

It's a Long Way down to the Soup Line
By: Joe Hill
Music by Jack Judge and Harry Williams

Bill Brown was just a working man
Like others of his kind.
He lost his job and tramped the streets
When work was hard to find.
The landlord put him on the stem;
The bankers kept his dough.
And Bill heard everybody sing
No matter where he'd go:

It's a long way down to the soup line.
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way down to the soup line.
And the soup is thin, I know.
Goodbye good old pork chops.
Farewell beefsteak rare.
It's a long, long way down to the soup line,
But my soup is there!

So, Bill and sixteen million folk
Responded to the call
To force the hours of labor down
And thus make jobs for all.
They picketed the industries
And won the four-hour day
And organized a gen'ral strike
So they won't have to say:

It's a long way down to the soup line.
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way down to the soup line.
And the soup is thin, I know.
Goodbye good old pork chops.
Farewell beefsteak rare.
It's a long, long way down to the soup line,
But my soup is there!

The workers own the fact'ries now
Where jobs were once destroyed
By big machines that filled the world
With hungry unemployed.
They all own homes; they're living well;
They're happy, free, and strong.
But, millionaires wear overalls
And sing this little song:

It's a long way down to the soup line.
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way down to the soup line.
And the soup is thin, I know.
Goodbye good old pork chops.
Farewell beefsteak rare.
It's a long, long way down to the soup line,
But my soup is there!