

Flatfoot 56

"Jungle Of The Midwest Sea"

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In the year of our Lord 1903, in the meat packing plants
off the shores of the sea

Stood a young man at his slaughter post a newby by his
side

He said grind it up and ship it out doesn't matter what's
inside

With poison bread to kill the rats, an effective tool of
trade

Just grind 'em down to sausage it's not hard for a work
day's pay

Look busy boy here come the derby coats

He knows the plan to fool our land so we're all in the
same boat

Chorus

Welcome to the Jungle of the Midwest Sea (4x)

Miles and miles of these stock yards run wild,

The biggest in this country it gives our city style

The world will never know the shape their food is in

It's not our fault we're worth our salt it's the rest of the
world's sin

There's no law against our action, no law against
neglect

We're doing well in business no matter the effect

We're the butchers of this country we're the workers in
the mud

We're the slaughter house advisors, we're the bleeders
of the blood

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