

People Again

The Ex

We were peasants
But we had no land
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But we had no land

We were thin as rakes
Always hungry on the little food they gave us
Sleeping on straw on earth-floored sheds
The straw was the rougher stuff the oxen & mules
refused as fodder
We were working on the fields
Ploughing, sowing & reaping with our sickles
In a good year employment might last eight months
In a bad year perharps not even six and there was no
unemployment pay

We were peasants
But we had no land
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We hated the bourgeoisie
They owned the land & treated us like animals
There was a hatred between us
So great, it couldn't have been greater

They didn't have to work to earn a living
But we wanted them to treat us like human-beings
With respect!
With respect!
And there was only one way to achive that

We were peasants
And we took what was ours
We were peasants
And we took what was ours
We took what was ours
We took what was ours

The bourgeoisie was not needed and we proved it
No church, no masters, no guardias
Property collectivized
We took over the estates
No necessity for money to exist
Every one would work
Exchange with other collectives
No need for the state

(We were peasants and we were people again)