

The Labor Theater presents
THE BOTTOM LINE
A comedy revue with music on Reaganomics
by C.R. Portz



FOLKWAYS RECORDS FSS 38516

The Labor Theater presents

THE BOTTOM LINE

A comedy revue with music on Reaganomics
by G.R. Portz

SIDE 1

- Band 1 BOTTOM LINE
(© Martin Burman)
Band 2 HOOD ROBIN
(Paul McKenna & Joe Glazer © 1981)
Band 3 TRUCK DRIVING WOMAN
(Si Kahn © 1973)
Band 4 THE FOX IS NOT OUR FRIEND
(Paul McKenna © 1981)
Band 5 TAFT HARTLEY SONG
(Charlie King © 1979)
Band 6 CHEMICAL TANGO
(Martin Burman © 1980)
Band 7 HOOD ROBIN (Reprise)

SIDE 2

- Band 8 STREAK O'LEAN
(Si Kahn © 1982—Joe Hill Music ASCAP)
Band 9 MOST OF US
(Martin Burman © 1978)
Band 10 THEY'LL LAST FOREVER:
Stick Them Under the Ground
(Martin Burman © 1981)
Band 11 SECOND YEAR BLUES
(Martin Burman © 1983)
Band 12 FIFTY-NINE CENTS
(Fred Small © 1981)
Band 13 ACCEPTABLE RISK
(Charlie King © 1979)
Band 14 NUKE THE WHALES
(Martin Burman © 1982)
Band 15 DOWN THE DOORS
(Martin Burman © 1983)
Band 16 THE BOTTOM LINE (Reprise)

ORIGINAL PLAY WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY CHUCK PORTZ
PRODUCED BY BETTE CRAIG
MUSICAL DIRECTOR — MARTIN BURMAN
MUSICAL PRODUCER—GENE HICKS
WITH—MARTIN BURMAN DAVID OSSIAN
 GUSSIE HARRIS GUY SHERMAN
 MARCIA McINTOSH

ALBUM LINER NOTES By Martin Burman
with assistance from Linda Boldt

The Labor Theater would like to thank the North Star Fund and
audience members who contributed to the cost of making the
master recording for the album.

© 1984 FOLKWAYS RECORDS & SERVICE CORP.
632 Broadway, NYC, USA 10012

The Labor Theater presents

THE BOTTOM LINE

A comedy revue with music on Reaganomics
by G.R. Portz

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FSS 38516

RETURN TO ARCHIVE
CENTER FOR FOLKLIFE PROGRAMS
AND CULTURAL STUDIES
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

The Labor Theater presents

THE BOTTOM LINE

A comedy revue with music on Reaganomics
by C.R. Portz

THE BOTTOM LINE

THE BOTTOM LINE is a satirical musical revue about life in the times of Reagan. It features skits about The First Family dishing it out and The Last Family taking it on the chin. The songs on this album are the spine of the show. Originally performed in April 1982, it has been updated continually to include the latest gaffe, guffaw or threat to humanity. THE BOTTOM LINE, as well as having an Off-Broadway run in New York City in 1982, has toured union halls and colleges in the U.S. and England and Scotland.

THE LABOR THEATER

THE LABOR THEATER, 100 East 17th Street, New York, N.Y. 10003
(212) 505-5026. TLT takes the side of working people and presents that point of view to the world at large. Since 1975 10 original TLT productions have taken to the road, playing mostly in union hall and community auditoriums. Past productions have included: THE DODO BIRD; WAITING FOR LEFTY; SINGLY NONE, AN EVENING WITH JOHN L. LEWIS (also broadcast on West Virginia Educational Television Network); WORKIN' OUR WAY DOWN; 200 RPM; THE WOBBLIES (published script available from Smyrna Press); DON'T CRY, CHILD, YOUR FATHER'S IN AMERICA; POWER; NIGHT SHIFT; I JUST WANTED SOMEONE TO KNOW (published script available from Smyrna Press); YOURS FOR THE REVOLUTION, JACK LONDON (broadcast nationally on PBS-TV); BANDITS!; RAILROAD BILL; LEFT OUT LADY; RAGGED TROUSERED PHILANTHROPISTS; DYING TO MAKE IT; FULL CONFESSIONS OF A SOCIALIST; and THE BAYSIDE BOYS.

