

Robert Calvert, All The Machines Are Quiet

We're walking out
We're downing our tools.
This management
They take us for fools.
All we're asking is
A living wage
A living wage
A living wage
And now
There's nothing I can do
I spend my days in dreams
And join the endless queue,
So far from the machines,
All the machines are quiet.
I could scream
All the machines are quiet.

I'll take the kids
To Chessington zoo.
The big gorilla,
He looks just like you.
Watch that tiger
Pacing in his cage.
I feel his rage.
I feel his rage.
And now

There's nothing
I can do
I spend my days in dreams
And join the endless queue,
So far from the machines,
All the machines are quiet.
I could scream
All the machines are quiet.

The winter's coming
We need new shoes.
I'm selling the car,
I'm paying my dues.
The union bosses
Tell us five more weeks - five more weeks -
Five more weeks
And now
There's nothing
I can do
I spend my days in dreams
And join the endless queue,
So far from the machines,
All the machines are quiet.
I could scream
All the machines are quiet.