

Piss Factory

Patti Smith

Sixteen and time to pay off
I get this job in a piss factory inspecting pipe
Forty hours, thirty-six dollars a week
But it's a paycheck, Jack

So hot in here, hot like Sahara
You could faint from the heat
But these bitches are just too lame to understand
Too goddamned grateful to get this job

To know they're getting screwed up the ass
All these women, they got no teeth or gum or cranium
And the way they suck hot sausage
But me, well, I wasn't sayin' too much neither

I was moral school girl, hard-working asshole
I figured I was speedo motorcycle
I had to earn my dough, had to earn my dough

But no, you gotta, you gotta relate, babe
You gotta find the rhythm within
Floor boss slides up to me and he says
"Hey sister, you're just movin' too fast
You're screwin' up the quota
You're doin' your piece work too fast"

"Now you get off your mustang, Sally
You ain't goin' nowhere, you ain't goin' nowhere"
I layed back, I get my nerve up, I take a swig of Romilar
And walk up to hot shit Dot Hook and I say

"Hey, hey sister, it don't matter whether I do labor fast or slow
There's always more labor after
She's real Catholic, see, she fingers her cross and she says
There is one reason, there is one reason"

"You do it my way or I push your face in
We knee you in the John
If you don't get off your get off your mustang, Sally
If you don't shake it up, baby, shake it up, baby"

Twist and shout, oh what I could will a radio here
James Brown singing 'I Lost Someone'
Or the Jesters and the Paragons and Georgie Woods
The guy with the goods and Guided Missiles

But no, I got nothin', no diversion, no window
Nothing here but a porthole in the plaster, in the plaster
Where I look down, look at Sweet Theresa's convent
All those nurses, all those nuns scattin' 'round
With their bloom hoods like cats in mourning

Oh to me, they, you know
To me they look pretty damn free down there
Down there, not having to press those smooth
Not having to smooth those hands against hot steel

Not havin' to worry about the in-speed
The dogma of in-speed of labor
Oh then they put damn free down there
The way they smell, the way they smell
And here I gotta be up here smellin' Dot Hook's midwife sweat
I would rather smell the way boys smell

Oh, those schoolboys, way their legs flap
Under the desk in the study hall
That odor rising roses and ammonia
And way their dicks droop like lilacs

Or the way they smell that forbidden acrid smell
But no, I gotta, I gotta put clammy lady in my nostril
Her against the wheel, me against the wheel
Oh, the in-speed-o, slow motion inspection is drivin' me insane

In steel next to Dot Hook, oh, we may look the same
Shoulder to shoulder sweatin' 110 degrees
But I will never faint, I will never faint
They laugh and they expect me to faint but I will never faint

I refuse to lose, I refuse to fall down
Because you see it's the monotony that's got to me
Every afternoon like the last one
Every afternoon like a rerun next to Dot Hook

And yeah, we look the same
Both pumpin' steel, both sweatin'
But you know she got nothin' to hide
And I got something to hide here called desire

I got something to hide here called desire
And I will get out of here
You know the fiery potion is just about to come
In my nose is the taste of sugar

And I got nothin' to hide here, save desire
And I'm gonna go, I'm gonna get out of here
I'm gonna get out of here, I'm gonna get on that train
And I'm gonna go on that train and go to New York City

I'm gonna be somebody
I'm getting, gonna get on that train
Go to New York City

I'm gonna be so big, I'm gonna be a big star and I will never return
Never return, no, never return, to burn at this piss factory
And I will travel light, oh, watch me now