

Song of the United Front

And just because he's human,
A man would like a little bite to eat.
He wants no bull and a lot of talk,
That gives no bread and meat.

So, left, two, three! So, left, two, three!
To the work that we must do!
March on in the Worker's United Front,
For you are a worker too!

And just because he's human,
He doesn't like a pistol to his head.
He wants no servant under him,
And no boss overhead.

So, left, two, three! So, left, two, three!
To the work that we must do!
March on in the Worker's United Front,
For you are a worker too!

And just because he's a worker,
His job is all his own.
The liberation of the working class
Is a job for the worker alone.

So, left, two, three! So, left, two, three!
To the work that we must do!
March on in the Worker's United Front,
For you are a worker too!

For you are a worker too!