

Put It on the Ground
By:Ray Glaser
Music by William Wolff

Oh, if you want a raise in pay,
All you have to do
Is go and ask your boss for it,
And he will give it to you.
Yes, he will give it to you, my friend,
He will give it to you.
A raise in pay without delay,
Oh, he will give it to you.

Oh, put it on the ground,
Spread it all around,
Dig it with a hoe,
It will make your garden grow.

For men who own the industries,
I'm shedding bitter tears.
They haven't made a single dime
In over thirty years.
In over thirty years, my friend,
In over thirty years,
Not one thin dime in all that time
In over thirty years.

Oh, put it on the ground,
Spread it all around,
Dig it with a hoe,
It will make your garden grow.

"The cost of living ain't so high."
So says the media.
"This talk of living being hard
Is commie propaganda.
Just commie propaganda, friend,
Just commie propaganda.
From Karl Marx to Mao Zedong,
Just commie propaganda."

Oh, put it on the ground,
Spread it all around,
Dig it with a hoe,
It will make your garden grow.

It's fun to work on holidays
Or when the day is done.
Why should they pay us overtime
For having so much fun?
For having so much fun, my friend,
For having so much fun,
Paying overtime would be a crime
For having so much fun.

Oh, put it on the ground,
Spread it all around,
Dig it with a hoe,
It will make your garden grow.

The men who own the industries,
They own no bonds or stocks.
They own no yachts or limousines
Or gems the size of rocks.
They own no big estates with pools
Or silken BVDs
Because they pay the working folk

Such fancy salaries.

Oh, put it on the ground,
Spread it all around,
Dig it with a hoe,
It will make your garden grow.