THE BOTTOM LINE

LINER NOTES-PERSONNEL-AUTHOR-COPYRIGHT DATES

1. THE BOTTOM LINE: This is the place below which you can't fall without hitting skid row. In this last, vicious recession many people have hit rock bottom, and many more, who never thought this could happen to them, find themselves headed in that horrible direction.
By Martin Burman, © 1983. Singers--all; rhythm and lead guitar--Martin Burman; piano -- Gene Hicks.
2. HOOD ROBIN: I first heard this song performed by Joe Glazer in front of 500,000 people gathered in Washington for the AFL-CIO's Solidarity Day, 1981.
By Paul McKenna and Joe Glazer (Tune: Home on the Range), © 1981. Singer -- Guy Sherman; all on chorus; solo guitar -- Martin Burman.
3. TRUCK DRIVING WOMAN: Si Kahn is one of the most prolific of the new generation of topical songwriters. This song looks at one of the new occupations recently acquired by women and gently but firmly asks the question, "Why not?"
By Si Kahn, © 1973. Singer -- Gussie Harris; solo guitar -- Martin Burman.
Joe Hill Music Co., Inc. (ASCAP) All rights reserved. (Additional lyrics by Martin Burman, Chuck Portz)
4. THE FOX IS NOT OUR FRIEND: One key purpose of Reagan's administration is to put foxes in charge of all the chicken coops. The scandals at the Environmental Protection Agency culminating in the resignation of its chairman were only the iceberg's tip. Jim Watt was another visible part of that tip.
By Paul McKenna, (Tune: The Fox), © 1981. Singer -- David Ossian; all on chorus; rhythm and lead guitar -- Martin Burman; rhythm instruments -- David Ossian and Guy Sherman.
5. TAFT-HARTLEY SONG: The Taft-Hartley Act was passed in 1947. Its 80 day "cooling-off period" can be invoked by a President if he decides a strike jeopardizes national security. But what legislative provisions do workers have, like the air controllers in PATCO, if a President decides to crush their strike and their union, and blacklist them to boot?
By Charlie King, © 1979. Singer -- Martin Burman; all on chorus; rhythm guitar -- Martin Burman; bass -- Gene Hicks; violin -- Gene Hicks.
6. CHEMICAL TANGO: There are so many new chemicals we've created in the last thirty years and so few have been "adequately" tested, or even tested at all: only 500 out of 500,000, according to one source. It's futile to try to turn back the clock on chemistry, but everyone in an unhealthy workplace is vulnerable. People's health on the job must, and can, be better protected.
By Martin Burman, © 1980. Singer -- Gussie Harris; solo guitar -- Martin Burman.
7. HOOD ROBIN (Reprise): Singers -- Marcia McIntosh, Gussie Harris; guitar -- Martin Burman.
8. STREAK O' LEAN (DEPRESSION COME AGAIN): This song deals with the impact of our recession and Reaganomics on senior citizens. The feeling of going through the '30's again must haunt many members of that generation.

8. (Con't.) By Si Kahn (Suggested by Emily Friedman), © 1982. Joe Hill Music Co., Inc. (ASCAP)
Singer -- Marcia McIntosh; solo guitar -- Martin Burman. All rights reserved.

9. MOST OF US: I wrote this four recessions ago and keep hoping it will become obsolete. Each time I think it's finally out of date, they seem to churn up a new recession. I've been trying to figure out why they continue to give a Noble Prize for economics.

By Martin Burman, © 1978. Singer -- Martin Burman; all on chorus; solo guitar -- Martin Burman.

10. THEY'LL LAST FOREVER (STICK THEM UNDER THE GROUND): This song raises a question that must be answered: What do we do with the waste products of nuclear energy? Haul them where? Seal them in what? Store them how? Bury them where? Until a lot better answers are found, we and our offspring down the line somewhere are in big trouble.

By Martin Burman, © 1983. Singers -- Martin Burman, Gussie Harris, Guy Sherman, David Ossian, Marcia McIntosh; solo guitar -- Martin Burman; bass -- Gene Hicks.

11. SECOND YEAR BLUES: I keep revising this one. Originally it was First Year Blues and most recently its become Third Year Blues. We've got a lot to do to make sure it doesn't become Fifth Year Blues.

By Martin Burman, © 1983. Singer -- Gussie Harris; solo guitar -- Martin Burman.

