

JOE GLAZIER



WITH  
CHARLIE BYRD  
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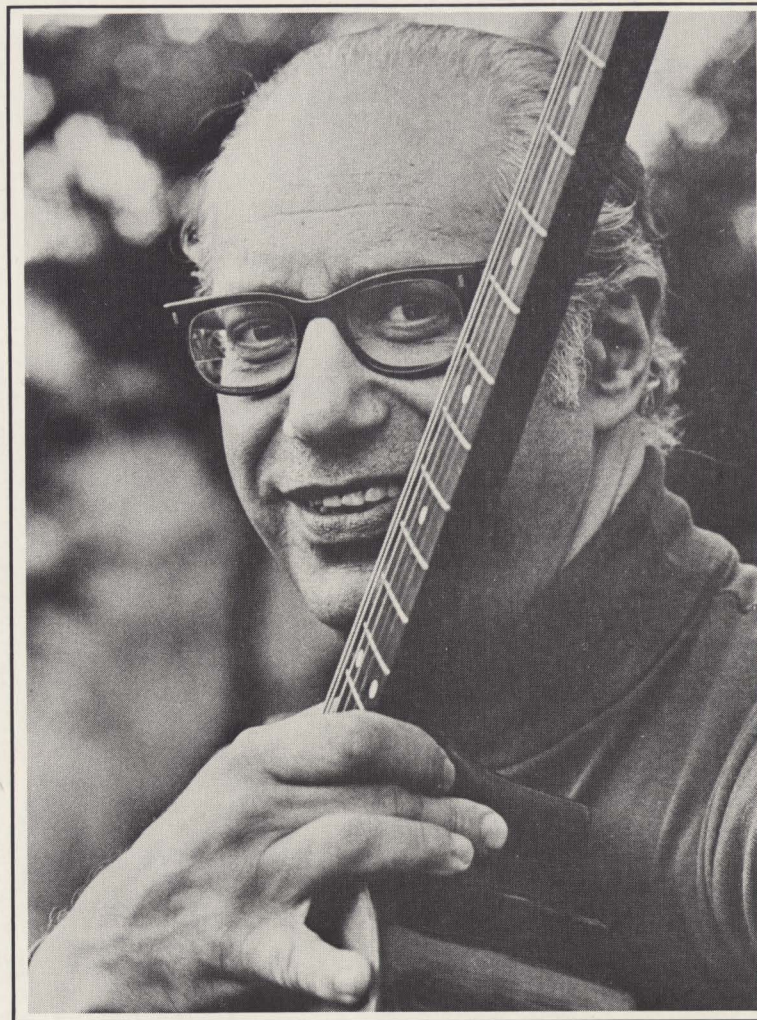
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# JOE GLAZER SINGS — *GARBAGE*

... and other songs of our times



JOE GLAZER has been singing songs of social commentary for more than thirty-five years. His voice and guitar have been heard in almost every state in the Union and in some sixty countries around the world where he has interpreted American life in song and story.

He has recorded more than twenty record albums. These include *Songs of the Wobblies*, *Joe Glazer Sings Labor Songs*, *Down In A Coal Mine*, *Textile Voices* and many others. With Edith Fowke he co-authored the book, *Songs of Work and Protest*. He is the star of a documentary film, *Songs and Stories of Labor*, produced by Parker Film Associates, Inc. He has been the subject of two half-hour productions on National Educational Television. He has been called *Labor's Troubadour* because of the many years he has been singing labor songs at union conventions, rallies and on picket lines. On Labor Day, 1980, he sang at the White House where he taught President Jimmy Carter how to sing the American labor anthem, *Solidarity Forever*.

This album was originally recorded in 1971 with the ace guitarist, Charlie Byrd, and his trio, providing the accompaniment. This 1980 edition includes two additional songs — *The Ballad of Richard Nixon* and *Don't Tear it Down*. Phil Rosenthal plays guitar on the two new selections. The cover was designed by the distinguished artist, Larry Rivers.

COLLECTOR RECORDS specializes in the area of industrial folk-song and in songs of social commentary. For additional information about records by Joe Glazer, Larry Penn, Louis Killen and others, write for free brochure.

