

# Kinderhook Hoopskirt Works

Rasputina

On one side was Albany Avenue  
On the other side a rushing creek  
Laid in Flemish bond  
Three stories high, a fortress of brick  
This was a place of employ  
The Kinderhook Hoopskirt Works  
But it still hurts  
When I think of the privileged captivity  
Of the mill girl like me  
Kept sequestered  
Only seen on a rope bridge  
That hangs high over the stream

We are kept like galley slaves  
While strangers decorate our father's graves  
A dark secret of this river, this creek  
This stream, oh what does it mean?

You'll hear no flattery at the factory  
At the Kinderhook Hoopskirt Works

There comes an undertone of frantic in her stitchery  
Idle talk do the turn to the wicked  
Take a listen, you'll surely see  
Between the girls a foul ensued  
Our heroine turns in word  
To her collection  
To examine her collection  
Her collection of two hundred and twenty-five smiles

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Each decision we make is based on love or fear  
Shall I be kind or cruel or fake?  
Shall I now shed a tear?

You can see them up in the windows of the factory  
Any night of the week  
Like beautifully-gowned wax figures on display  
with the loveliest eyes you've ever seen  
Squinting to baste the flouts  
Basting underskirts as big as wagon wheels  
Stabbing feelings with a needle  
Do you like how that feels?

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