

The Workers Song

The Longest Johns

Oh, come on all you workers, who toil night and day
By hand and by brain, to earn your pay
Who for centuries all past for no more than your bread
Have bled for your countries and counted your dead

We're the first ones to starve, we're the first ones to die
The first ones in line for that pie in the sky
And we're always the last when the cream is shared out
For the worker is working when the fat cat's about

In the fact'ries and mills, shipyards and mines
We've often been told to keep up with the times
For our skills are not needed, they've streamlined the job
With sliderule and stopwatch, our pride they have robbed

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And when the sky darkens, and the prospect is war
Who's given a gun and then pushed to the fore?
And expected to die, for the land of our birth
Though we've never a one lousy handful of earth

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And all of these things, the worker has done
From tillin' the fields, to carryin' the gun
We've been yoked to the plow, since time first began
And always expected to carry the can

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