

Banks of Marble

(Les Rice 1950, new lyrics by Mary Nash)

I've traveled round this country from shore to shining shore
It really makes me wonder the things I heard and saw
I saw a weary worker face each day in fear and pain
Her employer cut her hours, job and pension down the drain

*But the banks are made of marble
With a guard at every door
And the vaults are stuffed with silver
That the workers sweated for.*

I saw a man who signed a contract so he could modify his loan
Then I heard the banker saying, "We have repossessed your home"
I saw a weary soldier coming back from the war
I heard the bosses saying, "Got no work for you no more" (*CHORUS*)

I saw migrant workers fleeing, the law told them, "You can't stay"
Small farmers lost their harvest - Agribusiness got its way!
I saw a laid off worker, he said his sister helped him through
For a year, but that has ended - Now his sister's laid off too (*CHORUS*)

I saw the ER doctor and the patients in despair
I heard insurance companies saying NO to universal care
I heard a student saying, "I'm fed up with corporate greed
Tax the rich, stop the warfare, then we can have the things we need."(*CHO.*)

99% are suffering throughout this mighty land
I believe we'll get together, and together make a stand

*Then we'll own those banks of marble
With no guard at every door -
And we'll share those vaults of silver
That the people sweated for.*

Occupella