

## Automation Song

Phil Ochs

Oh, I laid down your railroads, every mile of track  
With the muscles on my arm and the sweat upon my back  
And now the trains are rolling, they roll to every shore  
You tell me that my job is through, there ain't no work no more

Though I laid down your highways all across the land  
With the ringing of the steel and the power of my hands  
And now the roads are there like ribbons in the sky  
You tell me that my job is through but still I wonder why

For the wages were low and the hours were long  
And the labor was all I could bear  
Now you've got new machines for to take my place  
And you tell me it's not mine to share

Though I laid down your factories and laid down your fields  
With my feet on the ground and my back to your wheels  
And now the smoke is rising, the steel is all a-glow  
I'm walking down a jobless road and where am I to go

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Tell me, where am I to go