

ANNE FEENEY

DUMP THE BOSSES



OFF YOUR BACK

LYRIC BOOK

The working people of this country are an amazing lot. Against all odds, they will walk off their jobs and strike, enduring significant hardships sometimes for months or even years – and why? To protect future generations of workers - and to preserve elusive concepts like “dignity” and “respect.” The generosity of the American working class and their willingness to help others is downright awe-inspiring.

Corporate leaders are well aware of the altruistic nature of their workforce and will call upon workers to “tighten their belts” – to “co-operate” – to sacrifice paychecks, benefits, health care, environmental protection – even safety – to make their employers more “competitive.” And far too many workers, some on the advice of their unions, do just that.

Politicians, too, exploit this altruism and induce workers to sacrifice public schools, public services, public lands, civil liberties, social security, health care – even their most basic right to organize and strike – in order to protect handguns, unborn children, stem-cells and “marriage.” And far too many workers have been willing to do that as well.

Our history teaches us that accommodation to the employing class is the road to destruction of our movement. The stakes keep getting higher. Now with climate change and ever more frightening weapons systems, the future of the human race is in jeopardy. Labor must reject accommodation as a tactic. It only fuels the parasites who feed off us. We need to reach out around the world to fight for decent, safe jobs and a sustainable future for the vast majority of humanity... It is we, the working people, who create all the wealth in the first place.

I still believe that the IWW (<http://iww.org>) gets it right when they say, “The working class and the employing class have nothing in common.” When our needs are met, all of society benefits...all except that miniscule class that wields such unprecedented power - those parasites who suck the life out of us and ride to riches on our labor. It’s time to dump them off our backs, folks. BUCK LIKE THUNDER!



Three of these songs are old Wobbly tunes – one by Joe Hill himself. Paul Kotheimer’s brilliant arrangements inspired the recordings you’ll hear of these 100 year old classics. There are seven new songs of mine on this CD, two of which I wrote for Jerry Starr’s powerful play “BURIED: The Story of the Sago Mine Disaster.” I’ve also included James Keelaghan’s “Hillcrest Mine” and Kiya Heartwood’s “Sago,” which I sing in productions of Jerry’s play. “50 Cent Sneakers” is the first song I ever heard fellow worker Al Grierson (1947-2001) sing. At my friend Bruce Rouse’s suggestion, I’ve finally recorded the oh-so-talented John William Davis’ hilarious “Brave New Christmas,” and, by popular demand, “Whatever You Say, Say Nothing” is now on CD. .

My heart is filled with gratitude to all the fine musicians who worked so hard to help me achieve everything I wanted for this CD – I can’t tell you how exciting it was for me to record with one of my favorite piano players ever – George Frayne, aka Commander Cody. And I know you’ll love the work done by the wonderful Austin Lounge Lizards, Emma’s Revolution and Anne Weiss. And patiently enduring my endless requests, and mixing it all into this great CD is engineer Doug Wilkin, of Wilkin Audio in Pittsburgh.

Please visit the websites you see mentioned in the notes to learn more about Santiago Cruz and the many other stories of these songs. Drop me a line at anne@annefeeney.com to tell me what you think of the CD. Please sign up at <http://annefeeney.com/newsletter.html> for my once-a-month email news – The Fellow Travelers’ Advisory.

1. DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK - John Brill (1916) - 2:02

Additional lyrics by Mark Gunnery and Anne Feeney

Just the way you've always wanted to hear it – a danceable thrash polka!

Vocal and Guitar: Anne Feeney; Drums: John Schmidt; Electric Bass: Jeff Mangone; Electric Guitar: Jeff Leonhardt; Violin: Bob Banerjee; Accordion: Gerry Borish; Trombone, Trombetta: Nelson Harrison; Tuba: Roger Day Sort-of-Harmonious Background Vocals by the Ornerly Duffers with special guests Christy Martin and Aodh Óg Ó Tuama
<http://www.art.net/~4ss/>

Are you cold, forlorn and hungry?
Are there lots of things you lack?
Is your life made up of misery?
Then dump the bosses off your back.
Are your clothes all torn and tattered?
Are you living in a shack?
Would you have your troubles scattered?
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?
Loaded like a long-eared jack?
Boob - why don't you buck like thunder –
And dump the bosses off your back?
All the agonies you suffer
You can end with one good whack!!
Stiffen up, you ornery duffer
And dump the bosses off your back.

