

## The Better Job

If I were running a factory  
I'd stick up a sign for all to see,  
I'd print it large and I'd nail it high  
On every wall that the men walked by,  
And I'd have it carry this sentence clear:  
'The Better Job that you want is here!'

It's the common trait of the human race  
To pack up and roam from place to place;  
Men have done it for ages and do it now,  
Seeking to better themselves somehow;  
They quit their posts and their tools they drop  
For a better job in another shop.

It may be I'm wrong, but I hold to this  
That somewhere something must be amiss  
When a man worthwhile must move away  
For the better job with the better pay;  
And something is false in our own renown  
When men can think of a better town.

So if I were running a factory  
I'd stick up this sign for all to see,  
Which never an eye in the place could miss :  
'There isn't a better town than this;  
You need not go wandering, far or near  
The Better Job that you want is here!'

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)