

The Chemical Worker's Song

Words & music: Ron Angel

CHORUS: Em D Em
And it's go, boys, go
 D Em
They'll time your ev'ry breath
 D C D Em D Em
And every day you're in this place you're two days nearer death

But you go

 Em D Em D Em
Well a process man am I and I'm telling you no lie
 D C D Em D Em
I work and breathe among the fumes that trail across the sky
 D C D
There's thunder all around me and there's poison in the air
 Em D C D Em D Em
There's a lousy smell that smacks of hell and dust all in me hair **CHORUS**

 Em D Em D Em
Well I've worked among the spinners and I've breathed the oily smoke
 D C D Em D Em
I've shovelled up the gypsum and it nigh on makes you choke
 D C D
I've stood knee-deep in cyanide, got sick with a caustic burn
 Em D C D Em D Em
Been working rough and seen enough to make your stomach turn **CHORUS**

 Em D Em D Em
There's overtime and bonus opportunities galore
 D C D Em D Em
The young men like their money and they all come back for more
 D C D
But soon you're getting on and you look older than you should
 Em D C D Em D Em
For ev'ry bob made on the job you pay with flesh and blood **CHORUS**

Repeat Verse 1 — then CHORUS x 2

The Chemical Worker's Song

Ron Angel

CHORUS

Em D Em D Em D

And it's go, boys, go! They'll time your ev - 'ry breath. And ev - 'ry day you're

C D Em D Em

in this place you're two days near - er death, But you go.

VERSE

Em D Em D Em

Well a pro - cess man am I and I'm tell - ing you no lie. I

D C D Em D Em

work and breathe a - mong the fumes that trail a - cross the sky. There's

D C D

thun - der all a - round me and there's pois - on in the air. There's a

Em D C D Em D Em

lous - y smell that smacks of hell and dust all in me hair. *Repeat CHORUS*

2. Well I've worked among the spinners and I've breathed the oily smoke
I've shovelled up the gypsum and it nigh on makes you choke
I've stood knee-deep in cyanide, got sick with a caustic burn
Been working rough and seen enough to make your stomach turn

CHORUS

3. There's overtime and bonus opportunities galore
The young men like their money and they all come back for more
But soon you're getting on and you look older than you should
For ev'ry bob made on the job you pay with flesh and blood

CHORUS

Repeat Verse 1 — then CHORUS x 2