

Redskins

"Go Get Organized!"

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I got a job just shifting beer
Straight out of school, straight into here
I got a job pays none too well
But every Friday I can tell them go to hell

This place is noisy and full of dust & shit
This jobs dead lousy but I can't get out of it
Come every Friday I see an old man
Sat back from the bar in the smoke room
He's been through battles
He's seen some hard ones
I fought and lost he said
But let me tell you this son

Your only weapon
Is those you work with
Your strength is their strength
Can't beat the rank and file

Go get organized!

I joined the union & started signing up
I found a man ten years a member
And all this time he's been holin' up, hiding quiet
We pressed the govnor for improved conditions

And found ourselves on strike for union recognition

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