

I'm too Old to Be a Scab  
By:T-Bone Slim  
Music by George Frederick Root

Good-bye, master, I must leave you;  
Something tells me I must go;  
For you know, I can't deceive you:  
Going wage is too darn low;  
Yes, you say that you will feed me  
If I chop that hardwood cord;  
Do not to temptation lead me;  
I'm not toiling for my board.

Though my trials have been sundry,  
I must e'er disdain to moan;  
And although I'm awful hungry,  
I would leave "your work" alone;  
Yes, I fear I cannot tarry,  
And I know just how you feel;  
But you see, if I'm to marry,  
I must earn a double meal.

If I work for bread and lodging  
While the sun is high and warm,  
It would cause me sundry dodging  
Through the winter's cold and storm;  
I must have the all that's in it  
In the labor that I sell  
For you cannot tell what minute  
It may start to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only,  
As you count your wealth untold,  
Would you have me save bologny  
'Gainst the day when I am old?  
Now, we understand each other  
As we play the game of grab,  
But, please do recall, "my brother,"  
I'm too old to be a scab.