

## 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