

It's Better with a Union Man  
By:Pins and Needles  
composed by Harold Rome

Oh, list' to the story I sing you  
Of everything that came to pass  
To Bertha, the sewing machine girl,  
A winsome and class-conscious lass.  
As sweet as the flowers in springtime,  
She worked at the men's pants machine,  
Her sweetheart close by at another,  
While union love blossomed serene.  
One day, little Bertha was sewing,  
Not knowing that danger was near.  
A villain espied her  
And paused there beside her:  
A non-union man with a leer.

Oh, it's better with a union man!  
It's better with a union man!  
You'll live to regret  
If you ever forget  
This motto proletarian!  
So, always be upon your guard!  
Demand to see a union card!  
You'll never go wrong  
If you follow this plan.  
It's better with a union man!

His manners were oily and polished.  
He asked little Bertha to dine  
And charmed her with sweet conversation  
And fiendishly plied her with wine.  
As Bertha was sowing her wild oats  
'Midst black caviar and champagne,  
Her true union lover was waiting  
At Local Sixteen all in vain.  
Alas, she forgot all the precepts,  
Which for working girls are correct.  
That non-union cad,  
He was thoroughly bad.  
He did just what you all would expect.

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Poor, sweet, innocent little Bertha,  
She didn't suspect that this guy,  
Contrary to all union bylaws,  
Had six other wives on the sly.  
Oh, many the lies that he told her.  
That slicker had some gift of gab.  
And fin'llly at midnight, they ran off:  
Eloped in a non-union cab!  
This villain lured her to a hotel  
And there tried to soil her good name.  
Her true love pursued her,  
Broke in and rescued her,  
Just in time to hear her exclaim:

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