

# 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