

Factory Girls

Flogging Molly

Build a bridge or maybe two
Together held with footsteps she outgrew
But now she sits alone, everyone's long gone
She dances in a photograph
When it was good to joke and have a laugh
But that was yesterday, if only today
Now the walls are crawling faces that still breathe
But before she nods her head what's left but sleep

She hears a chorus of factory girls
Singin' in the streets
Drinkin' their coca-colas
After washing your filthy sheets

Chasin down the avenue
After a childhood that she never knew
Choking on woodbine
Cigarettes just kill the time
Now the walls are crawling faces
That still breathe
But before she nods her head what's left but sleep

She hears a chorus of factory girls
Singin's aoin and all
Empty are their pockets
But their voices are filled with song

Come day go day
Wish in my hearty it was Sunday
Drinking buttermilk all the week
And whiskey on a Sunday

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Stayed Richard and his court of Kings
He stole my heart and many other things
But me I took his crown
Wish he was here to steal it now