

Oh, the jailer he went wild
over me,

And he locked me up and threw
away the key,

It seems to be the rage,
So they keep me in a cage,
They go wild, simply wild
over me.

They go wild, simply wild
over me,

I'm referring to the bodbug
and the flea,

They disturb my slumber deep,
And I murmur in my sleep,
They go wild, simply wild
over me.

Will the roses grow wild over
me,

When I've gone to the land that
is to be,

When my soul and body part,
In the stillness of my heart,
Will the roses grow wild
over me?

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WORKERS ASSOCIATION!

SING WHILE YOU FIGHT!

DEFEND THE SOVIET UNION!
