

Great Big Sea

"Chemical Worker's Song"

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And its go boys go
They'll time your every breath
And every day in this place your two days near to death
But you go

Well a process man am I and I'm tellin' you no lie
I work and breathe among the fumes that tread across
the sky
There's thunder all around me and there's poison in
the air
There's a lousy smell that smacks of hell and dust all in
me hair

Well I've worked among the spitters and I breathe the
oily smoke
I've shovelled up the gypsum and it neigh 'on makes
you choke
I've stood knee deep cyanide, got sick with a caustic
burn
Been working rough, I've seen enough, to make your
stomach turn

There's overtime and bonus opportunities galore
The young men like their money and they all come
back for more
But soon your knocking on and you look older than you
should
For every bob made on the job, you pay with flesh and
blood

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