He's A Fool

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Gm                          Cm          Adim
One day while walking down Thirty Fifth Street,
D     D7                     Gm
We ran into a guy who looked dead on his feet.
   Gm                       Cm          Adim
He had no green button nor smile on his face,
D    D7                           Gm
Kept pushing a truck 'round, and getting no place.
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1st Chorus:

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Gm                  D7
He's a fool, he's a fool,
                                  Gm
He's a fool for not joining the union;
                    D7
He's a fool, he's a fool,
                                  Gm
He's a fool for not joining the union.
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He took twenty minutes for lunch every day;
The boss always asked him why the delay.
He worked overtime without any pay,
He worked overtime without pay.

He worked every night till eighty-thirty,
And then asked if he could leave.
The boss gave a look that was dirty,
Or else he just laughed up his sleeve.
Spoken: His sleeve, yeah.

His salary was very meager,
It's a wonder he got paid at all,
I guess the boss wasn't so eager,
For when asked for a raise, he would stall.
Spoken: Stall, stall, yeah.

He cried like a baby, a union he craved,
He wanted a minimum from which he could save.
He joined with the union, boy, did the boss rave.
That's what I get for being so good to my slave.

He's no fool, he's no fool,
For he upped and he joined with the union.
(twice)

So don't trust your boss, he's just good on the surface;
Join 65, for a life with a purpose.
We'll give you happiness, gayness galore;
So brothers and sisters, give out with a roar:

Be no fool, be no fool,
Come on and join with the union.
(twice)