Immigrant Workers on the Line by ET & the Boy

Verse:

Comrade, have you heard of those brave workers in Chicago Who prepared to chain themselves to their machines? The boss tried to steal their pay; they put their bodies in the way Reminding us all what class struggle means

And the man on the radio screams Those people steal jobs away But we all won when they won the day And they made us all dream bigger dreams

Bridge:

So hurray for the members of UE 1110 Raising up the spirit of the union again And though the factory doors are shut they're manufacturing, behold They built a window to a new world, and a door out of the old

Chorus:

Across the ocean, across the desert Across the Rio Grande Into the unknown, but you're not quite alone You grasp your comrade's hand In the Triangle Fire, in the Ludlow Strike, in Haymarket Square In the Lawrence Strike, in the Free Speech Fights, and everywhere Where the risks are the gravest, the bravest you'll find Include the immigrant workers on the line

Verse:

Comrade, have you heard of those brave workers in New Orleans? Having wagered their life savings on a job across the sea From India they came to live packed into company trailers In a crude first world facsimile of third world poverty And the company owns your H2B Can deport you whenever they like But the workers went on hunger strike

And they marched from New Orleans to D.C.

Bridge

So hurray for the pipefitters who worked at Signal Co Raising up a lamp to show us all the way to go And when they walked off the job they sent a signal loud and clear We are sisters, we are brothers in the struggle, we are here

Chorus (repeats)