

# Factory Day

## Down By Law

The working man is in my head now  
cause in this world we're all together  
trapped in a world he never made  
it's a steel and concrete place - that lasts forever  
and no one smiles - it's the working class  
who's got time for sympathy?  
he sees reality, it makes him close his eyes  
wakes up in the morning and he feels cold  
makes the commute to a faraway place  
but in his head he's even further away  
and no one smiles - it's the working class  
who's got time for courtesy?  
for every working man who earns a working wage  
who's gonna set us free?  
the working man is in my head  
in this world we're all together  
remembering a girl he loved  
now he knows she's gone for good  
for him everyday is just a cycle  
gets home at night, turns on the color t.v.  
staring at programs set in faraway lands  
but the gray world outside his window is all he can see  
and no one smiles - it's the working class  
who's got time for courtesy?  
for every working man who earns a working wage  
who's gonna set us free?  
well if you've got a scream inside you better shout it before the real world takes your breath away  
ideals die fast now if you let them  
but where's the future in another factory day?  
it's easy to say it  
it's harder to live it  
but look around and choose  
remember he's like you

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