

Unknown

"Dreadful Memories"

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DREADFUL MEMORIES

(John Greenway)

Dreadful memories, how they linger,
How they ever flood my soul.
How the workers and their children
Die from hunger and from cold.

Hungry fathers, wearied mothers,
Living in those dreadful shacks.
Little children cold and hungry,
With no clothing on their backs.

Dreadful gun-thugs and stool-pigeons
Always flock around our door.
What's the crime that we've committed?
Nothing, only that we're poor.

When I think of all the heartaches
And all the things that we've been through.
Then I wonder how much longer
And what a working man can do.

Really, friends, it doesn't matter
Whether you are black or white.
The only way you'll ever change things
Is to fight and fight and fight.

We will have to join the union,
They will help you find a way
How to get a better living
And for your work get better pay.

tune: Precious Memories
@union @political @parody
recorded by Sarah Ogan Gunning
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