Katie Bar the Door

Street Dogs

When I graduated high school
College not my scene
So I got a job at home for me
Feeling good about my opportunity
It's got benefits and decent pay... but they sayWe hit a stalemate, looks bleak for us
A strike or lock-out or wholesale bust
Think to myself what a hell of a start
As we file down to Kate's TavernKatie, bar the door, we are jumping off the rails
Any hope for calm went John B. Sails
We're in your pub tonight to sing of good days left behind
And raise a glass to better timesThe rumor mill's dispelled the official word comes down
They're gonna move our jobs real far away
Settle to another country where mistreatment for the workers is so commonplace... the judge says"We cannot stop them, they're free to go"
He looks me in the eyes he says "I can't help you son"
Whatever happened to America?
She was sold twenty-six fuckin' long years agoKatie, bar the door, we are jumping off the rails
Any hope for calm went John B. Sails
We're in your pub tonight to sing of good days left behind
And raise a glass to better timesHey, Hey, Hey, Hey
Hey, Hey, Hey, HeyWhy sing about the unions again?
They have all died away
We are now in the midst of a brand new world economyI don't believe them, I won't despair
They are regrouping, they're coming back to stay
Twelve percent can climb back up to fifty percent
Once again, my friend, a message we'll sendKatie, bar the door, we are jumping off the rails
Any hope for calm went John B. Sails
We're in your pub tonight to sing of good days left behind
And raise a glass to better timesKatie, bar the door, we are jumping off the rails
Any hope for calm went John B. Sails
We're in your pub tonight to sing of good days left behind
And raise a glass to better times
We'll raise a glass to better times
We'll raise a glass to better times

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