

To Deport or Not to Deport

By T-Bone Slim

East side, West side all around
the town,
Folks are entertaining thoughts
Of darkest, deepest brown;
Men and matrons gather
Denounce the blameless stork—
Police are clubbing the unem-
ployed
On the sidewalks of New York.

East side, West side, everywhere
the same,
Jobless men and women strive
to play this "merry game."
Cops are sweet and gentle—
Hark, the full report:
"Police are loving the unem-
ployed
On the sidewalks of New York."

East side, West side, on the
other hand,
Starving men must be polite and
and leave this happy land;
Lawyers have decreed it—as the
last resort—
Police are rounding the unem-
ployed
On the sidewalks of New York.

East side, West side, foreigners
must go,
Since they can't quite learn the
great American "Kotow"—
Makes no difference where to,
Moscow, Nice or Cork?
Police are sorting the unem-
ployed
On the sidewalks of New York.

East side, West side, couldn't
stand the test!
Time was when the stanger was
a much sought after guest.
Native sons were jealous, im-
migrants had pork—
Now they're shagging 'em both
alike
On the sidewalks of New York.