## SIDE ONE

1. **PING PONG DIPLOMACY** — *There goes that Chinese Wall/Knocked down by a ping pong ball.* In 1971 a U.S. ping pong team was invited to the People's Republic of China. It was an odd kind of diplomacy but this important signal was the beginning of a new relationship between the United States and China.
2. **I BELONG TO A PRIVATE CLUB** — *We have the most exclusive bar/With barmaids from the D.A.R.* In 1960, Carl Rowan, a distinguished journalist and government official, was denied membership in one of Washington's exclusive clubs because he was black. I got mad and wrote this song.
3. **AUTOMATION** — *And a great big mechanical voice boomed out/All your buddies are obsolete.* The theme of man versus the machine is an ancient one. The legendary John Henry beat the steam drill a hundred years ago but he died with his hammer in his hand. This is a fantasy that brings John Henry up to date.
4. **LOOKING FOR THE "R" IN HAHVAD** — *There must be an "R" in Hahvad/I checked it in the dictionary.* I wrote this song in the early 1960's after hearing President Kennedy thank "Nasser" for outstanding work with the space program. The President was not talking about the Egyptian leader but about NASA (the National Aeronautics and Space Administration).
5. **ROBERT BRISCOE** — *Finnegan, Finklestein, Feeney and Feldman/McCormick, Margolis, O'Leary, Levine.* The Jewish mayor of Dublin, Robert Briscoe, came regularly to the United States in the 1950's. He marched in St. Patrick's Day parades during the day and spoke at Bonds for Israel rallies at night.
6. **DON'T TEAR IT DOWN** — *The iron ball is swinging every time you look around.* In the 1970's the federal government was about to tear down the Old Post Office Building, a magnificent stone structure in the heart of Washington, D.C. A preservationist group called Don't Tear it Down helped to save this building. I wrote this song to honor that group and others who are helping to preserve the best of our architectural heritage.
7. **GARBAGE** — *What shall we do when there's no place left to put all the garbage?* An outstanding ecology song by Bill Steele of California. The last three verses are mine. (Copyright 1969 by William Steele.)

## SIDE TWO

1. **TWENTY-TWO MINUTES FROM TOWN** — *You're practically in the heart of the city/Exactly twenty-two minutes from town.* This song is dedicated to your friendly real estate agent (A GS-3 — referred to in the song — is near the bottom of the bureaucratic ladder.)
2. **THE BALLAD OF RICHARD NIXON** — *I've covered up my work successfully/And now they say I'm ready for the presidency.* I wrote this song in 1956 when President Eisenhower had his heart attack and more than a few folks were worried that Vice-President Nixon would succeed him as president. The word, "cover-up", that appeared in the song in 1956 came back to haunt President Nixon during the Watergate scandal.
3. **CONGRESSMAN'S BLUES** — *Saint Peter don't you call me 'cause I can't stay/I've got three more sub-committee meetings today!* I wrote and performed this song for a group of Congressmen in 1966 in Washington, D.C. (The tune is *Sixteen Tons* by Merle Travis.)
4. **FOUR DAY WEEK** — *I'm looking for a job with a sky-high pay/A four-day week and a two-hour day.* This is the work of Matt McGinn from Glasgow, Scotland. Matt's original Scottish lyrics were difficult for an American audience, so I wrote this adaptation. (Copyright 1965 by Appleseed Music Corp.)
5. **FASHION** — *Where will this year's hemlines go?/Will they be high, will they be low?* I wrote this song (with the technical advice of my wife, Mildred) for the 1971 convention of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. In 1980, in the midst of the feminist revolution, this song sounds somewhat sexist. But the battle of the hemlines was an important part of fashion history in 1971. In fact, it still is. So I'll let the song stand as written.
6. **ECOLOGY** — *If you want to lead a life of bliss/Don't mess with photosynthesis.* A musical explanation of "the web of life — ecology."
7. **FIGHT THAT LINE** — *Those Fords rolled by on that factory floor/ And every fourteen seconds I slapped on a door.* On many jobs, if you get tired you can take a break. But not on the assembly line.

All songs written and copyrighted by Joe Glazer except *Garbage* and *Four Day Week*.



