

Are You a Wobbly?

By:Joe Foley

Music by George L. Cobb

Hello there, worker, how do you do?
You're up against it, broke, hungry, too.
Don't be surprised you're recognized.
I know a slave by the look in his eyes.
You want what I want: well, that's liberty.
You're frowning face seems to tell it to me.
Where there's a will, Bill, there is a way, Bill.
So listen to what I say:

Are you a Wobbly? Then listen, Buddy,
For the One Big Union beckons to you:
The Workers' Union, the Industrial Union.
Tell every slave you see along the line:
It makes no diff'rence what your color,
Creed or sex or kind.
If you're a worker, then it's kick right in and join.
Become a Wobbly and then we'll probably
Free ourselves from slavery.

You like the idea, but then you say,
"How can we do it? When is the day?"
When all the ladies and all the babies
And every man who works for a wage
Gets in the Union, One Union Grand,
All hands together, we'll make our demand.
When you and I, Bill, lay down our tools, Bill,
Fold up our arms, Bill, and walk off the job.

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