

The Closed Shop

Barclay James Harvest

Born a poor worker's son
Taught to fight for all his rights
Life for him's just begun
Union might his leading light.

It's a shame and it's a sin
They don't know the mood they're in
Until they strike for what is right
Not what has been.

Shop floor, that's where he's at
Back to back, bring out the rack
Squeeze them 'til they react
Wield the gun; see how they run.

It's a shame and it's a sin
They don't know the mood they're in
Until they strike for what is right
Not what has been.

All out of freedom, all out for more
Show them we mean it, tell them the score
Brother for brother, that's what we're for
Don't give us reasons
Our reasons has gone out the door.

Born a poor worker's son
Taught to fight for all his rights
Life for him's just begun
Union might his leading light.

It's a shame and it's a sin
They don't know the mood they're in
Until they strike for what is right
Not what has been.

Born a poor worker's son
Taught to fight for all his rights
Life for him's just begun
Union might his leading light.

It's a shame and it's a sin
They don't know the mood they're in
Until they strike for what is right
Not what has been.

Shop floor, that's where he's at
Back to back, bring out the rack
Squeeze them 'til they react
Wield the gun; see how they run.

It's a shame and it's a sin
They don't know the mood they're in
Until they strike for what is right
Not what has been.

All out of freedom, all out for more
Show them we mean it, tell them the score

Brother for brother, that's what we're for
Don't give us reasons
Our reasons has gone out the door.

Born a poor worker's son
Taught to fight for all his rights
Life for him's just begun
Union might his leading light.

It's a shame and it's a sin
They don't know the mood they're in
Until they strike for what is right
Not what has been.