

The Sign Of Times

By T-Bone Slim

Tune: "Stung Right, Stung Right."

(Apologies to Joe Hill.)

Always loved the master's voice, so kind and good and true.
I joined the union of his choice (he loved my union, too).
You see there was no difference, no question here of theft,
For he got all the dividends, and I got what was left.

CHORUS:

Oh, I was stung right, stung right,
As if by dark design—
Stung right, stung right
All along the line—
But e'er the war was over—
I beheld a sign—
Industrial Workers of the World.
(It sure looks fine!)

Now, I have been a willing slave—I've won the boss' praise,
But though I labor, and behave, I find it never pays—
I've labored in the world-war times—Oh, I was there with bells
I saved a jit—but lost my wit—and joined the Four Flush L.'s.

And now I'm hiking round the town to find a job today;
I cannot find a single sign. "Men Wanted," by the way.
At each industry I inquired, if they were buying men.
But everywhere the boss desired . . . I should call again.

Now, working men, it's up to you—and not a bit too late—
To organize industrially to keep the bosses straight.
If you would gain a better lot, with others of your kind,
Come organize, chip in the pot, and let the masters whine.