The Siege of Union Street - Vocals

Alistair Hulett

C F Bb

F C C7

F Bb Bb Dm

C C7 BbMaj7 F

C7 C F

C7 C F

C Bb Dm

Bb Dm F
You should have seen us down at Erko,
Fourteenth August, Saturday night. To Newtown,
Stanmore, Enmore, and Petersham, calls went out, "Workers, u-
nite!"
We built a bloody great wall with
planks and boards built seven foot tall. We didn't mind the howling rain and
sleet, when we stood 'round the fire at Union
Street. The man at the shop said, "Put it on tick." The
kids came around with bottles and bricks. There was Irish stew and home-made lemon-
They were grand old days on the barricade. I never thought I would join a party, carry a card, or see things out on the pavement turned my head. Their old man's over in France, flapping like a rag on a barbed wire fence. Their mum does what she can to make ends meet. And she's down at the siege of Union Street.
man at the shop said, "Put it on tick." The kids came around with bottles and bricks.

There was Irish stew and homemade lemonade. They were grand old days on the barricade. The cops came down, and they came down hard; they must have been five hundred strong. They called us "Reds," and they cracked our heads to teach us poor sinners right from wrong. I learned a lesson that night: It's all out war when you stand and fight. I saw those brisk young cops on their
beat behave like thugs in Union Street. The man at the shop said, "Put it on tick." The kids came around with bottles and bricks. There was Irish stew and home-made lemonade. They were grand old days on the barricade.
danced on the broken glass; it shown like diamonds as morning

broke. The cops were back by the railroad track. And

streets were filled with working folk. They'd

bashed us bloody and raw, but it forced Jack Lang to change the law. And

now the landlords have to cop it sweet. And the

Red Flag flies in Union Street. The

man at the shop gave licorice sticks to the kids who cleaned up the bottles and bricks.

Down the years, those memories never fade of the
grand old days on the barricade. They were
grand old days, they were grand old days. They were
grand old days on the barricade.
The Siege of Union Street - Soloist

Alistair Hulett
The Siege of Union Street - Acoustic Guitar

Alistair Hulett
The Siege of Union Street - Acoustic String Bass

Alistair Hulett

C F Bb F C C7

F Bb Bb Dm C C7 BbMaj7 F

C7 C F C Bb Dm

Bb Dm F C F Bb

F C C7 F Bb Bb Dm

C C7 BbMaj7 F C7 C F

C C7 Bb Dm F C7 Dm C

C Bb Dm F C7 Dm C

Bb C F Bb C7 Dm Bb C
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