

# Joan Baez, The Salt Of The Earth

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 two thousand million  
Let's think of the humble of birth