

I'm Too Old to Be a Scab

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(T-Bone Slim [Valentine Huhta])

Goodbye, master, I must leave you,
Something tells me I must go,
For you know I can't deceive you,
Going wage is too darn low.
Yes, you say that you will lead me
If I chop that hardwood cord;
Do not to temptation lead me,
I'm not toiling for my board.

If I work for bread and lodging
While the sun is high and warm,
It would cause me sundry dodging
Through the winter's cold and storm.
I must have the all that's in it
In the labor that I sell;
For you cannot tell what minute
It may start to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only --
As you count your wealth untold,
Would you have me save bologna
'Gainst the day when I am old ?
Now we understand each other,
(As we play the game of grab)
But, please do recall, "my brother",
I'm too old to be a scab.

(IWW Songbook, 21st Edition, 1925)