

# Worker's Song

## Dropkick Murphys

Yeh, this one's for the workers who toil night and day  
By hand and by brain to earn your pay  
Who for centuries long past for no more than your bread  
Have bled for your countries and counted your dead  
In the factories and mills, in the 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  
And with sliderule and stopwatch our pride they have robbed[Chorus:]  
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  
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 owned one lousy handful of earth?[Chorus x3]  
All of these things the worker has done  
From tilling the fields to carrying the gun  
We've been yoked to the plough since time first began  
And always expected to carry the can

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