

Get Thee behind Me, Satan

By:Almanac Singers' "

composed by Lee Hays, Millard Lampell, and Pete Seeger

The boss comes up to me with a five dollar bill,  
Says, "Get you some whisky, boy, and drink your fill."  
Get thee behind me, Satan, travel on down the line.  
I am a union man, gonna leave you behind.

A red-headed woman took me out to dine,  
Says, "Love me, baby, leave your union behind."  
Get thee behind me, Satan, travel on down the line.  
I am a union man, gonna leave you behind.

On the Fourth of July, the politicians say:  
"Vote for us and we will raise your pay."  
Get thee behind me, Satan, travel on down the line.  
I am a union man, gonna leave you behind.

Oh, then the comp'ny union sent out a call,  
Said, "Join us in the summer; we'll forget you in the fall."  
Get thee behind me, Satan, travel on down the line.  
I am a union man, gonna leave you behind.

If anyone should ask you your union to sell,  
Just tell him where to go: send him back to hell.  
Get thee behind me, Satan, travel on down the line.  
I am a union man, gonna leave you behind.