

Dollars and Doughnuts

or, *Das Kapital*: The Folk Song

by Peter Brunette

1. Now, I'm just a regular working stiff,
And if you are a worker, you'll catch my drift.
There's easier ways to make the hours go past.
Ain't it a shame you can't live on grass?
But you find that you've got to work for your pay,
Got to sell your boss all the time of your day,
Sell your labour-power away,
Like a member of the working class,
For the capitalist to do with as he may,
Like a member of the ruling class.
2. So you sell your time and your energy,
And you sell your creativity,
And for every hour of the time that you spent
You get paid 'bout enough to cover food and rent.
And then every ounce of the energy
That you burnt up working like a busy bee,
Well, that's no longer the property
Of a member of the working class,
And the one that has claimed it, mysteriously,
Is a member of the ruling class.
3. 'Cause it's gone into doughnuts or baseball caps,
Into sofas or smartphones or software apps.
You put your time into the products now,
But then they get put on the shelf somehow,
And when folks go and find them in the marketplace,
They see your products but not your face.
The one that just vanished without any trace
Was the member of the working class,
'Cause the product's face in the marketplace
Is the logo of the ruling class.
4. 'Cause, you know, it's the bosses who market the stuff
For cash, or for credit when the going gets rough.

They market the goods that your energy made,
And then they see to it that they get paid
The wages they paid you times two, three, or four
For every last hour you spent at the chore.
So in case you were wondering where your energy went,
As a member of the working class,
Well, it's gone to the owners and the management,
To the members of the ruling class.

5. 'Cause money ain't nothing but working time.
It's the squeezing and grinding of the lemon and lime.
Money ain't nothing but the time that you spend
On the line of production, and, sister, when
You're the one that's been spending the time,
Well, you ought to be spending every nickel and dime.
You ought to rise up from the grease and the grime.
You're a member of the rising class.
Yes, and exploitation will be made a crime
When the workers are the ruling class.

ENDING: I said, exploitation will be made a crime
When the workers are the ruling class,
When the workers are the ruling class . . . (*Repeat ad lib. and fade.*)