

Barclay James Harvest, Fact: The Closed Shop

Born a poor worker's son
Taught to fight for all his rights
Life for him's just begun
Union might is the leading light
It's a shame and it's a sin
They don't know the mood they're in
Until they strike for what is right
Not what has been

Shop floor, that's where he's at
Back to back, bring out the rack
Squeeze them 'til they retract
Wield the gun, see how they run

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All out for freedom, all out for more
Show them we mean it, tell them the score
Brother for brother, that's what we're for
Don't give us your reasons
Our reason has gone out the door

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