

The Salt Of The Earth

Joan Baez

Let's drink to the hard working people
Let's drink to the lowly of birth
Raise your glass to the good and the evil
Let's drink to the salt of the earth

Say a prayer for the common foot soldier
Spare a thought for his back breaking work
Say a prayer for his wife and his children
Who burn the fires and who still till the earth

When I search a faceless crowd
Swirling mass of grey and black and white
They don't look real to me,
In fact they look so strange

Raise your glass to the hard working people
Let's drink to the uncounted head
Let's think of the wavering millions
Who want leaders but get gamblers instead

Spare a thought for the stay-at-home voter
His empty eyes gaze at strange beauty shows
And a parade of gray suited grafters
A choice of cancer or polio!

And when I search a faceless crowd
Swirling mass of grey and black and white
They don't look real to me,
In fact they look so strange

Let's drink to the hard working people
Let's think of the lowly of birth
Spare a thought for the ragtaggy people
Let's drink to the salt of the earth

Let's drink to the hard working people
Let's drink to the salt of the earth
Let's think of the three thousand million
Let's think of the humble of birth