## COLLECTOR RECORDS

1604 ARBOR VIEW RD., SILVER SPRING, MD. 20902

COLLECTOR RECORDS 1919 STEREOPHONIC

*Joe Glazer*  
Copyright 1980



# PING PONG DIPLOMACY

By Joe Glazer

For twenty-five years all the Chinese people were stuck behind that wall  
They couldn't get out, you couldn't get in--they never saw anybody at all.  
Then one day I picked up the New York Times and I saw these headlines scream--  
Chairman Mao and Chou-en-Lai had invited a ping pong team.

CHORUS: Ping pong, ping pong -- ping pong diplomacy,  
Don't need a Ph. D. for ping pong diplomacy.  
Ping pong--ping pong, there goes that Chinese wall  
Knocked down by a ping pong ball.

The President called in the State Department and Henry Kissinger too.  
He said, "I've got to know exactly what it all means, seems too good to be true."  
They told him, "It looks like a tiny little hole in the middle of the Chinese wall.  
Seems mighty queer but it does appear it was made by a ping pong ball!"

CHORUS

Now down in the Kremlin when they heard the news about the U.S. ping pong team  
Brezhnev grabbed ahold of Kosygin and they both let out a scream.  
It was the biggest news since Stalin died that anyone could recall.  
The Gay-pay-ee was in a stew on account of ping pong ball.

CHORUS

But don't get excited, don't flip your lid, one swallow doesn't make a spring,  
That Chinese wall's still mighty tall, it may not mean a thing.  
But the longest and the toughest journey begins with a single step, that's all.  
So don't underestimate a ping pong paddle and a tiny little ping pong ball.

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## AUTOMATION

By Joe Glazer

I went down, down, down to the factory  
Early on a Monday morn.  
When I got down to the factory  
It was lonely, it was forlorn.  
I couldn't find Joe, Jack, John or Jim,  
Nobody could I see.  
Nothing but buttons and bells and lights  
All over the factory.

I walked, walked, walked into the foreman's office  
To find out what was what.  
I looked him in the eye and I said what goes--  
This is the answer I got.  
His eyes turned red, then green, then blue  
And it finally dawned on me,  
There was a robot sitting in the seat  
Where the foreman used to be.

I walked all around, all around, up and down  
And across that factory.  
I watched all the buttons and the bells and the lights  
It was a mystery to me.  
I hollered Hank, Frank, Ike, Mike, Joe, Jack, Don, Dan  
Roy, Ray, Ed, Fred, Pete--  
And a great big mechanical voice boomed out--  
ALL YOUR BUDDIES ARE OBSOLETE--  
ALL YOUR BUDDIES ARE OBSOLETE--  
ALL YOUR BUDDIES ARE OBSOLETE.

I was scared, scared, scared, I was worried, I was sick  
As I left that factory.  
I decided that I had to see the President--  
Of the whole darn company.  
When I got up to his office he was rushing out the door  
With a scowl upon his face.  
For there was a great big mechanical executive  
Sitting in the President's place.

I went home, home, home to my ever-loving wife  
And I told her 'bout the factory.  
She kissed me, she hugged me, she cried a little bit  
As she sat on my knee.  
Now I don't understand all the buttons and the bells  
But there's one thing I will say--  
I thank the Lord that love's still made  
In the good old-fashioned way.

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# I BELONG TO A PRIVATE CLUB

By Joe Glazer

I belong to a private club,  
A terribly, terribly private club,  
I belong to a private club in Washington DC.  
We don't take colored, we don't take Jews,  
We're terribly careful of whom we choose  
To associate with in this private club,  
In Washington, DC.

We don't take people named Gonzalez,  
They eat frijoles, they eat tamales,  
We don't take Greeks, Armenians, Eyetalians--  
Too much garlin, too many scallions--  
You see it's a terribly private club  
In Washington, DC.

Yes, I belong to a private club,  
A terribly, terribly private club,  
I belong to a private club in Washington DC.  
We have the most exclusive bar  
With barmaids from the D.A.R.  
Even the janitors have to have  
A family pedigree.

Where did you come from, whom do you know,  
How far back does your family go,  
Are you of pure American stock?  
Did your father land at Plymouth Rock?  
You see, it's a terribly private club  
In Washington, DC.