12. FIFTY-NINE CENTS: I first heard this song three years ago, sung by Bobbie McGee. Since that time women still earn only fifty-nine cents for every man's dollar. The issue of equal pay for equal or equivalent work is still very much with us.

By Fred Small, © 1981. Singer -- Marcia McIntosh; all on chorus; rhythm and lead guitar -- Martin Burman.

13. ACCEPTABLE RISK: Caspar Weinberger (our Defense Secretary) is in favor of a first strike weapons system that is so fast and accurate that it can destroy most of the U.S.S.R. and at the same time wipe out their communication system that is necessary to retaliate. Ol' Caspar has a great name for this: He calls it decapitation. You see, in this way we can launch a surprise attack, win a nuclear war and not have more than, oh, twenty million casualties. But ol' Caspar thinks this is an acceptable risk in our fight for freedom. (From "The Bottom Line")
By Charlie King, © 1979. Singer -- David Ossian; solo guitar -- Martin Burman.

14. NUKE THE WHALES: This song was written for those who think anti-environmentalists are a completely humorless lot.

By Martin Burman, © 1982. Singer -- Guy Sherman; all on chorus; rhythm guitar -- David Ossian; lead guitar -- Martin Burman;

15. DOWN THE DOORS: For a country that believes in "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness", we've kept a lot of doors closed over the years to many immigrant groups, Native Americans and especially to blacks. An administration that does not acknowledge the lasting effects of centuries of racism and economic injustice is evil.

By Martin Burman, © 1983. Singer -- Martin Burman; 2nd voice -- David Ossian; all on chorus; rhythm and lead guitar -- Martin Burman.

16. THE BOTTOM LINE (Reprise): Singers -- all; guitars -- Martin Burman.

THE BOTTOM LINE

Welcome to the bottom line. (4x,

Napoleon at Waterloo

Thought he knew just what to do,
He thought his troubles soon would end,
His bottom line was 'round the bend.

CHORUS: When you have reached your bottom line
There ain't no further down to climb,
We ain't been there for quite some time;
We're heading for the bottom line.

I heard a poor man sing his song,
Said "I've been poor so very long
I'm getting very good at it",
I put a quarter in his mit. (Cho.)

I walked right down to Window C,
Man said there's no more checks for me,
This unemployment guy looked grim,
Said they're about to fire him. (Cho.)

Welcome to the bottom line. (3x)

When I was a boy
It was always a joy
To read about brave Robin Hood,
But now things have changed
In a way that is strange,
Hood Robin's now haunting the woods.

CHORUS: Hood Robin's his name,
He steals from the poor and the lame,
And he gives to the rich,
Now ain't that a switch,
For the hero of storybook fame.

© 1981 Joe Glazer

(Music traditional)

Words by Paul McCartney and
Joe Glazer

HOOD ROBIN

Well, you see me on the highway
And you nearly leave the road,
Take another look, then give me
My half of the road

CHORUS: 'Cause I'm a truck driving woman,
All this driving power in a woman's frame.
And you better move on over
'Cause I'm right behind you in the left hand lane.

Well, when you see me in the truckstop,
My black hair all in curls,
Don't try to buy my coffee,
I ain't your good-time girl.

CHORUS: I'm a truck driving woman,
Got children waiting when I end my run.
And I got to get moving,
Got to be in Jersey with the morning sun.

So when you see me on the highway
And you hear my diesel moan,
Move aside, good buddy,
You know I'm heading home.

TRUCK DRIVING WOMAN

© 1983 Martin Burman

cont'd.

Truck Driving Woman cont'd.

CHORUS: I got my old man waiting,
He's out of work but he's still my man.
I'm a truck driving woman,
I'll keep us going the best I can.
Yes, I'm a truck driving woman,
I'll keep on trucking the best I can.

© 1973 Si Kahn (Additional lyrics by Martin Burman, Chuck Arty)
Joe Hill Music Co., Inc.
(ASCAP) All rights reserved.

THE FOX IS NOT OUR FRIEND

They put a fox in charge of the chicken coop,
Now all us chickens had better regroup
Or pretty soon we'll be chicken soup,
The fox is not our friend, no.

CHORUS: Friend, no,
Friend, no.
Pretty soon we'll be chicken soup,
The fox is not our friend, no.

