ELLA

Joe Worker gets gypped;
For no good reason, just gypped,
From the start until the finish comes . . .
They feed him out of garbage cans,

THE CABLE WILL ROB

They breed him in the slums!
Joe Worker will go,
To shops where stuff is on show;
He'll look at the meat,
He'll look at the bread,
And too little to eat sort of goes to the head.
One big question inside me cries:
How many fakers, peace undertakers,
Paid strikebreakers,
How many toiling, ailing, dying, piled-up bodies,
Brother, does it take to make you wise?

Joe Worker just drops,
Right at his workin he drops,
Weary, weary, tired to the core;
And then if he drops out of sight there's always plenty more!
Joe Worker must know
That somebody's got him in tow . . .
Yet what is the good
For just one to be clear?
Oh, it takes a lot of Joes
To make a sound you can hear!
One big question inside me cries:
How many frameups, how many shakedowns,
Lockouts, sellouts,
How many times machine guns tell the same old story,
Brother, does it take to make you wise?