

# Street Dogs, Katie Bar The Door

When I graduated high school  
College not my scene  
So I got a job at home for me  
Feeling good about my opportunity  
It's got benefits and decent pay... but they say

We hit a stalemate, looks bleak for us  
A strike or lock-out or wholesale bust  
Think to myself what a hell of a start  
As we file down to Kate's Tavern

Katie, bar the door, we are jumping off the rails  
Any hope for calm went John B. Sails  
We're in your pub tonight to sing of good days left behind  
And raise a glass to better times

The rumor mill's dispelled the official word comes down  
They're gonna move our jobs real far away  
Settle to another country where mistreatment for the workers is so commonplace... the judge says

"We cannot stop them, they're free to go"  
He looks me in the eyes he says "I can't help you son"  
Whatever happened to America?  
She was sold twenty-six f\*\*kin' long years ago

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Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey  
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Why sing about the unions again?  
They have all died away  
We are now in the midst of a brand new world economy

I don't believe them, I won't despair  
They are regrouping, they're coming back to stay  
Twelve percent can climb back up to fifty percent  
Once again, my friend, a message we'll send

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