

The Factory

Kenny Rogers

I can't say that he loved his work
But he fed a family of nine
Papa never heard of union
He logged his scale in time
But he was a lucky man
At least he had a job
Down at the fact'ry

40 years cut across his back
Fightin' it tooth and nail
Work was hard enough to make
A man forget his fear of Hell
He was a thankful man
He had a job
Down at the fact'ry

Sometimes through the walls at night
I'd hear him on his knees
Prayin', "Lord, please help me
Through another day
Give me strength
And bless this house
This family of mine
And thank you, Lord, for my job
Down at the fact'ry"

It's hard for a man
To build a life
On a miller's pay
But like father
Just like son
At least I could pay my way

I'm a lucky man
I've got a job
Down at the fact'ry

As I put my kids to bed
Wonder what's in store
Ask the Lord for a better way
'Cause they deserve much more
Than to raise their own
With just a job
Down at the fact'ry

Sometimes when it's late at night
I get down on my knees
Prayin, "Lord, please help me
Through another day
And give me strength
And bless this house
This family of mine
And, thank you, lord, for my job
Down at the fact'ry"

We got more than some
At least I got a job

Down at the fact'ry