

THEY'RE SCHEMING ON THEIR BEDS

What have those people said or done that we
should have to shoulder gun,

And murder those we never saw, to satisfy a cruel
law,

Which makes it right to kill and maim, that wealth
may by the slaughter gain.

It isn't those who toil in peace, that ruthless dogs
of war release,

But those who make our wars are they who run
to fight another day.

The money kings think it's not right that they
should be compelled to fight;

They think they're made of better clay than those
who toil ten hours a day.

But tillers of the soil and those attir'd in bluejean
working clothes.

Who are the mainstay of the land, are asked to
form a murd'rous band,

And kill each other, while the men who cause
our wars, with tongue and pen,

Call loudly for more men to go to fight the
country's common foe.

What dupes we common people be that we're
not wise enough to see

The folly of all war and strife—the wisdom of the
peaceful life!

Let money kings and others who have little else
in life to do

But stir up trouble, war and strife, without regard
for loss of life,

Be made to fight, as others do, then friends we
kindly ask of you