

A Wage Slave

Oh my child, I hope you'll be fine
That you won't live on the poverty line
When you grow up and leave home
And have to provide for yourself on your own.

I'm sorry I have no wealth to share
Financially, the cupboard is bare
I hope that somehow you'll not be
A poor wage slave, just like me.

It's honest work that we wage slaves do
Paid just enough so we get through
Each week, but with no money nor time to spare
And the threat of layoff is always a scare.

Working for a boss can be really tough
Some are bastards, conditions are rough
Even if nice, they will exploit you
Get more for less pay, that's what they do.

I'm not real smart but even I can see
That AI will take jobs from people like me
And also from many with skills and well paid
They'll also become poor wage slaves.

Some do escape from the working class
But achieving that is a pretty hard task
Climb corporate ladders, get power and wealth
Accept greed is good, although perhaps not for your health

Perhaps if you can save, and are brave too
You can borrow to start a business for you
But I think that you should be well aware
That nine in ten start-ups fail within a year.

You may be the one in a million, child of mine
Who unlocks some secret, untold wealth you do find
Become a capitalist, in your hands hold worker's lives
I hope you remember what it's like for wage slaves.

And I hope you have learnt the lessons I gave
So that you will care for those poor wage slaves
Share with them fairly the wealth they create
It shouldn't all finish up on your plate.

Kevin Davis
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