

## Every Stitch

Nathan Moore & Kate Downing IV-40

In New York's garment district a century ago C A<sub>m</sub> F C  
Flames swept through a sweatshop, where young women came to sew D<sub>m</sub> A<sub>m</sub> D<sub>m</sub> G<sub>7</sub>  
 They tried to flee to safety but they found the stairwells locked C A<sub>m</sub> F C  
 Some perished from the smoke and fire, some fell on the hard sidewalk D<sub>m</sub> A<sub>m</sub> F C

Present day in Bangladesh, eleven stories high C A<sub>m</sub> F C  
Workers stand before the glass, how they wish that they could fly D<sub>m</sub> A<sub>m</sub> D<sub>m</sub> G<sub>7</sub>  
Exit doors are locked up tight, the air is full of screams C A<sub>m</sub> F C  
Twenty-six will die today, for the sake of cool blue jeans D<sub>m</sub> A<sub>m</sub> F C

### Chorus:

For every stitch of clothing, someone sweats away unseen A<sub>m</sub> C  
 While the tangled threads of justice, unravel at the seams A<sub>m</sub> C  
 From the slums of New York City, to the streets of Bangladesh A<sub>m</sub> C F  
 One hundred years of struggle, and it ain't over yet C G C

In the ashes of disaster New York's unions stood to fight C A<sub>m</sub> F C  
 They won safety on the cutting floor and basic workers' rights D<sub>m</sub> A<sub>m</sub> D<sub>m</sub> G<sub>7</sub>  
 But now the union label's faded and the war is waged anew C A<sub>m</sub> F C  
 Along a global chain of greed and pain hidden from the public view D<sub>m</sub> A<sub>m</sub> F C

### Chorus

All across America in every crowded mall C A<sub>m</sub> F C  
Shoppers shop beneath the smiles of models on the walls D<sub>m</sub> A<sub>m</sub> D<sub>m</sub> G<sub>7</sub>  
 But the promise of a logo is nothing more than sleight of hand C A<sub>m</sub> F C  
 A corporate mask to hide the lives that lie behind the brand D<sub>m</sub> A<sub>m</sub> F C

There are tears tonight in Dhaka, see the workers in the street C A<sub>m</sub> F C  
 With banners flying high above their weary marching feet D<sub>m</sub> A<sub>m</sub> D<sub>m</sub> G<sub>7</sub>  
 And we who sport the fashions can be a voice that calls for change C A<sub>m</sub> F C  
 In blood and fear and poverty, union rises from the flames. D<sub>m</sub> A<sub>m</sub> F C

### Chorus

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