

Unknown Artist, A Living Wage

A Living Wage

(Ron Kavana)

.i.Sally is eleven, goes to St. Clements

Back of the railway tracks

With assorted refugees from DSS, B and B's

At the school gate they sell crack

Here they ssteal her thunder, crucify her wonder

Can she get out alive and grovel geatfully

On the eternal 9 to 5

A living wage is all that we demand

From a government sworn to uphold that cause

Not betrayl of precious right, bought with presious lives

In the course of two World Wars

Now Sally is sixteen sits in history class

Reading what Churchill said

About a living wage for all the poorly paid

The basis of our welfare state

but her freind Sue left school last year

For a job in a shoe shoe shop

Now she's back home,, signing on the dole

The pay weren't worth a crap

In the ivory tower high on the hill

Far fro the street and trash

Sit the privlaged few, our future rulers

Learning bought with cash

In the afternoon doom of her classroom

Sally's waiting for the bell

She carves a desperate plea on her desktop

Get me out of this frigging hell

Chorus and repeat

Not betrayal of precious rights, bought with precious lives

In the course of 2 world wars

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