Now our President believes in liberty,
Says that America must be free.
So we must turn it over to industry,
The fox is not our friend, no.

CHORUS: Friend, no,
Friend, no.
Turn it over to industry,
The fox is not our friend, no.

Now the head of Interior is big Jim Watt.
A lover of nature Jimmy is not,
He's going to make the Rockies a parking lot,
The fox is not our friend, no.

CHORUS: Friend, no,
Friend, no.
He's going to make the Rockies a parking lot,
The fox is not our friend, no.
Not our friend, no.
Not our friend.

© 1981 Paul McKenna
(Music traditional)

TAFT-HARTLEY SONG

Well, part of me says we shouldn't be striking
But most of me says we should.
'Cause when the owners get together with the U.S. government,
You know that ain't gonna do me no good.
And if they keep on handing us a sweetheart contract
We're gonna have to turn it down.
Mr. Taft can dig it, Mr. Hartley can haul it,
'Cause I'm gonna leave it in the ground.

CHORUS: Mr. Taft can dig it, Mr. Hartley can haul it,
Mr. Reagan can supervise the crew.
And if they find it too hard, they've got the national guard
To fix their bayonets and shovel like fools.
It's gonna take a lot longer than 80 short days
For this miner to cool on down.
Mr. Taft can dig it, Mr. Hartley can haul it,
'Cause I'm gonna leave it in the ground.

Mine owner doesn't worry 'bout safety regulations,
He's walking in the sun all day.
But when you're down in the mine the first thing you learn-
You gotta stay alive if you wanna spend that pay.
So if we sign away our rights to be wildcat striking,
You know they're gonna push us around.
Mr. Taft can dig it, Mr. Hartley can haul it,
'Cause I'm gonna leave it in the ground. (Cho.)

Now, my daddy's pensioned off at 80 bucks a week,
Seems they get smaller every year.
If every time the kids are sick I'm a-reaching in my pocket,
You know that pay raise is gonna disappear.
And no owner can outsmart me with his Taft and his Hartley
While the coal supply is running down,
He may own the coal but he don't own me,
And I'm gonna leave it in the ground.

(Add to last chorus:) Where's your crew Mr. Reagan?
It's gonna be a long haul, Mr. Hartley.
Can you dig it, Mr. Taft?

© 1979 Charlie King

CHEMICAL TANGO

by Martin Burman
(c) 1980

A LITTLE BIT OF ARSENIC
SHOULD NEVER, EVER MAKE YOU SICK,
SO IF YOUR POISONED BY THIS DUST
THAT PROVES THAT YOUR NOT TOUGH ENOUGH.

HAVE YOU WORKED WITH DBCP?
HAVE YOU HEARD THIS MAY CAUSE DISEASE?
LIKE CANCER OR STERILITY,
DON'T YOU TRUST YOUR VIRILITY?

CHORUS

THESE CHEMICALS HAVE BEEN ADEQUATELY TESTED,
WE HAVE SO MUCH INVESTED,
WE WOULDN'T BREAK THE SAFETY RULES.
DON'T WORRY, DO NOT ACT LIKE A BABY,
IF YOU QUESTION YOUR SAFETY,
YOU ARE A COWARD AND A FOOL.

HAS YOUR WIFE WORKED AROUND HEXANE?
HAVE YOU HEARD THIS MAY HARM HER BRAIN?
THIS DAMAGE NEVER LASTS, OF COURSE,
BUT IF IT DOES JUST GET DIVORCED.

HERE'S VINYL CHLORIDE FOR YOUR MAN,
IF HE'S REAL STRONG HE CAN WITHSTAND
THE LIVER CANCER IT COULD CAUSE,
AND IF HE'S WEAK HIS DEATH'S NO LOSS.

(CHORUS)

YOU ARE A GAMBLER, AREN'T YOU?
YOU MUST KNOW SOMETIMES YOU WILL LOSE.
YOU GET WELL PAID SO DON'T COMPLAIN,
YOUR JOB'S A RUSSIAN ROULETTE GAME.

STREAK O' LEAN
(DEPRESSION COME AGAIN)

I was twenty-three in the year that Jack
Got off the train from France,
With medals on his uniform
And eyes that laugh and dance.
We were married late that summer,
Moved out on our own,
Through working years of love
We built a family and a home.