Did you find your factories closed down?
Are your neighbors all on crack?
Bud, let me give you the lowdown
Dump the bosses off your back!
Did you find your pension looted?
Are your buddies in Iraq?
Would you see those rascals booted?
Dump the bosses off your back!



2. PREACHER AND THE SLAVE - Joe Hill (1911) – 3:24

Thanks to Paul Kotheimer for suggesting this arrangement, and to Commander Cody for making it happen!

Vocal: Anne Feeney; Vocal & Piano: George Frayne (Commander Cody); Drums: John Schmidt; Electric Bass: Jeff Mangone; Pedal Steel and Electric Guitar: Bob Crafton

Those TV preachers come on every night,
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;
But when asked how 'bout something to eat
They will answer in voices so sweet

You will eat, bye and bye,
In that glorious land above the sky;
Work and pray, live on hay,

You'll get pie in the sky when you die

And the Starvation Army they play,
And they sing and they clap and they pray,
Till they get all your coin on the drum,
Then they tell you when you're on the bum

So you want something good in this life-
Sure they'll tell you "Knock it off with all that strife –
Just be a stooge for the bosses," they tell
"Oh, if not, you are all going to hell."

Workingfolks of all countries, unite
Side by side we for freedom will fight
When the world and its wealth we have gained
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain

You will eat, bye and bye,
When you've learned how to cook and how to fry;
Chop some wood, it'll do you good
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye



3. YOU WILL ANSWER - © Anne Feeney (BMI) 2006 – 2:54

Vocal: Anne Feeney; Harmony Vocals: Engineered and Recorded by East Side Flash at Flashpoint Studios, Austin, TX and sung by Austin Lounge Lizards: Hank Card, Tom Pittman, Conrad Deisler, Boo Resnick <http://austineloungeizards.com>

I wrote this song during a workshop at the U.S. Labor Against the War conference in Cleveland. It's been a part of BURIED: The Story of the Sago Mine Disaster ever since.

Last night as I lay tossing and a-turning in my bed
I dreamed that I was in the presence of the Lord
With a dozen Sago miners who had gone to their reward
And God looked down on those miners and He said:

"Who has sent My faithful servants here unbidden to My Throne?
He will answer on the Judgment Day
Who has left their grieving families heartbroken and alone?
He will answer on the Judgment Day

Oh he will answer (he will answer) on that Judgment Day
He will answer on that Judgment Day
Oh he will answer (he will answer) on that Judgment Day
He will answer on that Judgment Day

"I have fashioned those who labor in My image," God did say,
"And I did not call these miners home to Me
Many years I had allotted them with friends and family
Now the heavens weep to hear their orphans pray."

You cannot serve God and mammon – if it's mammon that you choose
You will answer on that Judgment Day
Now, what good is all your wealth if your eternal soul you lose?
You will answer on that Judgment Day

You will answer (you will answer) on that Judgment Day
You will answer on that Judgment Day
You will answer (you will answer) on that Judgment Day
You will answer on that Judgment Day

It is easier to get a camel through a needle's eye
Than a rich man into heaven, it's been told
Every time a human life's cut short by avarice for gold
There will be a day of judgment bye and bye



If you've garnered earthly riches and you come to heaven's door
You will answer on that Judgment Day
To love God you must renounce your wealth and share it with the poor, or
You will answer on that Judgment Day

You will answer (you will answer) on that Judgment Day
You will answer on that Judgment Day
You will answer (you will answer) on that Judgment Day
You will answer on that Judgment Day

4. HILLCREST MINE - © James Keelaghan (SOCAN) 1988 - 3:11

James is one of Canada's finest writers and performers. I fell in love with this song the first time I heard it.

Vocal and Guitar: Anne Feeney; Drums: John Schmidt; Acoustic Bass: Mark Evans; Harmony Vocals: Pat Humphries and Sandy O – <http://emmasrevolution.com> (Recorded by Henry Cross at Red Sky Audio) Pedal Steel: Bob Crafton; Mandolin: Mark Evans; Violin: Bob Banerjee

Down in the mines of the Crowsnest Pass
It's the men that die in labour
Sweating coal from the womb of the pit
It's the smell of life they savour
And in that mine, young man, you'll find
A wealth of broken dreams --
As long and as dark and as black and as wide
As the coal in the Hillcrest seam.

