

You have to work if you want to live;
But Clara and her useless kin
Neither sow nor do they spin,
For they have gold—oh, they don't need to—
Yet gold will neither clothe nor feed you.
The world is nicely arranged for them
Who live by the efforts of other men—
Live by the sweat of the poor and weak,
Then marvel that men turn bolshevik.

Call me a socialist, radical, red,
Turning to me the old guy said,
"A lazy, disinterested, radical dub,
I may be all that, but I rustle my grub;
And I'm taking no job in your factory or mine.
I'm off the stuff, it's out of my line;
But I never beg and I never steal,
I do an odd job when I want a meal.
Maybe you cannot see it my way,
But that's all I get if I work all day.
If the deal was square, I'd do my bit,
If all would work, I'd never quit;
But I'm keeping no Claras—aw, what's the use?
It's her kind cry "production"—well, let 'em
produce."