

Slaves of the Harvest

Lyrics and music written and composed by Max Lestenkof, Sr. ©1978

Misty early morning

I hear the boss man's warning, "Aleut man, you got to get to work!"

I'm gonna get them for Master Uncle Sam.

I'm a slave of the harvest. Look what they're doing to me.

I'm a slave of the harvest. Look what they're doing to me.

It's five am. He's got to obey that man. To disobey he loses everything.

I'm gonna get them for Master Uncle Sam.

I'm a slave of the harvest. Look what they're doing to me.

I'm a slave of the harvest. Look what they're doing to me.

You got to get to work 'cause the boss man, he's coming.

You got to get to work 'cause the boss man he's coming.

You got to get to work 'cause the boss man...he's...he's got to work.

I've been working all day.

The boss man he warns me, "You do this and you do that."

I'm gonna get them for Master Uncle Sam.

I'm a slave of the harvest. Look what they're doing to me.

I'm a slave of the harvest. Look what they're doing to me.

Now, the Aleut son, he's got to learn the skill.

He follows behind what his father had to do.

I'm gonna get them for Master Uncle Sam.

I'm a slave of the harvest. Look what they're doing to me.

I'm a slave of the harvest. Look what they're doing to me.

A boy name Peter, he, picked a seal stick

Peter picked a seal stick. Peter picked a stick.

A boy named Peter, he, picked a seal stick.

Peter picked a seal stick. Peter picked a stick.

He's go to work.

Now that time has gone by, the Aleuts face a change.

The man is gone, the Aleut's left behind.

What's gonna happen? The future is hard to see.

I've been a slave of the harvest. Look what they've done to me

I've been a slave of the harvest. Look what they've done to me.