

Factory

Melissa McClelland

Early in the morning, factory whistle blows
Man rises from bed and puts on his clothes
Man takes his lunch, steps out in the morning light
The working, the working, just the working life Through the mansions of fear, through the mansions of pain
I see my daddy walking through them factory gates in the rain
Factory takes his hearing and factory gives him life
The working, the working, just the working life End of a day, factory whistle cries
Men walk through those gates with death in their eyes
And you better believe it, boy, somebody's gonna get hurt tonight
The working, the working, just the working life

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