

Upon this lowly railroad spike my hammer swung and fell. Down t  
he mighty Mississippi, where the raging waters swell. In the co  
rner of that factory, a dark man-made hell, I'll be sitting the  
re in my snare making what they sell. With a silver spoon break  
ing my teeth, the boys on the line working just to eat. Are you  
picturing the stories that I sing? A child working day and nig  
ht, a father turned into a ghostly sight, the wage slave knows  
so well that hopeless strain of a poor man just trying to remai  
n 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 Pittsbur  
gh, to the trucker and his load, all feeding that old fat cat j  
ust hoping he'll explode. With a silver spoon breaking my teeth  
, the boys on the line working just to eat, are you picturing t  
he 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 d  
oomed to hear this lowly song for our sons. Our sweat must be w  
orking just to fall. I'm a slave to that whistle call. I'm a sl  
ave 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  
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sons. Our sweat must be working just to fall. I'm a slave to th  
at whistle call. I'm a slave to that whistle call. I'm a slave.