Depression came in '29,
He was laid off at the mine,
I searched with him from town to town
For work of any kind.
Every step we took ahead
We stayed a dozen back,
I watched him growin' old so fast,
My handsome dancin' Jack.

CHORUS: Pinto beans and streak o' lean
I never will forget,
The bread lines and the soup lines
In my dreams they haunt me yet,
I thought those days were gone
Just like a blast of angry wind,
I never thought I'd live to see
Depression come again.

But somehow me and Jack got through
The worst of our hard times,
Roosevelt saved the country
And the union saved the mines.
We both retired in '65
To our pensions and our farm,
Not enough to live it up
But enough to get along.

He sits there by the radio,
He listens to their lies,
I watch the pain and anger
In my Jack's old dancin' eyes.
The things we worked so hard for
Like our hills are stripped to dust,
Like the medals on his uniform,
They slowly turn to rust. (Cho.)

© 1982 Si Kahn
(Suggested by Emily Freedman)

Joe Hill Music Co., Inc. (ASCAP)
All rights reserved.

HOOD ROBIN (Reprise)

Hood Robin's his name,
He steals from the poor and the lame,
And he gives to the rich,
That son of a bitch...

MOST OF US

Jack worked nights and Jill worked days,
Trying to make ends meet,
They'd kiss each other mornings,
On weekends they would meet.
Jill retired, then Jack got fired
And now they both can rest,
But will unemployment compensation
Bring them happiness?

CHORUS: Most of us don't get enough,
A few could do with less,
A couple of folks are doing just fine,
The rest are in a mess.
Now I don't have to name no names,
You all know who I mean,
Most of us just get small change,
A few get all the green.

Now, Wanda's tough, she's strong as steel
But gentle with the kids,
Her man came back from Vietnam
And headed for the skids,
Her day care job was cut last year,
Now she could ring the necks
Of the folks who think she's cheating
'Cause she gets a welfare check. (Cho.)

© 1978 Martin Burman

THEY'LL LAST FOREVER
(STICK 'EM UNDER THE GROUND)

Where should we put these nuclear wastes?
They're piling up around the plant.
Put 'em in a can, seal it tight as you can,
Put 'em in a big, strong can.

CHORUS: Put 'em in a big, strong can,
Put 'em in a big, strong can,
They'll last forever, they damn well better,
Put 'em in a big, strong can.

Where we gonna put these nuclear cans?
They're piling up around the plant.
Put 'em in a hole, a deep, deep hole
And stick them under the ground.

CHORUS: Just stick 'em under the ground,
Stick 'em under the ground,
They'll last forever, they damn well better,
Stick 'em under the ground.

But what if the earth quakes and shakes
And breaks open some of these cans?
That'll never happen, don't be deceived,
Don't be so naive.

CHORUS: Just stick 'em under the ground,
Stick 'em under the ground (etc.).

But where we gonna dig these nuclear holes?
We can't dig 'em around the plant.
Dig 'em in the desert, far, far away,
Out in the vast wasteland.

CHORUS: Out in the vast wastelands,
Out in the vast wastelands, (etc.)

But what if folks move to the vast wastelands
And settle right over those cans?
That'll never happen, don't be deceived,
Don't be so naive.

CHORUS: There'll always be vast wastelands,
There'll always be vast wastelands,
If our nuclear wastes are under that ground
There'll always be vast wastelands.

© 1983 Martin Burman

SECOND YEAR BLUES

Reagan, your first half's gone,
Let's see how far you've come,
You haven't just begun,
It's the end of your act one.
Listen closely to me,
You'll hear all my views,
I'll tell you why I've got
These second year blues.

So many out of work,
Factories closing down,
Food lines in the cities,
Farmers losing their ground,
Banks are in big trouble,
Seems we're gearing up for war,
Correct me if I'm wrong,
I think I've heard all this before.

BRIDGE: Say what you will,
Think what you like,
I won't take your sugar pill
While disaster starts to strike.
You have great charm,
Sure, no one's smother,
But no one's screwed us up this bad
Since Herbert Hoover.

You said stay on this course,
Things soon will turn pleasant,
If you think your program's working,
Ask someone who isn't.
Talk is cheap
And charm won't pay the bills,
We need jobs right now,
That's the cure for our ills.

