

# Factory

Lucinda Williams

Early in the morning, the factory whistle blows  
A man rises from bed and puts on his clothes  
He takes his lunch and walks out in the morning light  
It's the working, the working, just the working life

Through mansions of fear, through the mansions of pain  
I see my daddy walking through the factory gates in the rain  
Factory takes his hearing, the factory gives him life  
It's the working, the working, just the working life

End of the day, factory whistle cries  
Men walk through these gates with death in their eyes  
You better believe boy somebody's gonna get hurt tonight  
It's the working, the working, just the working life

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