And they say you don't go, say you don't go down in the Hillcrest Mine,
And they say you don't go, say you don't go down in the Hillcrest Mine;
'Cause it's one short step, you might leave this world behind,
And they say you don't go, say you don't go down in the Hillcrest Mine.

I've heard it whispered in the light of dawn
That mountain sometimes moves.
That bodes ill for the morning shift

And you know what you're gonna lose.
Don't go, my son, where the deep coal runs.
Turn your back to the mine on the hill
'Cause if the dust and the dark and the gas don't getcha,
Then the goons and the bosses will.

Well son, I'm gonna open up
I'm gonna have my say
You'll get no peace from the Hillcrest Mine
'Cept the peace of an early grave
Go out and work for the workers' rights
Go work for the workers' needs
Don't stay down here to toil for your buck
To be a tool for the owner's greed

5. GOONIES - © Anne Feeney (BMI) 2006 – 2:40

A bastard cousin to the scab and the management consultant...

Vocal and Guitar: Anne Feeney; Drums: John Schmidt; Acoustic Bass: Mark Perna; Tuba: Roger Day; Trombone and Trombetta: Nelson Harrison; Clarinet: Janice Coppola

Oh, they've been around since the dawn of time – GOONIES
Oozed right out of the primordial slime – GOONIES
Some mated with possums, some robbed graves
They slept with their sisters & sold 'em for slaves ...
GOONIES, GOONIES

Now when workers are tossed on the street you'll find GOONIES
They come swarming like maggots on putrid meat – GOONIES
Kin to jackals, hyenas, leeches & skunks
Go back to dog-kicking, wife-beating and rolling drunks
Wackenhut, Pinkerton – thugs and punks!! GOONIES!

No brain no heart no balls no spine
Get your rocks off hassling a picket line
You got them long-lens cameras and great big sticks
You don't need Viagra 'cause you've got no girlfriends

Some day you'll have a special place in hell – GOONIES
Cause you do the devil's work so well – GOONIES
You give hard-workin' people the royal screw
Your snot-nosed kids must be ashamed of you
Why don't ya ask yourselves, "What would Judas do?" - GOONIES
Why don't ya ask yourselves, "What would Judas do?" - GOONIES

6. WE FOUGHT BACK - © Anne Feeney (BMI) 2007 – 2:44

In June of 2007 the Canadian Supreme Court declared that collective bargaining is a basic human right embodied in the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms – Congratulations to the Hospital Employees' Union for bringing us this fantastic victory for workers!

Drums: Kip Ruefle; Bass: Erin Snyder; Electric Guitar & Harmony Vocals: Evan Knauer
<http://atsmusic.com> or <http://myspace.com/atlive>

In the year 2002 with 20 minutes' warning
The Liberals introduced Bill 29
Only three days later that hateful bill was passed –
It offered BC workers bitter wine
The layoffs and the closings took their toll on patient care
With loyal workers laid off and locked out
With our collective bargaining rights denied by act of law
Our union's very future was in doubt

**BUT WE FOUGHT BACK, WE FOUGHT BACK!
WE FOUGHT BACK AND WE WON!
WE FOUGHT BACK, WE FOUGHT BACK!
WE FOUGHT BACK AND WE WON!**

A five year legal battle with the outcome most uncertain
With layoffs mounting what else could we do?
We educated, agitated with our friends and allies –
We stood together and we saw it through
The Supreme Court was the last stop in this battle for survival
Decided by 3 women and four men
It was on the 8th of June we heard their 6 to 1 decision
And things will never be the same again

**BUT WE FOUGHT BACK, WE FOUGHT BACK!
WE FOUGHT BACK AND WE WON!
WE FOUGHT BACK, WE FOUGHT BACK!
WE FOUGHT BACK AND WE WON!**

What good is a union if it has no right to bargain?
We clearly had no option but to fight
The Court has finally recognized what we knew all along –
Collective bargaining's a basic human right
It's cause for celebration now but let us not forget
There are many battles yet that lie before us
And won't we all be overjoyed when Gordon Campbell's unemployed
By now they know that they cannot ignore us!



7. A SONG FOR SANTIAGO CRUZ (1977-2007) - © Anne Feeney (BMI) 2007 – 2:54

We learned of FLOC organizer Santiago Cruz's murder (<http://www.floc.com/Santiago.htm>) while studying migrant workers' strategies at the Regina Polk Leadership Institute for Labor Union Women, held annually in Chicago with the inspiration of Helena Harlow Worthen. I wrote this song at the Institute.

