

Upon this lowly railroad spike my hammer swung and fell. Down to the mighty Mississippi, where the raging waters swell. In the corner of that factory, a dark man-made hell, I'll be sitting there in my snare making what they sell. With a silver spoon breaking my teeth, the boys on the line working just to eat. Are you picturing the stories that I sing? A child working day and night, a father turned into a ghostly sight, the wage slave knows so well that hopeless strain of a poor man just trying to remain as he pays his toll of pain. From the dear old age of Adam to the workers of Boaz, we've been doomed to sing this crazy song, yet it's made me who I am. From the steel workers in Pittsburgh, to the trucker and his load, all feeding that old fat cat just hoping he'll explode. With a silver spoon breaking my teeth, the boys on the line working just to eat, are you picturing the stories that I sing? A child working day and night, a father turned into a ghostly sight, the wage slave knows so well that hopeless strain of a poor man trying to remain as he pays his toll of pain. We've been working for far too long. We've been doomed to hear this lowly song for our sons. Our sweat must be working just to fall. I'm a slave to that whistle call. I'm a slave to that whistle call. From the dear old age of Adam to the workers of Boaz, we've been doomed to sing this crazy song, yet it's made me who I am. From the steel workers in Pittsburgh, to the trucker and his load, all feeding that old fat cat just hoping he'll explode. With a silver spoon breaking my teeth, the boys on the line working just to eat, are you picturing the stories that I sing? A child working day and night, a father turned into a ghostly sight, the wage slave knows so well that hopeless strain of a poor man trying to remain. As he pays his toll of pain. As he pays his toll of pain. We've been working for far too long. We've been doomed to hear this crazy song for our sons. Our sweat must be working just to fall. I'm a slave to that whistle call. I'm a slave to that whistle call. I'm a slave.