

I Wear a Pitchfork  
By:T-Bone Slim  
Music by Percy Wenrich

Ah boys, this game of threshing breaks my simple, loving heart.  
I labor, sweat, and smart, around a yellow cart.  
And when the sun is sinking, and I think the day is done,  
I find I have another thought to come:  
The sunit has no bearing on machine or me, or boss;  
And still, and later still, I'm tearing profit out of loss.

I wear a pitchforka short-handled pitchfork  
And he wears a Henry Ford.  
I do the sweating and he does the fretting  
While the bankers score and score.  
He has his season, yet questions my reason  
When I ask for winter's board.  
I wear a pitchforka short-handled pitchfork  
He weary a Henry Ford.

Such was the sorry custom when the Wobblies took a stand  
To introduce a brandof daylight savingand  
Thus it was there came about a balmy "buffer state"  
To keep the day from staying up too late.  
Time has not changed your usefulness,  
O Wobbly band of yore  
You're needed now, as ever, only needed dams site more.

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As time is winding onward we are organized today  
To have a gentle "say" about this "going" pay.  
No "eight percent collectors" need butt in to set the rate  
Unless they pine to see us "celebrate."  
Time has not changed our nonchalance, amid the cares we nurse  
Though Farmer John's complaining, we are worse and worse.

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Hello, here's yellowa sweet "Yellow Fellow,"  
Humming without a hitch;  
A cute daisy Russell to make hoboes hustle,  
Or a gentle Buffalo Pitts;  
So neat and comely, a rumblin' old Rumely,  
Mocking a steelbound Case.  
We shall not rest till the Red River Special  
Lifts the mortgage off the place!