Let's drink to the hard working people
Let's drink to the lowly of birth
Raise your glass to the good and the evil
Let's drink to the salt of the earth

Say a prayer for the common foot soldier Spare a thought for his back breaking work Say a prayer for his wife and his children Who burn the fires and who still till the earth

When I search a faceless crowd Swirling mass of grey and black and white They don't look real to me, In fact they look so strange

Raise your glass to the hard working people Let's drink to the uncounted head Let's think of the wavering millions Who want leaders but get gamblers instead

Spare a thought for the stay-at-home voter His empty eyes gaze at strange beauty shows And a parade of gray suited grafters A choice of cancer or polio!

And when I search a faceless crowd Swirling mass of grey and black and white They don't look real to me, In fact they look so strange

Let's drink to the hard working people Let's think of the lowly of birth Spare a thought for the ragtaggy people Let's drink to the salt of the earth

Let's drink to the hard working people Let's drink to the salt of the earth Let's think of the three thousand million Let's think of the humble of birth