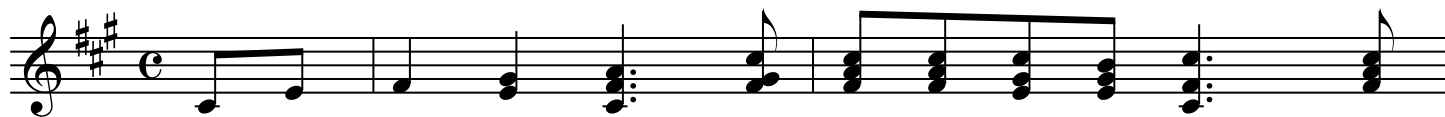


# The Chemical Workers Song



And it's go boys go. They'll time your ev - ery breath. And



ev - ery day you're in this place You're two days near - er death. But you go \_\_\_\_\_

## Verse



— Well a Pro - cess man am I and I'm tell - in' you no lie. I  
 Well I've worked a - mong the spitters and I breathe the oil - y smoke. I've  
 There's o - ver - time and bonus op - por - tu - ni - ties ga - lore. The  
 Well a Pro - cess man am I and I'm tell - in' you no lie. I



work and breathe a - mong the fumes that tread a - cross the sky, There's  
 shovel - led up the gyp - sum and it neigh' on makes you choke. I've  
 young men like their mo - ney and they all come back for more. But  
 work and breath a - mong the fumes that tread a - cross the sky, There's



thun - der all a - round me and there's poi - son in the air, There's a  
 stood knee deep in cy - a - nide, got sick with a caus - tic burn. Been \_\_\_\_  
 soon you're knock - in' on and you look old - er than you should. For \_\_\_\_  
 thun - der all a - round me and there's poi - son in the air, There's a



lou - sy smell that smacks of hell and dust all in me hair.  
 work - in' rough, I've seen e - nough to make your sto - mach turn.  
 ev - ery bob made on the job you pay with flesh and blood.  
 lou - sy smell that smacks of hell and dust all in me hair.