By the blackened wall
He does it all
He thinks he's died and gone to heaven
Now the tale is told
By the old man back home
He reads the letter
How they are paid in gold
Just to babble in the back room
All night and waste their time
And they wandered in
From the city of St. John without a dime

See the glory

Of the royal scam

CD3, song 7:

Waving Flags - British Sea Power (2008)

Songfacts:

Frontman Yan (British Sea Power band members use just one name) told The Sunday Times January 6, 2008 that this song, which celebrates freedom of movement, was written to counter the antipathy with which Eastern European immigrants are often greeted: "It seems to me we need intelligent, good-looking people with taste to come in and breed with us. Basically, [some Britons] don't like them because they're willing to work hard, but we like working hard, so we can identify with them."

The lyric, which hails the migrants as "astronomical fans of alcohol" was inspired by guitarist Noble while watching an Uefa Cup football match on television, spotting the phrase "fans of alcohol" on a banner held by fans of the Czech team Slavia Prague.

The lyric, "From across the Vistula, you've come so very far" references the River Vistula, Poland's longest and most famous river, which roughly splits the country into two.

The band have a long-running interest in Eastern Europe, dating back to when bassist Hamilton and drummer Wood went inter-railing in the region. Part of the album was recorded in a Czech forest and the single was launched on January 10 2008 at the Czech embassy in London.

Songlyrics:

You are astronomical fans of alcohol

So welcome in

Are rising in the East and setting in the West

All waving flags

We're all waving flags now

Waving flags

But don't be scared

And you, you will be here for a while

And it's all a joke

Oh, it's all a joke

Oh

Are here of legal drinking age, on minimum wage

Well, welcome in

From across the Vistula, you've come so very far

All waving flags

We're all waving flags now

Waving flags

But don't be scared

And you, you will be here for a while

And it's all a joke

Oh, it's all a joke

Oh

Here is my pride

Here is my life

It just tastes good

Especially tonight

(Oh welcome in)

Oh welcome in, we are Barbarians

Oh welcome in, cross the

Oh we can fail, against the sea

No we won't fail, against the sea

So walk away

Music and dance united us. Join and listen to music and know you are not alone.

Here you are welcome!

Project Immigration Tracklisting (PIT)
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Second P.I.T. action: December 17, 2011:
LE SUD, curator Gilbert van Drunen,
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