Horses

Rheostatics

Word came down and it crashed through my door
From the twenty-first floor.
I was thinking about leaving early for lunch
When he told me to shut off my press.
His face turned green and his white shirt was wet
Like he'd just seen an accident.
We threw our masks into a pile.
The trucks pulled away for good.

Holy Mackinaw Joe.

A bus pulled in, and I waved at it,
Before I knew what it was.
We ran in its tracks, chasing its tires,
But the gates had been riveted shut.
I looked for the foreman: His number was empty.
Up to Red Deer to stay.
We gathered some signs and we sparked up a fire.
Gordie got burned on the high-voltage wire.

Holy Mackinaw Joe.

The first thing she'll ask me is: "How did it go today?"
And I'll tell her.

I thought there was strength in a union.
I thought there was strength in a mob.
I thought the company was bluffing,
When they threatened to chop us off.
Ah, these guns will wilt, the winter will seize,
And all the bonfires will go out.
The company knows when they can afford to be bold.
I wish I could, I wish I could, I wish I could.

Holy Mackinaw Joe.

We are the horses

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