

The Nightwatchman, Union Song

For the fired auto workers
Who were twisted, tricked and robbed
To the peasant in Guatemala
In a sweatshop got your job
And she can't feed her family
On the pennies that she makes
Meanwhile the crime rate's rising
Up and down the Great Lake states
Like vegetables left in the field
The signatures smell rotten
On the contracts and the deeds
That push the race down to the bottom
As they load the rubber bullets
As they fire another round
I'm heading into the tear gas
Dig in man, hold your ground
For Joe Hill and Caesar Chavez
Who fought in their own time
For our brothers and our sisters
Up and down that picket line
For the unnamed and unnumbered
Who struggle brave and long
For the union men and women
Standing up and standing strong
Si nos quedemos
Juntos vamos a ganar? Si !
Hit em where it hurts
And bite the hand that feeds
You might get one to three
Or probation and a fine
But I know where I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be right on that front line
For Joe Hill and Caesar Chavez
Who fought in their own time
For our brothers and our sisters
Up and down that picket line
For the unnamed and unnumbered
Who struggle brave and long
For the union men and women
Standing up and standing strong
Now dirty scabs will cross the line
While others stand aside and look
But ain't nobody never got nothin'
That didn't raise their voice and push
Like the steel worker in Ohio
The miner in West Virginia
The teacher in Chicago
Janitor in Mississippi
From the sweatshops of L.A.
To the fields of Mission Flats
There's a thunder cloud exploding
And I'm free at last
Like Joe Hill and Caesar Chavez
Who fought in their own time
Like our brothers and our sisters
Up and down that picket line
Like the unnamed and unnumbered
Who struggle brave and long
Like the union men and women
Standing up and standing strong