

Zindabad

Indian Farmers' Strike

Dave Rogers

Sung in the video ballad at youtu.be/la4ZW3vg0EM

Zindabad means Long Live!



Here's to the farmers, they march from near and far
They come from Ludhiana, Jalandhar, Amritsar
They come from Haryana, Punjab and Rajasthan
They're here and they're drawing a line in the sand

Modi are you listening, we are not afraid
Two hundred thousand tractors cross your barricades
Red, green and yellow turbans in the sun
A tidal wave of workers, our fight has begun

Chorus

**We march to Delhi, we march across the land
Farmers, workers, Zindabad!
We march together, united we stand
Farmers, workers, Zindabad!**



We feed the hungry cities, we feed the rural poor
We feed the teeming masses from Leeds to Lahore
Our rice, corn and sugar feed the people of this land
We won't let the rich rob the harvest of our hands

We will not surrender our right to MSP
Fair rates for our labour, prices guaranteed
No more suicides, no poverty and debt
At last the tide is turning, and we have no regrets

Chorus

You hosed us with your sewage, you beat us with your clubs
You tried to divide us with your spies and your thugs
Put spikes in our roads and shut down the net
Still we stand in peace, we defy your threats!

We won't bow down to multi millionaires
Reliance and Adani, corporate profiteers
Bayer and Monsanto, you will not seize our land
"Repeal the bloody farm laws", this is our demand

Chorus

Nurses and teachers, together we unite
Miners and Dockers join the general strike
A quarter of a billion rally to the call
The rising of the farmers is the rising of us all

All the world is watching while you scheme and dispossess
We demand a future where no one is oppressed
Narendra Modi, we are not your fools
Get out of our way, it's time for us to rule!

Chorus