WE DEMAND MORE

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Every day, we stand on the floor, With a smile that's hard to keep anymore. Stocking shelves, serving those who come through, But the pressure keeps rising, when will we break through? The talks on the contract are stuck in the mud, Bosses hold tight to their icy flood. We want more than crumbs, we want what's right, A fair wage for the work that binds us tight.

We're not here for scraps, we want the whole, Fair wages and respect, our burdens take a toll. Bosses, open your eyes, see the pain, We want a safe place, a salary that's sane. No empty promises, no half-hearted deal, We stand strong because we demand what's real.

The youth work as hard, side by side, But their pay lags behind, it feels like a lie. A fair adult wage, isn't that just? But bosses say, "Not now, not here, it's just a bust." While negotiations drag on, with no gain, We demand what's ours, without their twisted chain. Safety, respect, and a fair share, That's what we stand for, that's our fair care.

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Bosses talk of margins and growth, But the truth is harsh, their words are both Hollow and cold, wrapped in false cheer, But their offers fall short, laced with fear. We stand here together, as one collective voice, For a contract that's fair, for a better choice.

We're not here for scraps, we want the whole, Fair wages and respect, our burdens take a toll. Bosses, open your eyes, see the pain, We want a safe place, a salary that's sane. No empty promises, no half-hearted deal, We stand strong because we demand what's real. The fight goes on, we won't give in, For a future where fairness can win. A safe workplace, a fair wage to own, That's what we stand for, that's our throne.