

## It's a Long Way down to the Bread Line

By: Charles Ashleigh

Music by Jack Judge and Harry Williams

Bill Brown lived in Manhattan in good old New York town.  
The poor guy lost his job one day. No more work could be found.  
Bill Brown tramped the city streets for work the livelong day  
Till finally he went flat broke. Then, he did sadly say:

It's a long way down to the breadline. It's a long way to go.  
It's a long way down to the breadline, and the bread is bum, I know.  
Goodbye, good old pork chops. Farewell, beefsteak rare.  
It's a long, long way down to the breadline, but my bread's right there.

Bill Brown saw a big, fine house. He knocked upon the door.  
But they told him that they would only help the "worthy" poor.  
"Guess I'll live on snowballs in the town where I was born.  
I haven't got a rusty cent, and my clothes are all in pawn."

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There's discontent 'round the town among the sons of toil.  
They're all uniting as a class: their master's will to foil.  
When all is over, men of wealth with solemn faces long,  
Will rue the day they heard the workers sing their latest song:

It's a long way down to the breadline: too far for us to go.  
It's a long way down to the breadline, and it isn't fair, I know.  
The bosses have the pork chops and all the beefsteak rare.  
They have plenty there for one and all of us  
Once we take back our share.