

Robert Calvert, Picket Line

There's a convoy coming:
Carrying a load of coal.
All we've got is banners,
On a six-foot pole.
I said: "slow down brother,
You ain't driving in here.
Shove that lever into reverse gear
We're the picket line."

The police are massing,
In their riot gear.
They've got pickaxe handles
And it's very clear,
That they're just strike-breakers
Working for the government.
I said: "slow down brother,
You ain't driving in here.
Shove that lever into reverse gear
We're the picket line."

It's cold,

It's so f**king cold.
My fingers are purple,
And I'm losing my hold.
It's a shame
Such a crying shame.
Even if we win this
They'll still red file my name

I'm standing
Standing on the picket line
I said I'm standing
Standing on the picket line
I'm standing
Standing on the picket line
I'm standing
Standing on the picket line
Standing, standing
Standing on the picket line
I'm standing