Vocal and Guitar: Anne Feeney; Drums: John Schmidt; Acoustic Bass: Mark Perna; Percussion: Ken Burris; Accordion: Henry Doktorski; Nylon Guitar: Doug Wilkin

On April 9th they found him
He'd been beaten, bound and gagged
His lifeless body bore the signs of torture and abuse
Two short months before
He'd come to work in Monterrey
Recordarèmos¹ Santiago Cruz

Santiago Cruz was only 29 years old –
His brutal killing barely made the news
We demand his murderers be found and brought to justice –
Recordarèmos Santiago Cruz

Each year tens of thousands cross
The border heading north to pick
The crops and labor at the jobs Americans refuse
One man headed south to try to end their exploitation
Recordarèmos Santiago Cruz

Santiago Cruz was only 29 years old -
His brutal killing barely made the news
We demand his murderers be found and brought to justice –
Recordarèmos Santiago Cruz

So many people profit from the migrant workers' suffering
Coyotes, growers, buyers, restaurants – we who eat the foods
This brave young union organizer soon became a target
Recordarèmos Santiago Cruz

Santiago Cruz was only 29 years old -
His brutal killing barely made the news
We demand his murderers be found and brought to justice –
Recordarèmos Santiago Cruz

The day is coming soon when
All the workers in the fields
Will finally get a living wage for all that they produce
And when all the smugglers disappear
And the last coyote starves
Recordarèmos Santiago Cruz

Santiago Cruz was only 29 years old -
¿Cual cobarde apagò su luz?²



We demand his murderers be found and brought to justice –
Recordarèmos Santiago Cruz
We will remember Santiago Cruz
¡Recordarèmos Santiago Cruz!

¹ *We will remember*

² *What coward has extinguished this light?*

8. YA BASTA! - © Evan Greer <http://www.riotfolk.org/> - 3:12

Evan is one of my favorite young writers. He and his collective mates in RiotFolk are doing terrific work on and off stage.

Vocal and Guitar: Anne Feeney; Drums: John Schmidt; Percussion: Ken Burris; Electric Bass: Jeff Mangone; Organ: Laura Daniels; Nylon string guitar: Jeff Leonhardt; Violin: Bob Banerjee; Supporting Vocals: Doug Wilkin, Jack Erdie, Charlie Bernhardt

¡YA BASTA! ENOUGH IS ENOUGH
¡YA BASTA! ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

You ask "Why are we angry?" I say, "Look at history."
The cause of all our troubles it is not a mystery
There are those whose lives are easy
There are those whose lives are rough.
Now is the time for us to rise and cry out enough is enough!

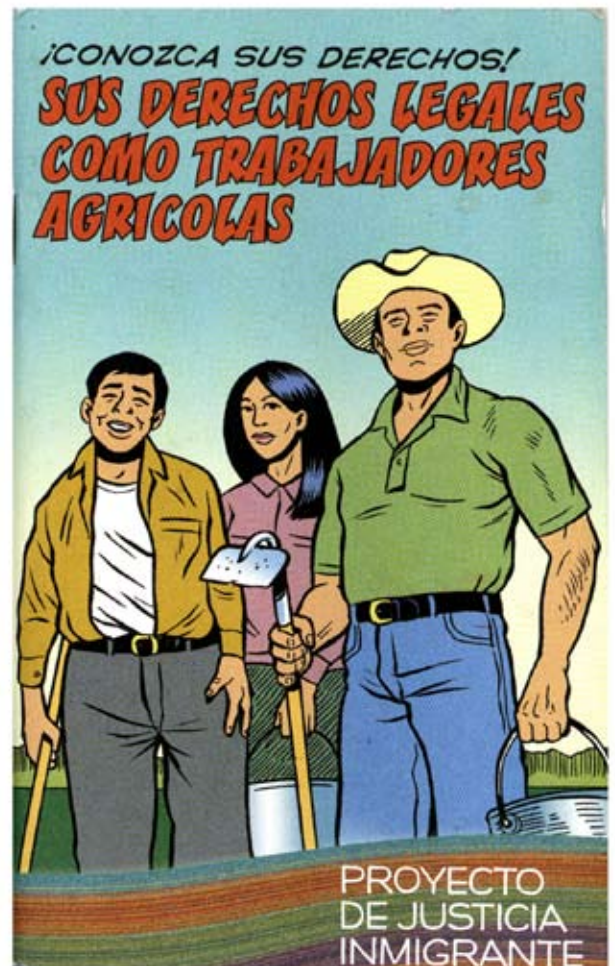
Enough borders enough nations enough corporate exploitation
Enough racist air pollution enough racist institutions.
Enough chains and enough cages enough starvation wages
Enough highways and gas stations - enough control by corporations

We won't take it anymore
Yeah, this is class war!
We will fight you in the streets
And we will dance at your defeat
¡YA BASTA!

