

Bettye LaVette

"Salt Of The Earth"

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I wanna drink to the hard working people
Let's drink of the lowly of birth
I wanna raise my glass to the good and the evil
Let's drink to the salt of the earth.

Say a prayer for our hard fighting soldiers
Give some thought to their life-risking work
How about a prayer for their spouses and children
They keep the homefires burning and still till the earth.

And when I search the faceless crowd
A swirling mass of gray, black and white
They don't look real to me
In fact, they look so strange.

Raise your glass to the hard working people
Let's drink to the uncounted heads
I wanna make a toast to the wavering millions
We need leaders but get gamblers instead.

Spare a thought for the stay-at-home voter
Whose empty eyes gaze at reality shows
And a stream of gray suited grafters
Give you a choice of cancer, HIV or who knows.

And when I look into the faceless crowd
A swirling mass of grays, black and white
They don't even look real to me
In fact they look so strange.

Let's drink to the hard working people
Let's drink to the salt of the earth
I wanna give a toast to the millions of people
Those who are born humble of birth.

Let's drink to the hard working people
Let's think about the lowly of birth
Let's spare some kind of thought for all homeless
people
Let's drink to the salt of the earth.

