

## THE MUCKRAKER

### CHORUS:

I'm Ida Tarbell, I am a journalist,  
I look into the nooks and crannies that others might have missed.  
I don't write the society page, or how to bake a cake,  
They call me a muckraker, but there's plenty of muck to rake.

My father was an oilman, an honest working man,  
Rockefeller squeezed him out as part of his master plan  
I wrote the story of Standard Oil and all its dirty deeds,  
My book, it caused an uproar, and brought them to their knees

### CHORUS

They want to show me Vandergrift, they say it's a workers' town  
With churches and a hospital, a place of much renown  
But I'll decide for myself what it's really meant to be,  
I'll look it over carefully, no one will hoodwink me.

### CHORUS