

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Daddy What Did You Do in the Strike

Daddy What Did You Do in the Strike

(Ewan MacColl)

It was in the year of '84 s\*\*\* really hit the fan  
When 'Mac the Knife' MacGregor, Maggie Thatcher's hatchet-man  
Said, Another twenty pits will have to close to meet the plan  
And we'll dump another twenty thousand miners

Daddy were you with the first of the first  
Did you tell the NCB to do its worst  
Or did you save your lily liver  
Sell the union down the river  
A scab, a blackleg, one forever cursed

When Arthur Scargill heard the news he cried, This Yankee slob  
Is a gift from Cowboy Reagan and he's here to steal our jobs  
Do an axe-job on the union for the crummy Thatcher mob  
But we'll show him what it means to be a miner

Daddy did you man the picket-line  
Did you fight to save the future of the mines  
Or did you take the wrong direction  
Did you squeal for police protection  
Did you let 'em see your india-rubber spine

Well the Yorkshire lads came out on strike and said, It's evident  
The only way to stop MacGregor and the government  
Is to bring the lads out everywhere from Scotland down to Kent  
And we'll show 'em what it means to be a miner

Daddy what did you do in the strike  
Did you stand there with your mates and join the fight  
Or did you show a yellow belly  
Spill your guts out on the telly  
Did you let the bosses fill you full of s\*\*\*e

Some didn't heed the strike call for guts and brains they lack  
They're the colour of a primrose though their hearts and legs are black  
And their noses are all brown with being up the rear of Mac  
They're just a bunch of dirty blackleg miners

Daddy did you march at the head  
Did you stand there on the picket-line unfed  
Or did you sell your mates to have a

Fortnight on the Costa Brava

Did you choose a two-week holiday instead

Well the battle it is joined at last the forces they are massed  
On their side the press the telly all the weapons of their class  
Plus MacGregor and his blacklegs but we'll never let 'em pass  
The NUM's the weapon of the miners

Daddy what did you do in the strike  
Did you scab and let your workmates wage the fight  
How the neighbours stood and booed us  
Said we had the stink of Judas  
Daddy what did you do in the strike

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