

Jungle Of The Midwest Sea

Flatfoot 56

In the year of our Lord 1903, in the meat packing plants off the shores of the sea
Stood a young man at his slaughter post a newby by his side
He said grind it up and ship it out doesn't matter what's inside
With poison bread to kill the rats, an effective tool of trade
Just grind 'em down to sausage it's not hard for a work day's pay
Look busy boy here come the derby coats
He knows the plan to fool our land so we're all in the same boat

Welcome to the Jungle of the Midwest Sea

Miles and miles of these stock yards run wild,
The biggest in this country it gives our city style
The world will never know the shape their food is in
It's not our fault we're worth our salt it's the rest of the world's sin
There's no law against our action, no law against neglect
We're doing well in business no matter the effect
We're the butchers of this country we're the workers in the mud
We're the slaughter house advisors, we're the bleeders of the blood