1985

Valley of Steel

Mike Stout
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Abstract
A song by Mike Stout.

Keywords
song, USWA, steel workers
Valley of Steel

Dusty hills, brownfields, crimson flames that
used to blacken the dawn;
Boarded doors, empty stores up and down
the banks of the Mon.
Broken dreams, abandoned terrain,
Silent machines, rusted remains;
Helplessness driftin' over the plain,
Like some ugly stain.

Ironside, where is your pride,
where is your will to survive?
Salt of the earth, where is the work of worth
that kept you alive?
Labor lost, left in the cold;
Human cost, uprooted souls;
Holocaust driftin' out on the knoll
Of a Rust Bowl!

[Chorus] Stand, get off your knees;
You'll never crawl to a victory.
Stand, get back on your feet;
Walk down the road that brought you dignity.
Stand, why can't you see;
You're the makers of your history.
Let the struggle and resistance begin;
Like a forest fire spread by the wind.
Turn on the lights;
Take back the nights;
Stand up and fight for your rights!

Valley of Steel . . . Valley of Steel.

Disinvest, scrap the best; run off to some foreign land.
Mergerize, deindustrialize as fast as you can.
Corporate greed, capital flight;
Refugees, industrial blight;
Human holocaust creepin' over this land!

[Chorus]

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USWA 1937 * Sept. 1984

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