If you are Catholic or Orthodox Greek,  
Please don't apply, you'd feel like a freak,  
You just wouldn't fit in this private club  
In Washington, DC.  
You may have descended from Dukes and Counts  
But your application we'd have to denounce,  
If your name was strange and hard to pronounce...  
In Washington, DC.

Eisenhower???Giuseppe DiMaggio????  
Jacqueline Bouvier Onassis?????

We just can't stand variety  
It complicates society  
This club is boring, there's no denying,  
But it's oh so terribly satisfying  
To know that the membership consists...  
Exclusively of me!  
Nobody else but me!  
Pure, American, me!

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## I'M LOOKING FOR THE R IN HAHVAD

By Joe Glazer

I'm looking for the R in Hahvad;  
I wonder where it can be.  
There must be an R in Hahvad,  
I checked it in the dictionary.

I must look with much more vigor,  
I must look from evening till morn.  
For the life of me I just can't figure,  
Where that R could have gone.

I've looked in Africa, America and India too;  
I've looked and looked all over the place.  
Alabama, C rolina, South Dakota---  
The R's have disappeared and haven't left a trace.

But I know there's an R in Hahvad;  
It's gone forever, I fear.  
But I've got it, I have it, I've found it--  
Here it is on the end of idea-rrrr.

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ROBERT BRISCOE

By Joe Glazer

It seems like only yesterday  
The mayor of Dublin town.  
Would be a Gael whom all could ahil  
From Cork to County Down.  
But lo and behold ye saints above,  
Bob Briscoe is Lord Mayor,  
An Irish Jew, Sinn Feiner too,  
Now there's a switch for fair.

And on Broadway on Patrick's Day  
We'll give a mighty cheer.  
At 1 and Fifth, the Enai Brith  
Will serve free ale and beer.  
'Tis the strangest I do believe  
That man has ever seen.  
There's Pats and Mikes and Jakes and Ikes  
All wearin' o' the green.

Meet Cohen and Droan, Kennedy, Cantor  
Shanahan, Shuman, Shapiro and Flynn.  
Heffernan, Schlepperman, Rosenthal, Saltenstal,  
Coleman, Goldman, Brannigan, Brin.  
Meet Solomon, Sullivan, Rubin, O'Brien,  
Lanahan, Lehman, Lapidus, and Leen;  
Finnegan, Finklestein, Feeney and Feldman,  
McCormick, Margolis, O'Leary, Levine.

Shake hands with your Uncle Bob, me boy  
And wish his honor well.  
And if you Irish want to fight,  
Sign up with Israel.  
A beautiful scrap is going on  
And this I do believe--  
You're as welcome as the flowers in May...  
In dear old Tel Aviv.

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#### GARBAGE

By William Steele  
(Three final verses  
by Joe Glazer)

Mr. Thompson calls the waiter, orders steak and baked potato,  
Then he leaves the bone and gristle and he never eats the skin.  
The bus boy comes and takes it, with a cough contaminates it,  
And he puts it in a can with coffee grounds and sardine tins.  
Till a truck comes by on Friday and carts it all away,  
And a thousand trucks just like it are converging on the bay...

Garbage (garbage); garbage (garbage);  
We're filling up the seas with garbage (garbage);  
Garbage (garbage); garbage (garbage);  
What shall we do when there's no place left to  
put all the garbage.

Mr. Thompson starts his Cadillac, he winds it up the freeway track,  
Leaving friends and neighbors in a hydro-carbon haze;  
He's joined by lots of smaller cars, all shooting gasses to the stars,  
There to form a purple cloud that lasts for thirty days.  
And the sun shines down upon it with its ultra-violet tongues,  
Till it turns to smog and settles down and ends up in our lungs...

Garbage (garbage); garbage (garbage);  
We're filling up the air with garbage (garbage);  
Garbage (garbage); garbage (garbage);  
What shall we do when there's nothing left to breathe  
but garbage.

