

The Man That Waters the Workers' Beer

Chorus: *I am the man, the very fat man That waters the workers' beer. I am the man, the very fat man, That waters the workers' beer. And what do I care if it makes them ill, If it makes them terribly queer? I've a car, a yacht, and an aeroplane; I waters the workers' beer.*

Now when I waters the workers' beer, I puts in strychnine, Some mentholated spirits, And a drop of kerosene. But such a brew would be so strong, As to make a man most queer! So I reaches my hand for my watering-can And I waters the workers' beer.

Chorus

Now a pint of good beer is good for a man When he's tired and thirsty and hot, And sometimes I have a drop myself From a very special pot. But a strong and healthy working class Is the thing that I most fear! So I reaches my hand for my watering can And I waters the workers' beer.

Chorus

Now ladies fair beyond compare, Be you maiden or wife, Spare a thought for such a man Who leads such a lonely life! For the water rates are frightfully high, And the meth is terribly dear, And there ain't the profit there used to be In watering workers' beer.

Chorus

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