There will be a day when the melting pot will boil
And you only bring us closer with each war you make for oil
Each union that you break and each ballot box you stuff
Brings us closer to the day when we will cry out enough is

Enough greedy politicians enough gender-role traditions
Enough hierarchies enough of living on our knees
Enough gouging of the planet enough destruction of the earth
Enough tearing of her flesh to see what the insides might be worth

And all around the world the people are fighting back
Each day another shard of the system starts to crack
In Argentina and Chiapas, with our rage and with our love
The people are all crying out enough is enough!



Enough war and occupation enough propaganda stations
Enough enforced reality enough police brutality.
Enough nuclear arms and enough factory farms
Enough stolen women's choices enough silenced women's voices

Enough words have been said enough songs have been sung
Enough protests have been had enough banners have been hung
We are many they are few there is so much we can do
When we use what we have learned and fight them on our own terms
Because they need us – We don't need them
It is our sweat and labor on which they all depend
They need us to drive their trucks they need us to shine their crowns
They need us to be the cops who beat our comrades down
But what good are all their laws with no one to institute 'em?
What good are all those guns if there's no one there to shoot 'em?

We won't take it anymore
Yeah, this is class war!
We will fight you in the streets
And we will dance at your defeat
¡YA BASTA! ¡YA BASTA! ¡YA BASTA!

9. SAGO - © 2007 Kiya Heartwood www.wishingchair.com - 3:43

A gorgeous song by Kiya Heartwood of Wishing Chair. This song usually brings the cast of BURIED to tears, not to mention the audience.

Vocal and Guitar: Anne Feeney; Acoustic Bass: Mark Perna; Guitar: Doug Wilkin; Dobro: Bob Crafton; Violin: Bob Banerjee

His workshirts are folded
In a chair by the bed
I can't bear to put them away
I'm too numb to think
I'm too tired to sleep
I keep repeating the words he would say -
"Set your affection
On the things above
And not on the things of this earth."
Do you think God imagined
He'd ever find
A man of such infinite worth?
They say it was lightning
Or methane and sparks
Or maybe a company's crime
What I wouldn't give
What I wouldn't give
To see him walk out of the Sago mine

I thought it was thunder
I heard on that day
A new year and Monday besides
We were planning a trip
For the grand kids
He had three months to go when he died
When word first went out
They had found them alive
I believed it was going
To be fine
What I wouldn't give
What I wouldn't give
To see them walk out of the Sago mine



Trapped in the blast
Twelve miners went deep
Their air packs had to be shared
They hit bolts and plates
To signal and wait
For a rescue that never get there

But the hours went by
And the smoke got so bad
In silence their last letters done
Then they fell off their pails
Asleep and so still
While the cameras on the surface rolled on

They say Jesus works miracles
He made the water to wine
What I wouldn't give
What I wouldn't give
To see him walk out of the Sago mine

10. 50¢ SNEAKERS AND FIVE DOLLAR WINE - © Al Grierson (SOCAN) – 3:04

A song about priorities by one of my favorite songwriters....

Vocal and Guitar: Anne Feeney; Drums: John Schmidt; Acoustic Bass: Mark Perna; Harmonica: Doug Wilkin; Dobro: Bob Crafton; Mandolin: Mark Evans

I've been out in the boonies a-workin' since fall
Stuck in the bunkhouse and climbing the wall
And I've papered this ceiling from corner to crack
With visions and dreams as I lay on my back

And I'm tired of working and wondering why
The winters just crawl and the summers just fly
Why money's the same way as time in the end
So hard to hang onto – so easy to spend

So I'll hang up my work boots and grab my guitar
'Cause I know that the highway's in love with my car
I'm trading the sawmill, the bush and the mine
For fifty-cent sneakers and five dollar wine

Goodbye to the mud and these ugly machines
I'm young and I'm single with cash in my jeans
And I'm headed for somewhere where custom's inclined
Toward fifty cent sneakers and five dollar wine

Where the north wind goes crazy with nowhere to blow
There's somebody waiting to kiss me hello
With a bed on the back porch and a welcome designed
Around fifty cent sneakers and five dollar wine

And I'll watch some old firefly flirt with the moon
Like a light bulb in love with a baby's balloon
While the stars dance the jitterbug over the pines
And the Big Dipper's flowing with five dollar wine.

