The Rolling Stones "Salt Of The Earth"

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M. Jagger/K. Richards)

Let's drink to the hard working people Let's drink of the lowly of birth Raise your glass to the good and the evil Let's drink to the salt of the earth

Say a prayer for the common foot soldier Spare a thought for his back breaking work Spare a part for his wife and his children Who burn the fires and who still till the earth

And when I look into the this faceless crowd A swirling mass of gray blue Black and white They don't look real to me In fact, we all look so strange

Raise your glass to the hard working people Let's drink to the uncounted heads Let's think of the wavering millions Who need leading but get gamblers instead

Spare a thought for the stay-at-home voter His empty eyes gaze at strange beauty shows And a parade of the gray suited grafters A choice of cancer or polio

And when I look into this faceless crowd A swirling mass of grays and Black and white They don't look real to you Or do we look too strange

Let's drink to the hard working people Let's think of the lowly of birth Spare a thought for the rag taggy people Let's drink to the salt of the earth

Let's drink to the hard working people Let's drink to the salt of the earth

Let's drink to the three thousand million Let's think of the humble of birth

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