

THE BIG QUESTION

(Air: "America")

by T-B-S.

My Job—now is no more
The boss has slam'd the door;
What shall I do?

Seem's like my end is near,
My guts feel awful queer—
Where do we go from here?
—This is up to you.

No, I've not lost a leg,
—Why must I starve and beg?
What Shall I Do?

Where can the answer lurk?
Why am I out of work,
Gazing on all this murk?
This is up to you.

I can not stand alone,
Masters have laid me prone;
What Shall I Do?

Why can't we hand in hand,
Reclaim our right to stand,
Unhorse the sleek brigand?
This is up to you.

Dedicated to the Open Shop drive 1921.

The workers can never be free until they blow the
whistle for the parasites to go to work.