

Boston Town

Della Mae

Standing on the floor in the city of the spindles
Got me a job, lift me up to the middle
The offering it painted a very pretty picture
Work at the mill, sell the promise of the scriptureBut a girl like me was worked to the bone
Your fingers bled and your body moaned
Fourteen hours a day and then
My paycheck was just half of the menLooking down with oppression's face
That pile of money they steal and waste
Then they said they'd have to cut our pay
So we broke our cage and formed the FLRAOh, they said
What a waste of a pretty girl to let the labour flag unfurl
I said
What more can you take from me
I own my hands and my dignity
So pass me a match and we'll strike it on the ground
And we'll head back down to Boston town
We can start a fire and they'll never put it out
And we'll head back down to Boston townOh, they said
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