And I won't have to shiver or slave in the cold
Or gather up summers as if they were gold
'Cause the longjohns were outlawed in 1909
Now it's fifty cent sneakers and five dollar wine

And I'll live like a landlord without any care
If I ain't got a bottle or something to wear
'Cause the boss and the banker will labor like swine
Making fifty cent sneakers and five dollar wine.



11. BUSINESS NEWS/HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM - Harry McClintock (1897) - 4:03

Additional lyrics & arrangement: Paul Kotheimer/Anne Feeney

Vocal and Guitar: Anne Feeney; Acoustic Bass: Jeff Mangone; Second Guitar: Jeff Leonhardt; Dobro & Steel Guitar: Bob Crafton; Voice-over: Doug Wilkin

Why don't you work like other folks do?
How the hell can I work when there's no work to do?

Hallelujah! Get a job – Hallelujah! Work again
Hallelujah! Give us a handout to survive until then
Hallelujah! I'm a bum – Hallelujah! bum again
Hallelujah! Give us a handout to revive us again

Why don't you save all the money you earn?
If I just didn't eat I'd have money to burn
Hallelujah! Feed my kids - broke again
Hallelujah! Give us a handout - just to last until then

I love my boss .. he's a good friend of mine
That's why I am starving out on this bread line

Hallelujah! I'm a bum – Hallelu! laid off again
Hallelujah! Won't see a paycheck
Until God knows when

If ever I'm paid all the money I've earned
My boss would go broke
And to work he would turn

Hallelujah! Come the day
Hallelujah! Bum no more
In the meantime give us a handout
To revive and restore

12. HOW MUCH FOR THE LIFE OF A MINER? - © Anne Feeney (2006) BMI – 2:43

This is one of the songs I wrote for Jerry Starr's powerful play, BURIED: The Story of the Sago Mine Disaster. Contact me to bring BURIED to your community.

Vocal and Guitar: Anne Feeney; Electric Bass: Doug Wilkin; Dobro: Bob Crafton; Banjo: Sue Powers; Violin: Bob Banerjee

You've heard "Sixteen Tons" and "The Coal Tattoo"
In the coalfields danger is nothing new
But here's the question I'm putting to you
How much for the life of a miner?

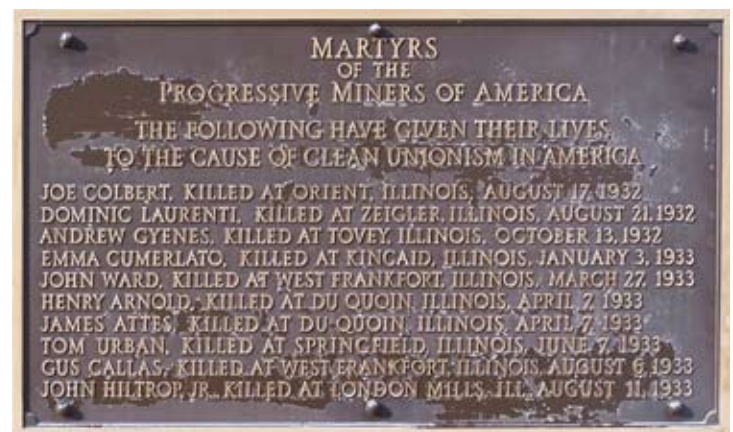
It should come as no surprise
You'll hear them spout the same old lies
Every time a miner dies
How much for the life of a miner?

In an office far away from here
Accountants will project
And actuaries speculate on causes and effect
No pesky regulations from the thieves that they elect
And auditors confirm the yield from their "benign" neglect

Each state has a preset cost
For every arm or leg that's lost
When the air goes bad and there's no exhaust
How much for the life of a miner

A slap on the wrist – a paltry fine
Reversed on appeal on down the line
"An act of god" the courts opine
How much for the life of a miner?

Politicians posture at the mine face solemnly
Live reporters swarm like flies around the tragedy
Preachers tell us that the Lord behaves mysteriously
And PR spokesmen orchestrate deniability
And now their widows, sons and daughters come to you and me...



