

Deliver the Goods

Words and music by Pete Seeger (1942)
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Its gonna take everybody to win this war,
The butcher and the baker and the clerk in the store,
The guys who sail the ships and the guys who run the trains,
And the farmer raising wheat upon the Kansas plains.

CHORUS (AFTER EACH VERSE):

The butcher, the baker, the tinker and the tailor,
Well all work behind the soldier and sailor,
Were working in the cities, were working in the woods,
Well all work together to deliver the goods.

I got a new job and Im working overtime,
Turning out tanks on the assembly line,
Got to crank up the factories like the president said,
Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead.

I bet this tank will look mighty fine,
Punching holes in Mr. Hitlers line,
And if Adolf wakes up after the raid,
Hell find every piece of shrapnel says "Union made."

From New York City to Frisco Bay,
Were speeding up production every day,
And every time a wheel goes round,
It carries Mr. Hitler to the burying ground.

Now me and my boss we never did agree,
If a thing helped him, then it didnt help me,
But when a burglar tries to bust into your house,
You stop fighting with the landlord and throw him out.