BRIDGE: Say what you will,
Think what you like,
I won't take this standing still
While disaster starts to strike.
You'll make the history books
With this recession,
Things ain't been this bad
Since the Great Depression.

You said your supply side magic
Would get us cookin',
But your magic's been tragic
From where I'm lookin',
Those big tax breaks for the rich,
Do they need money, are we fools?
If they can't float on their own,
Let 'em sink, Let 'em sink,
They own the pool.

© 1983 Martin Burman

FIFTY-NINE CENTS

High-school daydreams come easy and free,
When I grow up, what could I be?
A senator, a surgeon, aim for the heights,
But the guidance counselor says lower my sights to

CHORUS: Fifty-nine cents for every man's dollar,
Fifty-nine cents, it's a low down deal.
Fifty-nine cents makes a grown woman holler,
They give me a diploma, it's my paycheck they steal.

I'm off to college, the best I could find
To move on up and sharpen my mind.
Honors in English but my bosses gripe,
"Shakespeare is nice but we wish you could type".

CHORUS: Fifty-nine cents for every man's dollar,
Fifty-nine cents, it's a low down deal.
Fifty-nine cents makes a grown woman holler,
They give you a degree, it's your paycheck they steal.

Junior executive on my way up,
Special assistant to the man at the top,
He says I'm one in a million but what do I find,
I get no credit for using my mind and (Chorus-add "title")

cont'd.

Fifty-nine Cents cont'd.

But the word is being processed in the typing pool,
A working woman ain't nobody's fool,
I'm telling the boss on secretary's day,
"You can keep your flowers, buddy, give me a raise, more than"

CHORUS: Fifty-nine cents for every man's dollar,
Fifty-nine cents, we're ending those days,
Fifty-nine cents makes a grown woman holler,
You can keep your flowers, buddy, give me a raise.

©1981 Fred Small

ACCEPTABLE RISK

Twenty years back at Yucca Flats,
Our trucks were winding down to the testing site.
They had a bomb out there, I still see it clear,
It turned night to day and day to endless night.
1100 soldiers, easy duty, combat pay,
Trucked down to watch that fireball, I still see it clear as day,
But it wasn't what they showed us, it was what they didn't say,
And if I knew what I was getting into,
Nothing could have dragged me down
To pay the price I got to pay today.

CHORUS: Oh, they told me it was safe
And they swore that it was true,
They said the risks are all acceptable,
Acceptable to who?
They can't cover up the truth no more,
I can feel it in my bones,
You can fool yourself with numbers
But you pay the price alone.

Well, they marched us down, sat us on the ground,
And I think they knew what they never said out loud.
Our only shelter there was the desert air,
With our hands on our faces, our backs to the deadly cloud.
Then the world went white, I swear I saw the bones in both my hands;
The ground was glowing cherry-red, so hot we could not stand,
And something deep inside me knew just what the army planned,
'Cause that deadly time bomb started clickin',
Deep within my bones it's tickin',
You hear that sound, you're quick to understand.

CHORUS: But they told me it was safe
And they swore that it was true,
They said the risks are all acceptable,
Acceptable to who?

Twenty years passed, this years my last,
And I still can't quite believe just what they did.
Twenty years passed slow, and all I got to show
Is a lousy pension for my widow and my kids.
So I thought you'd hear this warning from one who's been hit hard,
About their testing sites and their power plants with their fences and their guards,
'Cause that time bomb is a-tickin' still and it's right in your backyard,
And if you knew what you was getting into,
What it finally all comes down to,
Maybe you'll believe me when I'm dead.

CHORUS: Oh, they'll tell you that it's safe
And they'll swear to you it's true,
They'll say the risks are all acceptable, acceptable,
Acceptable to who?
They can't cover up the truth no more, When it's burning in your bones,
(Etc.-see first chorus)

©1979 Charlie King

NUKE THE WHALES

It's thar she blows,
Captain Ahab had it right,
If we don't get them first
They might destroy us overnight.

CHORUS: Let's nuke the whales,
What have they done for you and me?
Those ugly monsters
Are a menace in the sea.

You say they've got big brains
That make them gentle, kind and calm,
If they're so smart,
They might even have the bomb.

CHORUS: We'd better nuke the whales
Before they blow up you and me.
Those ugly monsters
Are a menace in the sea.

