

## The Big Question

By:T-Bone Slim

My job now is no more;  
The boss has slam'd the door;  
What shall I do?  
Seems like my end is near;  
My guts feel awful queer;  
Where do we go from here?  
This is up to you.

No, I've not lost a leg;  
Why must I starve and beg?  
What shall I do?  
Where can the answer lurk?  
Why am I out of work,  
Gazing on all this murk?  
This is up to you.

I cannot stand alone;  
Masters have laid me prone;  
What shall I do?  
Why can't we, hand in hand,  
Reclaim our right to stand,  
Unhorse the sleek brigand?  
This is up to you.