

## The Stevedore and the Boss

By:Unknown

Music by Kerry Mills

You stevedores are sad and feeling mighty bad;  
You loaf all day and get no pay that's what I hear most of you say.  
And when the ship it docks, you wooden-headed blocks  
Line up like fools and work like mules to fatten up the boss.  
Are you going to be a fool forever and not endeavor yourself to sever  
From your conditions that are not inspiring but awful tiring  
To working folk?

Your fat boss does no work but drives you with a smirk.  
The dock is rough; your job is tough;  
He never says you've done enough.  
He says, "Come on, don't buck! You just load up that truck  
And take a scoot for yonder chute or else get off the dock!"  
Are you going to be a fool forever and not endeavor yourself to sever  
From your conditions that are not inspiring but awful tiring  
To working folk?

Now, workers, don't get blue. I'll tell you what to do:  
Don't be an ass but join your class and help to liberate the mass  
Of workers that are slaves to all these crafty knaves,  
Of Plutocrats and other rats that keep us in distress.  
Won't you come right on up and join the workers,  
Marine Transport Workers, and soak the shirkers?  
You will get fewer hours and better wages than you've had for ages  
If you'll get wise.