Meanwhile Mrs. Thompson's shopping, through the supermarket hopping,  
Buying beer and cokes in bottles and asparagus in cans.  
And in her shopping basket, meat and fish are wrapped in plastic,  
And a dozen TV dinners lie in neat aluminum pans.  
The kids eat everything she buys and wind up nice and plump,  
But the pans and cans and bottles wind up on the garbage dump...

Garbage (garbage); garbage (garbage);  
We're filling up the land with garbage (garbage);  
Garbage (garbage); garbage (garbage);  
What shall we do when there's no place left to put  
all the garbage.

Thompson's in the office working, writing memos, never shirking,  
And the memos in quadruplicate are placed into the files.  
The Xerox never hesitates, the copies he accumulates,  
And Thompson's memos pile up on the desks and in the aisles.  
Finally, they're microfilmed and then they're thrown away,  
And where Mr. Thompson's memos wind up only God can say...

Garbage (garbage); garbage (garbage);  
We're filling up the files with garbage (garbage);  
Garbage (garbage); garbage (garbage);  
What shall we do when there's no place left to file  
all the garbage.

The crops are full of DDT, the fish are full of mercury,  
The butter and the eggs are loaded with cholesterol.  
The soda pop has cyclamates, the baby food has glutimates,  
I pour the empty calories into my cereal bowl.  
Strontium 90's in the milk and pesticides are on the wheat,  
And if things continue in this way, this is what we'll eat...

Garbage (garbage); garbage (garbage);  
We're filling up our stomachs with garbage (garbage);  
Garbage (garbage); garbage (garbage);  
What shall we do when there's nothing left to eat  
And there's nothing left to breathe  
And there's nothing left to talk about  
And nothing left to walk upon  
And nothing left to care about  
And nothing left to see  
And nothing left to be....but garbage!

Copyright 1969 by William Steele

#### TWENTY-TWO MINUTES FROM TOWN

By Joe Glazer  
March 1966

I got me a job with the Government  
Down in Washington D. C.,  
Climbing that bureaucratic ladder,  
Starting out as a GS-3.

They gave me a desk and an office,  
Part-time secretary and a telephone;  
I planned to bring my wife and my children,  
As soon as I could find me a home.

Well, I checked all the ads in the paper,  
I was so eager to settle down.  
I found one that tickled my fancy,  
It said, "Twenty-two minutes from town."

It said, "A beautiful home in the suburbs,  
With trees and grass all around."  
The real estate man said, "You'll just love it.  
It's only twenty-two minutes from town."

He picked me up at the office,  
We sailed down Connecticut Avenue,  
When we hit that Chevy Chase Circle,  
I thought that home would soon be coming into view.

But we drove past the Beltway and we kept rolling,  
Another twelve miles or more;  
He said it was a suburb of Washington--  
It was a suburb of Baltimore.

He said, "Look at that split-level kitchen,  
And you've got at least an acre of ground;  
Man, you're practically in the heart of the city,  
Just twenty-two minutes from town!"

Well I checked every home in that development,  
I checked across the street, I checked all around.  
And they all swore on a stack of holy bibles,  
It was twenty-two minutes from town.

Some admitted that you had to have a system  
If you wanted to avoid the rush.  
You had to leave a little earlier than usual--  
Or a little later--to avoid the crush.

So I leave at three o'clock each morning,  
I sneak out without making a sound.  
And I reach the office bright and early,  
Exactly twenty-two minutes from town--  
It's only twenty-two minutes from town--  
No more than twenty-two minutes from town.

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CONGRESSMAN'S BLUES

(tune: 16 Tons; lyrics by Joe Glazer)

FASHION

By Joe Glazer

Some people think a Congressman has got it made;  
He works short hours and he gets well paid.  
But take it from me or ask the Congressmen's wives,  
It's not an office job that goes from nine to five.

You work sixteen hours and what do you get,  
Another day older and deeper in debt.  
Saint Peter don't you call me 'cause I can't stay --  
I've got three more sub-committee meetings today.

You get to the office 'bout a quarter to eight,  
Answer two hundred letters from the voters in your state;  
You run off to a hearing for an hour or two--  
Grab a bite while a constituent complains to you.

Now you and your constituent are doing well,  
When ding, dong, ding goes the quorum bell.  
You run to the chamber, yell "Aye" or "No",  
Vote a billion or two and away you go.

