

Banks Of Marble

I've travelled around this country,
From shore to shining shore,
It really made me wonder
The things I heard and saw.

I saw the weary farmer
Plowing sod and loam
I saw the auction hammer
A knocking down his home.

Chorus:

*But the banks are made of marble,
With a guard at ev'ry door,
And the vaults are stuffed with silver
That the farmer sweated for.*

I saw the seaman standing,
Idly by the shore,
I heard the bosses saying,
"Got no work for you no more."

Chorus:

I saw the weary miner
Scrubbing coal dust from his back,

I heard his children crying,
"Got no coal to heat the shack."

Chorus:

I've seen the people working
Throughout this mighty land.
I know we'll get together,
And together make a stand.

Final Chorus:

*Then we'll own those banks of marble,
With a guard at every door,
And we'll share those vaults of silver
That the workers sweated for!*