And ask, "How much for the life of a miner?"
Just how much for the life of a miner?

13. HOW LONG? - © Anne Feeney (BMI) 2007 – 4:29

Based on a speech by Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King on March 25, 1965

Vocal and Guitar: Anne Feeney; Drums: John Schmidt; Acoustic Bass: Mark Perna; Organ and Piano: Nelson Harrison;
Supporting Vocals: Engineered by Will Coca at Kung Fu Bakery Studio, Portland, OR. Arranged by Anne Weiss.
Performed by Anne Weiss, Eric von Beck, Spank and Janice Hopkins, Letha McLeod

"I know you ask today, 'How long will it take?'
"I know you ask today, 'How long?'
"I know you ask today, 'How long will it take?'
How long? Not long,
How long? Not long,
Not long - because no lie can live forever.

"I know you ask today, 'How long will it take?'
"I know you ask today, 'How long?'
"I know you ask today, 'How long will it take?'
How long? Not long,
How long? Not long,
Not long - because you still reap what you sow.

However difficult the moment,
however frustrating the hour,
It won't be long, not long,
Because truth crushed to the earth will rise again.

"I know you ask today, 'How long will it take?'
"I know you ask today, 'How long?'
"I know you ask today, 'How long will it take?'
How long? Not long,
How long? Not long
Because the arc of the moral universe is long,
Oh yes, the arc of the moral universe is long,
Oh yes, the arc of the moral universe is long,
But it bends toward justice."

How long? Not long,
How long? NOT LONG!



14. BRAVE NEW CHRISTMAS - John William Davis © Lost Tribe Dreams – 4:01

<http://www.losttribedreams.com/>

Finally – a labor song that makes the Christmas playlist!

Vocal and Guitar: Anne Feeney; Drums: John Schmidt, Bass: Jeff Mangone, Clarinet: Janis Coppola; Trombone, Trombetta: Nelson Harrison, Tuba: Roger Day

Put down those hammers put down those saws
You ain't working no more for Santa Claus
Turn in the bells, grab a pink slip
You elves have replaced by a microchip

Frosty the Snowman – you've been outsourced
No more meltdowns on our workforce
Additionally these layoffs shall include the Sugar Plum Fairy
And that Nutcracker Dude

Christmas has a brand new CEO
And the business plan don't include any ho-ho-ho
A new holiday for a brand new century
We're gonna repackage Christmas & make it work efficiently

A total restructure began today of this much overrated holiday
Downsize, streamline experts say that Christmas ain't nothing but a dead giveaway
For homeland chimney security, Santa's been taken into custody
That fat terrorist in the bright red dress
Will be replaced by UPS

Power bills rising clean out of sight –
Got to euthanize that reindeer with the bright red light
Unplug the manger unplug the tree – we're switching to fluorescents and LEDs
Furthermore, our studies did conclude that factories aren't suited to this latitude
To fight the cost of heating in so much snow we're moving these jobs to Mexico

By leveraging technology we can redeliver Christmas virtually
Let them baste virtual butterballs, with virtually no cholesterol
We'll sell virtual presents from virtual malls with no overhead expense at all
They can virtually decorate their virtual halls with virtual boughs and virtual balls

15. WHATEVER YOU SAY, SAY NOTHING - ©Colum Sands (1983) Elm Grove Music – 2:15

Recorded in 1990 by Lee Hollihan, Gibsonia, PA

Vocal and Guitar: Anne Feeney; Guitar & Supporting Vocal: D.C. Fitzgerald; Drums: John Schmidt; Bass: Mike Choby;
Banjo: Bill Lemon

Whatever you say, say nothing,
When you speak about you know what,
For if you know who should hear you,
You know what you'll get,
They'll take you off to you know where,

For who could say how long?
So whatever you do,
Don't let anyone hear you singing this song

Now you all know what I'm speaking of, when I mention you know what,
And I fear it's very dangerous, to even mention that,
For the other it is always near, although you may not see,
But if anyone asks who told you that, please don't mention me.
And you all know who I'm speaking of, when I mention you know who,
And if you know who could hear me now, you know what he'd do,
So if you don't see me again, you'll know why I'm away,
But if anyone ask you where I've gone, here's what you must say

Well that's enough about so-and-so, not to mention such-and-such,
I'd better end my song right now, I've already said too much,
For the less you say and the less you hear, the less you'll go astray,
And the less you think and the less do,
The more you'll hear them say:



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