You work sixteen hours and what do you get  
Another day older and deeper in debt.  
Saint Peter don't you call me until next week,  
I've got two banquets and three luncheons where I must speak!

You're back in the office just before five,  
You dictate till seven--you're just barely alive,  
But you've got to shave and shower, pick up the Mrs. too,  
To meet the Ambassador from Timbuktu.

Well you talk about wheat and foreign aid,  
About the Berlin Wall and East-West trade.  
You're doing fine, when suddenly WHAM!  
The Ambassador says, "Now please explain Viet Nam."

You work sixteen hours, running around,  
Meetings in the office, meetings out of town;  
Saint Peter don't you call me for that heavenly ride --  
I've got a bus load of high school students outside!

You stagger home, it's close to eleven,  
You've got a breakfast caucus that starts at seven,  
But you can't go to bed until you check the news....  
And you finally collapse with those Congressman's blues.

You work sixteen hours and what do you get,  
Another day older and deeper in debt.  
Saint Peter, if you call me, it will be in vain....  
'Cause I've got to get ready for the next campaign!

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FOUR DAY WEEK AND A TWO HOUR DAY

By Matt McGinn  
(Americanised version  
by Joe Glazer)

I don't want glory and I don't want fame,  
I graduated school with a modest aim.  
I went to the factory looking for work,  
And this is what I said to the employment clerk--

CHORUS: I'm looking for a job with a sky-high pay,  
A four day week and a two-hour day.  
It's maybe just because I'm inclined that way  
But I never did like being idle.

"Now, that," says he, "is a very odd song,  
Coming from a lad so big and strong.  
If I had a job like that on the shelf,  
You wouldn't get it I would take it myself. CHORUS

I filled out a form and he gave me a card,  
He said take it down to the lumber yard.  
The tough old foreman was standing by the door,  
But without hesitation I sang once more. CHORUS

He said, "Take a look at that lumber over there."  
I looked, it was piled a mile in the air.  
He said, "Pack it and ship it and after that chore,  
I'll give you the job that you are looking for..."

Well, all that happened many years ago,  
But that pile of lumber continues to grow.  
It used to be high but today it's higher,  
So I'll have to sing this song until the day I retire. CHORUS

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Fashion is a mystery as old as man.  
In Eden in the garden's where it all began.  
The bible leads us to believe  
The fig-leaf was designed for Eve,  
And fashion's been the passion since that time.

Fashion makes your garments old before their time.  
A million dollars worth of clothes ain't worth a dime.  
Fashion makes your lady fair  
Say, "I don't have a thing to wear."  
But fashion is the passion just the same.

Fashion drives the manufacturers insane.  
Fashion's a phenomenon you can't explain.  
Where will this year's hemlines go,  
Will they be high, will they be low?  
Fashion drives us crazy, one and all.

Fashion says look like a peasant,  
Or a gaucho--it's more pleasant;  
Mini-midi=maxi-granny,  
Backs that plunge down to your fanny.  
Belts and buckles, buttons and bows,  
Pants and knickers--anything goes,  
Shoulders soft and midriffs bare,  
Slits up to your derriere...

Fashion cures a gal of all her aches and ills.  
It's cheaper than psychiatry--healthier than pills.  
Fashion's good for a woman's soul,  
It beats perfume or Geritol---  
Fashion picks you up when you are down.

Fashion makes you wear furs in the summer-time,  
And shiver in your mini-skirts in winter-time.  
Fashion tells you to adore  
The clothes your great-grandmother wore,  
Fashion is the passion of us all.

Fashion says wear cartridge pleats,  
Fashion changes--then repeats;  
Waistlines lower, waistlines higher,  
Please explain it to the buyer.  
This year solids, next year plaids;  
Who can keep up with the fads.  
Fashion makes no sense at all,  
It drives designers up the wall....

Fashion drives the ladies crazy every year.  
The smartest clothes, in no time flat, look might queer.  
Fashion's mad, no doubt about it--  
But life would be so dull without it--that's why  
Fashion is the passion of us all (no doubt about it)  
Fashion is the passion of us all (can't live without it)  
Fashion is the passion of us all!

