

Chemical Worker's Song

by Ron Angel

Chorurs: *It's go boys, go They'll time your every breath And every day you're in this place, You're two days nearer death. But you go.*

A process man am I and I'm telling you no lie. I've worked and breathed among the fumes that trail across the sky. There's thunder all around me, and poison in the air. There's a lousy smell that smacks of Hell, and dust all in my hair.

[chorus]

I've worked among the spinners, I've breathed in the oily smoke. I've shoveled up the gypsum, and it nigh on makes you choke. I've stood knee-deep in cyanide, gone sick with a caustic burn. I've been workin' rough, I've seen enough to make your stomach churn.

[chorus]

There's overtime, there's bonus, opportunities galore Oh, the young lads like their money and they all come back for more. But soon you're knockin' old, and you're colder than you should. For every bob made on this job you play with flesh and blood.

[chorus]

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