

Smokey Factory Blues

Johnny Cash

Early in the misty misty morning headin' for another freeway jam.

Sleepy eyed and shriverin' wakin' up and wishin' it was Sunday
I wish it was Sunday.

On the radio they're playin' love songs songs that make me want
a turn around.

Factory gates are up ahead. I wished that I was home in bed.

With you, right now, back home with you, right now.

But I work to make a living and I work without a break
And I work when I am sleeping and I work when I'm awake
Yes and I'd like to leave the city but I can't afford to move.

And I think I'm going under with them way down lowdown smokey factory blues.

I was born a lover not a worker.

Money doesn't smell like sweet perfume.

Some of us feel out of place- engine oil upon our face.

Believe me you better believe me

But I work to make a living and I work without a break
And I work when I am sleeping and I work when I'm awake
Yes and I'd like to leave the city but I can't afford to move.

And I think I'm going under with them way down, lowdown smokey factory blues.

Yes. I work to make a living and I work without a break
And I work when I am sleeping and I work when I'm awake
Yes and I'd like to leave the city but I can't afford to move.
(Fade)