

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,

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THE CRADLE WILL ROCK

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, piledup 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 shakedown, —
Lockouts, sellouts,
How many times machine guns tell the same old story,
Brother, does it take to make you wise? —

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