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ECOLOGY

By Joe Glazer

There used to be lots of fish in the sea;  
You could feed your neighbors and your family.  
But the fish are dying so rapidly,  
The reason they say--ecology!

CHORUS: Ecology, ecology,  
Ecology provides the key.  
The land, the water, and you and me,  
The web of life--ecology.

I asked a professor to please explain,  
What was causing us so much pain.  
The professor took me upon his knee,  
He told me all about ecology. CHORUS

Ecology means everything has its place;  
The birds, the bees and the whole human race.  
If you mess with one it fouls up the other;  
They all go together like a baby and its mother. CHORUS

We all are part of one master plan,  
The grass feeds the cow, the cow feeds the man.  
And when man dies he returns to the ground,  
To feed the plants the whole world round.

It's one big chain of life and death.  
You participate with every breath.  
If you want to lead a life of bliss,  
Don't mess with photo-synthesis. CHORUS

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#### YOU GOTTA FIGHT THAT LINE

By Joe Glazer

I left my home in Kentucky one day,  
I heard up in Dee-troit you make good pay.  
Got me a job with Mr. Henry Ford,  
And when I saw that paycheck I thanked the Lord  
(and the UAW too).

They put me to work on the assembly line;  
My clock-card number was 90-90-9.  
Those Fords rolled by on that factory floor,  
And every fourteen seconds I slapped on a door.

CHORUS: You gotta fight that line  
You gotta fight that line  
You gotta fight that line...all the time.

Those Fords rolled by all day and all night,  
My job was the front door on the right.  
Foreman told me the day I was hired,  
"You miss one door, Mr. Jones...you're fired."  
(Well I'll see my union representative about that.)  
I slapped those doors on always on the run  
Every fourteen seconds, never missed a one.  
And I staggered home from work each night,  
Still slappin' 'em on--front door right. CHORUS

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The songs in this folder are sung by Joe Glazer  
on the LP album, GARBAGE, published by COLLECTOR  
Records. For your copy, or additional copies, mail  
in the form on the right.

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An ther COLLECTOR album you may be interested  
in is JOE GLAZER SINGS LABOR SONGS--sixteen historic  
labor songs, including Joe Hill, The Mill Was Made  
of Marble, Solidarity Forever, Too Old to Work,  
Automation, We Shall Not Be Moved and others.

Couldn't turn around and I dasn't look back,  
Those Fords kept a rolling down the track.  
If I stopped to scratch my ear or my nose  
I had ten guys climbing all over my toes.

You gotta move man move like a super machine  
Gotta hustle, gotta rustle, it's a crazy scene,  
Wanna scream, wanna holler, wanna call the cops,  
But it don't help none cause the line never stops. CHORUS

Now, one of these days when I'm tired and old,  
I'm gonna sail to heaven on a ship of gold;  
And if they put me to work in that harp factory,  
It won't be heaven--be hell to me.

Cause I'll be working up in heaven eight hours a day,  
Assembling those harps for the angels to play.  
I'll be working on the same old string every time,  
Even up in heaven I'll be fighting the line. CHORUS

Now, if I was running heaven, tell you what I'd do  
I'd build a plant up there, brand-spanking new;  
And that assembly line would be moving so slow,  
You could do your job a-rockin' too and fro.

You could take a little nap between each chore  
On a bed right there on the factory floor.  
And you would have your own button you could push anytime  
Whenever you got tired of fightin' the line--

FINAL CHORUS: You could stop that line,  
You could stop that line,  
You could stop that line--most anytime.

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COLLECTOR RECORDS  
1604 ARBOR VIEW RD.,  
SILVER SPRING, MD. 20902  
PH: 301 949-2033

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~~COLLECTOR RECORDS~~  
~~Suite 200, 8100 Georgia Ave.~~  
~~Silver Spring, Md. 20910~~

~~My check for five dollars is enclosed for~~  
~~a copy of Joe Glazer's album, GARBAGE~~

~~My check for five dollars is enclosed for~~  
~~a copy of JOE GLAZER SINGS LABOR SONGS~~

~~I want both albums at the special price~~  
~~of four dollars each. Enclosed is my~~  
~~check for eight dollars.~~

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_