

I'm Labor

By:Samuel H. Friedman

Music by Harry Mayer

I dig your ditches; Im labor.
I man your switches; Im labor.
I teach your kids and make your shoes;
I sew your pants and write your news.
With brain and brawn, with nerve and threows,
Im labor. Hes labor!

Im common folk; Im labor.
Im always broke; Im labor.
I run your mails in rain and snow;
I clear the track so the train can go.
But someone else gets all the dough;
Im labor. Hes labor!

I have no say; Im labor.
I just obey; Im labor.
I slaved through years of hate and war,
And spilled my blood and my brothers gore.
But did I know what the shooting was for?
Im labor. Hes labor!

Im starved and kicked; Im labor.
Im always licked; Im labor.
When I ply my needle, trowel or pick,
Im a decent sheeny, wop or mick,
But when I strike, Im a bolshevik.
Im labor. Hes labor!

I dont get tired; Im labor.
Or else Im fired; Im labor.
From birth to death my life is spent
In hovel, shack or tenement,
But still some landlord gets the rent.
Im labor. Hes labor!

Im very humble; Im labor.
I never grumble; Im labor.
In summer heat or winter gale,
I pack a load or swing a flail,
But someone else rakes in the kale.
Im labor. Hes labor!

I fight your fires; Im labor.
I cleanse your mires; Im labor.
Your towers that top the mountain crest,
Your teeming East, your bounteous West,
I wrought them, I, the dispossessed.
Im labor. Hes labor!

I drill your sewers; Im labor.
I plow your moors; Im labor.
On earth, in mine, on sea, and in sky,
I swarm and toil and fight and die,
But capital claims it takes the risks.
Im labor. Hes labor!

At last, Im waking; Im labor.
My chains Im breaking; Im labor.
Too long Ive waited for this hour;
No more to wealth and name Ill cower;
Ill rise, unite and use my power.
Im labor. Hes labor!

Im done with hoping; Im labor.
Im done with groping; Im labor.
Ill put to work the boss and drone;
No more theyll reap what I have sown;
Ill come at last into my own.
Im labor. Hes labor!