

## Life In The Factory

### Drive-By Truckers

Let me tell ya'll a story  
So far fetched it must be true  
Bout a bunch of fatherless boys from Florida and a boy who was  
man enough for two.  
Practiced twelve hours a day in the Hell House  
In the swamps out side of town.  
100 degrees without no open windows  
Heat radiating off the tin.

They named their band Lynyrd Skynyrd, after the coach who kicke  
d them out of school.  
Practiced seven days a week cuz Rock's the only thing to save t  
hem from life in the factory.

They spent years inside the Hell House  
Then they opened foe The Who  
90 degrees, outdoor, summer festivals  
Them, boy's wouldn't even break a sweat.  
Played each show like their lives depended on it  
300 a year will take its due  
They kicked The Stones ass out at Knebworth  
Ask anyone who was there and they'll tell you

They hit the road doing ninety  
Leave them steel mills far behind.  
Ain't no good life at the Ford plant  
Three guitars or a life of crime

Sold out shows and platinum records, New York critics and redne  
ckers  
Bunch of boy's from Florida had them eating from their hands  
They got the fame and all the glory  
But folks, it's still a sad story when legend over shadows the  
songs and the band.

Let me tell y'all a story that more or less is the truth  
From the swamps of Northern Florida to the swamps just north of  
Baton Rouge.