

The Lads of the BLF  
By:Alistair Hulett

Now times have changed, you can't deny;  
They've got our backs up against the wall;  
Workers' pow'r must organize  
Or there'll be no workers' pow'r at all;  
Corporations rule this land;  
Democracy's a sham, sir;  
They rob us blind at every turn;  
And they don't give a damn, sir.

Here's to the boys in the building trade  
Under the flag of the old Stockade!  
Down with the right and up with the left!  
And here's to the lads of the BLF!

They bore the brunt of the bosses' wrath  
To stand for the rights of the working class;  
Their cause was bagged in papers that  
I wouldn't use to wipe my arse;  
Bob Hawke and his traitor crew  
Conspired with Crabb and Cain, sir,  
To push through anti-union laws  
For corporation's gain, sir.

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The rich get richer by the day,  
The cancer of this nation,  
While workers' wages fall behind  
The spiral of inflation;  
Poverty and homelessness  
Are not the only norm, sir;  
Stand up now for workers' rights  
And socialist reform, sir.

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