

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Holy Joe From Scabsville

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(Ewan MacColl)

Chorus:

The kids all call you 'Brown-nose', Holy Joe
They say the Coal Board bought you long ago
A scab has covered wife and kids with shame
If they've got any sense they'll change their name

There's a bloke I know in Scabsville who is known as Holy Joe
He's working at a face down in the mine
On his way to work you'll see him give the finger to his mates
As the cops have got him through the picket line

You can see this man of principle performing on the box
'Freedom' is a favourite word of Joe's
It's a case of 'I'm all right Jack' and he's free to be a scab
And that's the only principle he knows

You can tell him that his job's in danger, he won't turn a hair
He doesn't understand a simple fact
But when they start to close the pits they don't know where to stop
And won't hesitate to give Brown-nose the sack

Joe just loves his video, his telly, and his car
He doesn't think the unions all that hot
He's forgotten the old times as those who made the unions strong
Fought for all the benefits he's got

The other night I dreamt that Holy Joe came to the pit
Butch MacGregor with an axe was standing guard
He said, We're grateful for the way you helped to smash the NUM
Now you've served your purpose, here's your cards
Holy Joe went pale as death and cried, You can't do that to me
Sucker, d'ye wanna bet? said Mac
We can flush you down the toilet, we can bury you in slag
Now you don't have any union at your back

The moral of this story is directed at the mugs
Who've taken on the blacklegs' dirty role
By scabbing you're endangering the future of the mines
And are asking for a lifetime on the dole

SKW

