

Union Man

The Go Set

Clocking in, clocking out again
We walked the Hungry Mile in the darkness and the rain,
Sweet salvations - bare knuckle brawling, getting drunk as fuck
on whiskey
This slavery to hell

We are the underclass, and the 'lucky country' holds us here

Union man, can you save us
We need just a quid a week, and a raincoat for this rain
Clocking in, but we are never clocking out again
These class structures hold us like an anchor in our place, once again

Clocking in, clocking out again
We walked the hungry mile in the darkness and the rain,
Ghosts still live, in stairwells and beneath the bridge,
Of those who went before us from this nihilistic view

Union man, can you save us
We need just a quid a week, and a raincoat for this rain
Clocking in, but we are never clocking out again
These class structures hold us like an anchor in our place, once again