

## People Again

The Ex

We were peasants  
But we had no land  
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But we had no land

We were thin as rakes  
Always hungry on the little food they gave us  
Sleeping on straw on earth-floored sheds  
The straw was the rougher stuff the oxen & mules  
refused as fodder  
We were working on the fields  
Ploughing, sowing & reaping with our sickles  
In a good year employment might last eight months  
In a bad year perharps not even six and there was no  
unemployment pay

We were peasants  
But we had no land  
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We hated the bourgeoisie  
They owned the land & treated us like animals  
There was a hatred between us  
So great, it couldn't have been greater

They didn't have to work to earn a living  
But we wanted them to treat us like human-beings  
With respect!  
With respect!  
And there was only one way to achive that

We were peasants  
And we took what was ours  
We were peasants  
And we took what was ours  
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We took what was ours

The bourgeoisie was not needed and we proved it  
No church, no masters, no guardias  
Property collectivized  
We took over the estates  
No necessity for money to exist  
Every one would work  
Exchange with other collectives  
No need for the state

(We were peasants and we were people again)