

Tom Worker's Song

Words and music by Kevin Adams

V1:

I went over to Wolverton Works
With a reputation as a lad who never shirks,
I was pleased as punch when they offered me a place,
Couldn't wait to see the look on Mother's face.
If I had my way I'd be working on the land.
But the next best thing is working with me hands.
No vacancies for chippies, or in the foundry,
So apprentice electrician I will be.

V2:

Five in the morning, standing in the rain.
Blast that Billy if the tram is late again!
Half-past twelve we stop and have a break,
I find the hours very hard to take.
There's a meal each day in a basket from me Mam,
She sends it over with Billy on the tram,
For a lad of fourteen it's a long hard slog,
Each night I come home tired as a dog.

V3:

A few years on, a simple life I've made,
Earning money and I'm settled in my trade,
But in the world outside, there's trouble in the air,
And the working man must fight for what is fair.
Now the gates are locked and the Union says strike,
Teach the bosses not to do just what they like.
The miners lead, we can't stand and watch them fail,
Why did we fight the Somme and Passchendaele?

Instrumental

V4:

Nine short days, the end of the strike,
Do you think that the bosses can do anything they like?
Will they have me back? Are they taking on men?
Can it ever be the same again?
Someone said that the railway lads have heard
That their jobs are safe, the bosses gave their word.
Well fine for them but it doesn't ease my fears,
There's plenty more been kicked out on their ears.

V5: *Slower:*

Now a young man starts to feel so old.
My threadbare jacket doesn't keep me from the cold.
I've a wife and a child depending on me,
What the future holds I can't begin to see...