Automation Song

Phil Ochs

Oh, I laid down your railroads, every mile of track
With the muscles on my arm and the sweat upon my back
And now the trains are rolling, they roll to every shore
You tell me that my job is through, there ain't no work no moreThough I laid down your highways all across the land
With the ringing of the steel and the power of my hands
And now the roads are there like ribbons in the sky
You tell me that my job is through but still I wonder whyFor the wages were low and the hours were long
And the labor was all I could bear
Now you've got new machines for to take my place
And you tell me it's not mine to shareThough I laid down your factories and laid down your fields
With my feet on the ground and my back to your wheels
And now the smoke is rising, the steel is all a-glow
I'm walking down a jobless road and where am I to goFor the wages were low and the hours were long
And the labor was all I could bear
Now you've got new machines for to take my place
And you tell me it's not mine to shareThough I laid down your factories and laid down your fields
With my feet on the ground and my back to your wheels
And now the smoke is rising, the steel is all a-glow
I'm walking down a jobless road and where am I to goTell me, where am I to go

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