

Holiday March**By:Frank Sprague**

There are twenty million workers in the dear old USA
Who can find no useful work that they can do.
They are homeless and half-starving,
And their lives are filled with woe.
There are twenty million starving children, too.
There's a bunch of crooks and lawyers in our legislative halls
Who makes laws to rob the common man who toils.
They obey their money masters; they do what they are told,
And they protect for the parasites their spoils.
No place to go; no work to do, starving where food abounds.
No fires to warm through bitter storms;
No hopes but just dirt mounds.

There are twenty million farmers in the dear old USA
Who will each one lose his little farm and home.
Then, the rich who own the nation can amuse themselves each day
Watching forty million hungry workers roam.
Oh, be sure and don't get radical; keep both feet on the ground.
An unjust law is sacred we are told.
So, bow down your head in sorrow; be an abject cringing slave;
Let your wife and babies starve out in the cold.
No place to go; no work to do, starving where food abounds.
No fires to warm through bitter storms;
No hopes but just dirt mounds.