# Street Dogs
# "Katie Bar The Door"

When I graduated high school
College not my scene
So I got a job at home for me
Feeling good about my opportunity
It's got benefits and decent pay... but they say

We hit a stalemate, looks bleak for us
A strike or lock-out or wholesale bust
Think to myself what a hell of a start
As we file down to Kate's Tavern

Katie, bar the door, we are jumping off the rails
Any hope for calm went John B. Sails
We're in your pub tonight to sing of good days left
behind
And raise a glass to better times

The rumor mill's dispelled the official word comes
down
They're gonna move our jobs real far away
Settle to another country where mistreatment for the
workers is so commonplace... the judge says

"We cannot stop them, they're free to go"
He looks me in the eyes he says "I can't help you son"
Whatever happened to America?
She was sold twenty-six fuckin' long years ago

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We're in your pub tonight to sing of good days left
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And raise a glass to better times
Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey
Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey

Why sing about the unions again?
They have all died away
We are now in the midst of a brand new world economy

I don't believe them, I won't despair
They are regrouping, they're coming back to stay

Twelve percent can climb back up to fifty percent
Once again, my friend, a message we'll send

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