

Cooder Ry "Strike!"

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Well I got off the train one evening in a little mining town
I started walking up the main street when the sun was going down

When I heard some voices singing, so I went to see what for
Might just be a birthday party, and it might be room for just one more

But it was miners and their families, they had left the mine that day
Walked out for safe conditions, on strike for decent pay

And they sang about their struggle, and their spirit never failed
Keep your hand upon the dollar and your eye upon the scale

Union miners stand together, heed no operator's tale
Keep your hand upon the dollar and your eye upon the scale

Well all at once police came running, they came running everywhere
They broke up that miner's meeting, and they carried everyone to jail

But the miners kept on singing and they sang the whole night through
When the sun rose in the morning I had learned that miners song

Now the judge he asked the police captain, What's that red cat doin' here?
Get all the reds off the streets, sir, was your orders loud and clear

Now they turned me out of the jailhouse back door, but I wouldn't leave my miner friends
I jumped back to that jailhouse winder and I sang that

miner songs again

Union miners stand together, heed no operator's tale
Keep your hand upon the dollar and your eye upon the
scale

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