You say you've heard them sing,
I say it's just a lot of noise,
They're messing up our sonar,
Trying to kill our Navy boys.

You say they raise their young
And have gentle, loving eyes,
But our best sources tell us
They're the Cuban Navy in disguise.

CHORUS: Let's nuke the whales,
What have they done for you and me?
Those ugly monsters
Are a menace in the sea.

© 1982 Martin Burman

DOWN THE DOORS

Ron Reagan's out to help you
If your young or black or old,
He's oozing with compassion
'Cause he's got a heart of gold.
He's cutting all those programs
'Cause the governments grown stout,
If you're near the bottom,
That should really help you out.

CHORUS: Is this what
We've worked for?
He is closing
All the doors,
All the doors.

We're getting Voodoo economics
From behind closed White House doors,
A witches' brew of new right math
That gives us less and rich folks more.
They're pitting whites against the blacks
To make real sure we don't get strong,
They think that we've learned nothing
All these years but they are wrong.

CHORUS: We won't take it
Anymore,
We are breaking
Down the doors,
Down the doors.

Sure, we've been sleeping, we've been sidetracked,
We've been separated too,
But we're coming back together,
We are many, they are few.
We need to let the wind come rushing
Right through Reagan's Washington,
We need to make them clean their act up,
We can't stop until we're done.

CHORUS: Don't you see
What it's for,
We are breaking
Down the doors,
Down the doors. (Repeat)

©1983 Martin Burman

THE BOTTOM LINE (Reprise)

Welcome to the bottom line. (4x)

If you think everything's just fine,
If you think these guys need more time,
Then I don't want to hear you whine
When you have reached your bottom line.

CHORUS: When you have reached your bottom line
There ain't no further down to climb,
We ain't been there for quite some time,
We're heading for the bottom line.

Welcome to the bottom line. (3x)

© 1983 Martin Burman

For Additional Information About FOLKWAYS RELEASES

of Interest

write to



Folkways Records and Service Corp.

632 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10012

LITHO IN U.S.A.



FOLKWAYS Records
AND SERVICE CORP., 632 BROADWAY, N.Y.C. 10012
Long Playing Non-Breakable Micro Groove 33 1/3 RPM

**THE LABOR THEATER PRESENTS:
THE BOTTOM LINE**

Original Play Written and Directed by **CHUCK PORTZ**
with Martin Burman, Gussie Harris, Marcia McIntosh,
David Ossian and Guy Sherman

SIDE 1

FSS 38516 A

- Band 1 **BOTTOM LINE** (© Martin Burman 1983)
- Band 2 **HOOD ROBIN**
(Paul McKenna & Joe Glazer © 1981)
- Band 3 **TRUCK DRIVING WOMAN** (Si Kahn © 1973)
- Band 4 **THE FOX IS NOT OUR FRIEND**
(Paul McKenna © 1981)
- Band 5 **TAFT HARTLEY SONG** (Charlie King © 1979)
- Band 6 **CHEMICAL TANGO** (Martin Burman © 1980)
- Band 7 **HOOD ROBIN** (Reprise)

© 1984 Folkways Records & Service Corp.

FOLKWAYS Records

AND SERVICE CORP., 632 BROADWAY, N.Y.C. 10012
Long Playing Non-Breakable Micro Groove 33 1/3 RPM

**THE LABOR THEATER PRESENTS:
THE BOTTOM LINE**

Original Play Written and Directed by CHUCK PORTZ
with Martin Burman, Gussie Harris, Marcia McIntosh,
David Ossian and Guy Sherman

SIDE 2

FSS 38516 B

Band 8 STREAK O'LEAN (Si Kahn ©1982)
Joe Hill Music ASCAP

Band 9 MOST OF US (Martin Burman © 1978)

Band 10 THEY'LL LAST FOREVER: Stick Them Under
the Ground (Martin Burman © 1981)

Band 11 SECOND YEAR BLUES (Martin Burman © 1983)

Band 12 FIFTY-NINE CENTS (Fred Small © 1981)

Band 13 ACCEPTABLE RISK (Charlie King © 1979)

Band 14 NUKE THE WHALES (Martin Burman © 1982)

Band 15 DOWN THE DOORS (Martin Burman © 1983)

Band 16 THE BOTTOM LINE (Reprise)

© © 1984 Folkways Records & Service Corp.