

Out in the Bread Line

By:Unknown

Music by Edwin S. Ufford

Out in the bread-line, the fool and the knave,
Out in the bread-line, the sucker and slave,
Coffee and doughnuts now takes all our cash;
We are on the bum, and we're glad to get hash.

Out in the bread-line, rain or the sunshine,
We're up against it today;
Out in the bread-line, watching the job sign,
We're on the bum, boys, today.

The employment office now ships east and west;
Jobs are quite scarce; they are none of the best;
Grub, it is rocky; a discount we pay;
We are dead broke, and we'll have to eat hay.

Out in the bread-line, rain or the sunshine,
We're up against it today;
Out in the bread-line, watching the job sign,
We're on the bum, boys, today.

We are the big bums, the hoboos, and "vags."
O, we look hungry; our clothes are all rags,
While a fat grafter, sky-pilot or fake
Laughs at our troubles and gives us the shake.

Out in the bread-line, rain or the sunshine,
We're up against it today;
Out in the bread-line, watching the job sign,
We're on the bum, boys, today.

O, yes, we're the suckers; there's no doubt of that;
We live like dogs, and the boss, he gets fat;
God help this picture, when once we get wise,
He'll be the bum, and we'll be the swell guys.

Out in the bread-line, rain or the sunshine,
We're up against it today;
Out in the bread-line, watching the job sign,
We're on the bum, boys, today.