

Factory

Wall of Voodoo

Now, I know I had somethin' to say
But the problem is, to say somethin'
Uh, you've got to say it
And I still don't remember a thing
Since the funny gas come out of that pipe next to me
I guess they didn't okay it
Now I remember—did I tell ya?—cut my thumb off
At the knuckle on a broken band saw
Didn't see the belt buckle or the blade slip
And I remember when the doctor did it up with a stitch
Funny thing—still got a scratch that I can't itch
Where my thumb was
Well, I've brought the same piece of chicken in a bag
To work every day for the last twenty years or so
And I really don't mind, work assembly line
Got an intercom blastin' the news and the latest on the baseball scores
Come around every Friday, well, I get a paycheck
Take the same road home that I come to work on—heck
It's a living
Chorus:
And I've got another factory back home
I've got a barbecue, pink Mustang, fenders chrome
And at nine o'clock I sit there in my chair
And I don't know why I lose my hair
And then I go to...
And then I go to...
And then I go to sleep
Well, I like to know what I'm doin' when I do it
And I do what I'm doin' 'cause I don't know what to do
When I'm not doin' it
Sometimes I remember as a boy my father told me
I could grow up To be anything I wanted
Anything
And every day at lunch I still look for my lost
Digit—still got that funny scratch
So maybe when I find it I can itch it
And I got a little rubber pool in the backyard
For the kids to wade in
And I? I? I... I, I, I.
Chorus:
I've got another factory back home
I got a little backyard, pink Mustang, fenders chrome
At nine o'clock I'm in my chair sat down
Just lately, when my wife talks back to me I slap 'er around
And then I go to...
And then I go to...
And then I go to sleep
Whoah-oh-oh-oh! until fade