

THREE PER CENT OWN ALL THE WEALTH

(WESTERN WORKER, 1935)

*Keep off the grass
And out of the fields,
And don't trespass.
Keep out of the buildings
And off the lawns;
You're the working class.
America is the space between the cracks
In the pavement,
And the space between the rail ties,
And the rest of it is fenced and owned
By the top hat guys.
You can sit on a park bench,
If not too long,
But keep off the lawns
You don't belong.
You don't own a damned thing
But muscle and brain;
You're a man without property
Out in the rain.
In those warm mansions,
Three percent
Own all the land,
Reap all the rent.
They've got it all
And want still more,
Step up, America,
And knock on the door.
Tell them that democracy
Is about to begin;
That the joke is over
And you're moving in.*

