

I Don't Want Your Millions, Mister
By:Jim Garland

I don't want your millions, mister.
I don't want your diamond ring.
All I want is the right to live, mister.
Give me back my job again.

I don't want your Rolls Royce, mister.
I don't want your pleasure yacht.
All I want is food for my babies.
Give to me my old job back.

We worked to build this country, mister,
While you enjoyed a life of ease.
You have stolen all that we built, mister.
Now are children starve and freeze.

Think me dumb if you wish, mister.
Call me green or blue or red.
This one thing I sure know, mister:
My hungry babies must be fed.

Take political parties, mister.
In them no diff'rence can we see.
But with a Farmer-Labor Commune,
We could set the people free.

Then we'll take your millions, mister.
And we'll take your diamond ring.
We have the right to live free, mister.
So we'll take the whole damn thing.