

The cold nights regretting leaving  
Sleeping on a floor made of sand and thorns  
We keep running for the gold but this isn't the olympics  
Those few hours of sleep feel like nothing  
Is it worth it?  
Those looney tunes shows were lies  
We run with the coyote not away from him  
And yet he seems as vicious and hungry as the cartoon  
Is it worth it?  
Leaving my family behind with just pictures and a promise  
Knowing I might lose more than what I earn  
The fear of dying before reaching the freedom land  
Remembering those horrid stories of my fellow people who died on their journey  
To someone with a normal life that sounds miserable  
I have no choice  
Anything beats the shed I once called home  
Thriving off the little I had to offer me and my family  
The word travels around and I know America is the place to be  
Those amazing stories of riches and freedom can't be false  
I feel it inside that its meant to be  
**THE AMERICAN DREAM**  
I know its worth it