

Unknown

"Dollar Alarm Clock"

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DOLLAR ALARM CLOCK

(John Healy)

(Tune: Old Oaken Bucket)

(IWW Song Book 14th Edition, 1918)

How dear to my heart are those chimes in the morning
That yank me from bed with melodious thrill;
How sweet is the sound of the regular warning
That yells that it's time that I hike to the mill.
Without it I'd sleep till the sun had arisen,
Be late to the job that my boss lets me use;
Get canned, perhaps steal, maybe land in a prison,
If the chimes didn't hustle me out of my snooze.

Chorus: The faithful alarm clock;
The rattling alarm clock;
The dollar alarm clock
That rests on my shelf.

What a blessing it was when the thing was invented:
It beats the slave -driver who came with his stick;
It rests on the shelf in the shack that I rented;
It never gets hungry, it never gets sick.
If overly weary I take a tin bucket
And place the alarm clock down into the thing;
When it chimes in the morning it doubles the racket;
It would wake up the dead when the two of them ring.

Sometimes the good woman gets worn and weary
And says we are hauling too much of a load;
I tell her the journey would look still more dreary
If the dollar alarm clock should fail to explode.
Then here's to my booster that only needs winding;
And here's to the victim that just keeps alive,
The boss gets the money and I do the grinding
The clock starts the circus at quarter past five.

@work @job

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