

Toil
Flatfoot 56

Song: Toil
Artist: Flatfoot 56
Album: Toil (2012)

I got my info from this video: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CLfagPGqoys>

Intro: **C2 G C2 G**

C2
Upon this lowly railroad spike my hammer swung and fell.
G
Down the mighty Mississippi where the raging waters swell.
C2
In the corner of that factory, a dark man-made hell,
G
I ll be sitting there in my snare making what they sell.

C2
With a silver spoon breaking my teeth,
Em G
the boys on the line working just to eat.
C2 G D
Are you picturing the stories that I sing?
C2
A child working day and night,
Em G
a father turned into a ghostly sight,
C2 G D
the wage slave knows so well that hopeless strain
C2 G D (pause)
of a poor man just trying to remain

as he pays his toll of pain.

Em G D Em C D

C2
From the dear old age of Adam
G
to the workers of Boaz,
C2
We ve been doomed to sing this crazy song,
G D
yet it s made me who I am.

C2

From the steel workers in Pittsburgh,

G

to the trucker and his load,

C2

all feeding that old fat cat

G

just hoping he ll explode.

C2

With a silver spoon breaking my teeth,

Em

G

the boys on the line working just to eat.

C2

G

D

Are you picturing the stories that I sing?

C2

A child working day and night,

Em

G

a father turned into a ghostly sight,

C2

G

D

the wage slave knows so well that hopeless strain

C2

G

D

(pause)

of a poor man just trying to remain

as he pays his toll of pain.

Em G D Em C D

Em

G

D

We ve been working for far too long.

Em

G

D

We ve been doomed to hear this lowly song for our sons.

Em

G

D

Our sweat must be working just to fall.

C2

G

D

I m a slave to that whistle call.

C2

G

D

I m a slave to that whistle call.

(Quiet down)

C2

From the dear old age of Adam

G

to the workers of Boaz,

C2

We ve been doomed to sing this crazy song,

G

D

yet it s made me who I am.

C2

From the steel workers in Pittsburgh,

Em

G

to the trucker and his load,

C2

all feeding that old fat cat

G

just hoping he ll explode.

C2

With a silver spoon breaking my teeth,

Em

G

the boys on the line working just to eat.

C2

G

D

Are you picturing the stories that I sing?

C2

A child working day and night,

Em

G

a father turned into a ghostly sight,

C2

G

D

the wage slave knows so well that hopeless strain

C2

G

D

(pause)

of a poor man just trying to remain

as he pays his toll of pain.

(back to norm speed)

Em G D Em C D (3X)

Em

G

D

We ve been working for far too long.

Em

G

D

We ve been doomed to hear this crazy song for our sons.

Em

G

D

Our sweat must be working just to fall.

C2

G

D

I m a slave to that whistle call.

C2

G

D

I m a slave to that whistle call.

Em (ring out)

I m a slave.