

Minimum Wage Strike

David Rovics

When I a-woke one morn-ing There was a feel-ing in the air

Ev-'ry-thing was qui-et Things were dif-f'rent ev-'ry - whe-re The Wob-b-lies were

back a-gain With Joe Hill at the mike When all the mi-ni-mum wage work-ers went on

strike

There was no one flipping burgers
All the grills were cold
Onion rings were in their bags
Fries were growing mold
There were no baristas at Starbucks
Asking, "how many shots would you like?"
When all the minimum-wage workers went on strike

There was no one pumping gasoline
No one driving from town to town
No one at the registers
All the highways were shut down
The cars were stuck in their garage
Businessmen on bikes
When all the minimum-wage workers went on strike

The fruit was falling off the trees
No one to load the trucks
Corn was rotting on the stalk
No farm hands to shuck
The workfare workers were hanging at home
Spending the day with their tykes
When all the minimum-wage workers went on strike

Yuppie parents were housebound
Their nannies left the job
Wal-Mart workers said enough
Of our labor has been robbed
The Foot Locker was locked up
The boss had to take a hike
When all the minimum-wage workers went on strike

Repeat first verse