

The Workers, So They Say  
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Music by Alfred Solman

The workers, so they say, are getting skinned each day  
By the fat employment sharks; and it's really true;  
But what are we to do? The workers are such easy marks!  
They come into town with a little stake;  
When they blow that in, for a job their hearts do ache;  
So, they buy a job from some employment hog,  
Whose office is across the way.

"That's an easy bunch of suckers," says the fat employment shark,  
As he takes their coin and ships them far away.  
"It's just like robbing blind men in an alley when it's dark,  
For I've sold that job already twice today.  
There'll be no job for them when they get off the train;  
I'd like to bet their journey is in vain.  
It's a shame to take the money," says the fat employment shark.  
"It really, really gives me lots of pain."

When he gets off the train, for a job he looks in vain,  
But no job can he see. So he says, "I'll wait  
And ride back in a freight for to try and collect my fee."  
But when he gets to town and his money tries to get,  
The grafter with a frown says, "You'll get nothing here," you bet.  
He says, "Twenty-three for you; from my office please skidoo  
Unless you want to buy another job."

Then the sucker makes his way down to the union hall  
To ask if we will get him back his dough.  
For the service of our lawyer in a meek tone he does call.  
Oh, listen to the sucker's tale of woe:  
"I wish I had listened to your kind advice,  
And from those grafters never bought a job.  
I was certainly bamboozled in a way that wasn't nice  
By that very, very fat employment hog."