

## Richard Thompson "Sweetheart On The Barricade"

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They closed up the sooty gates of Ayres and Company  
We stood on the picket line, my Jennifer and me  
We blocked the street, now the lorries come and turn  
about  
There's nothing getting in there and there's nothing  
getting out

Oh, she's just a tender thing  
She's risking life and limb  
My sweetheart's on the barricade  
My heart it skips a beat  
There'll be fighting in the street  
But hungry folk forget to be afraid  
My sweetheart's on the barricade

And here come the managers to hit us on the sly  
And tinpot generals with glory in their eyes  
Owners, moaners, Judases and Janes  
But righteousness is in our eyes, we've got no time for  
games

In her manner she is mild  
And fairly just a child  
My sweetheart's on the barricade  
For a fair wage in her hand  
The equal of a man  
She'll stand front rank in the parade  
My sweetheart's on the barricade

She's running leaflets through the alley  
She's passing hymn books at the rally  
Halleluiah!

Friends and neighbours, won't you join the cause  
Drill it in the tiny minds of them that make the laws  
That workers are human, we're really just the same  
We've got to have the nourishment to fill a human  
frame

Oh, we're people not a mob  
And we only wants a job  
My sweetheart's on the barricade

We've had it up to here  
Too numb to feel the fear  
My sweetheart's on the barricade  
My heart it skips a beat  
There'll be fighting in the street  
My sweetheart's on the barricade

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