

## **Pinkerton Thugs**

# **"Ballad Of The Slaughterhouse"**

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You don't know what we go through  
To cut all these steaks  
You don't know what we go through  
To put 'em on your plate  
You don't know what its like  
To spend your day  
Slicing necks for meager pay  
The crying of the cows  
The screaming of the pigs  
The horses and the cutting rigs  
The bloody boots  
The bloody gloves

The bloody walls  
And the bloody tubs  
While my kids get thinner and thinner  
I slice hog for America's dinner  
So much ham, so many mouths to feed  
And a bad case of conventional greed  
The goddamn AFL-CIO  
Functions only for the status quo  
Our long term goals can only be met  
Through a worker's syndicate

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