## The Working Man

Words and Music: Nigel Harbron

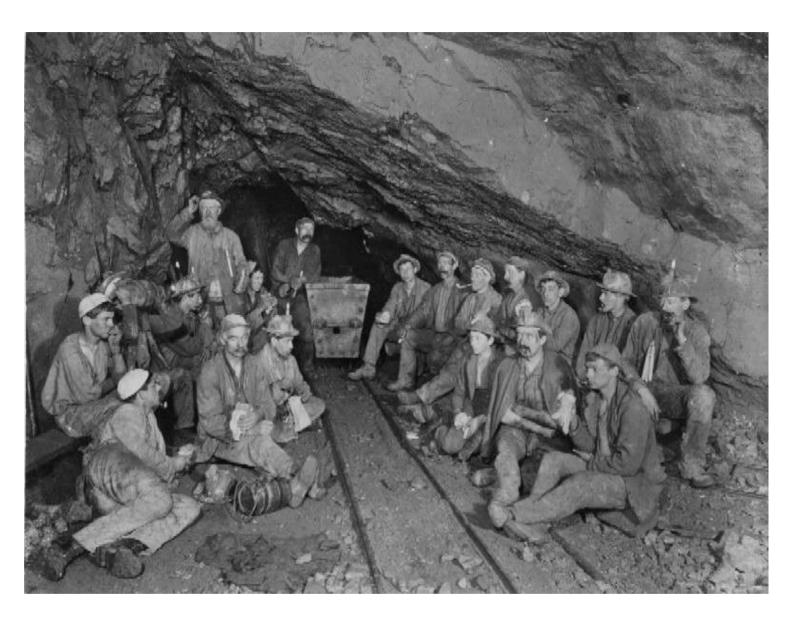


*Ch:* Why does the working man suffer, whatever the trade that he plies? There's no fairness for him whatever he does, just a short life of misery and lies.

Let's think of the man in the country who spends all his time on the land, The gentry dictate to him all of the time and against them he daren't take a stand. Let's think of the man in the quarry where falling rocks rain from the sky, If he's buried beneath a fountain of stones, they'll just say 'Twas a quick way to die'.

Let's think of the man in the army who fights on behalf of the king. If he gives up his life for his country so dear, it's regarded as just a small thing. Let's think of the man on the ocean at the mercy of wind and of tide, Should he fall overboard in the teeth of a gale, will anyone care that he died?

Let's think of the man in the lead mine whose body wastes day upon day, When he goes to his grave he can't even say that he's ere had a decent day's pay. Let's think of the man down the coal mine whose face is as black as a crow, If he wanted a healthier living to make, where else is there for him to go? Let's think of the man in the cloth mill who finds that he can't hear a word, He watches as others around him converse and he can't hear the song of a bird. Let's think of the man in the shipyard who works far above the cold earth. Should he die at his job, then his family will find what little his life has been worth.



**Cornish Tin Miners** 

*These men are clearly enjoying their pasties - a little time before VAT was imposed on them!*