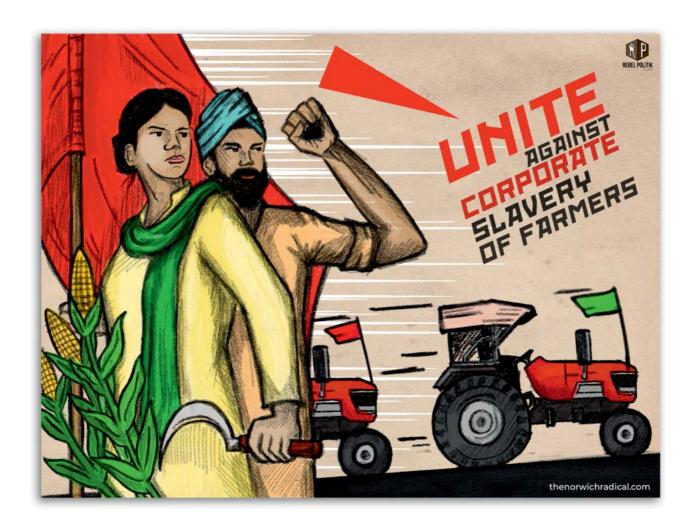
Zindabad Indian Farmers' Strike

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