

Factory

Martha Wainwright

These are not my people, I should never have come here
The chick with a dick and the gift for the gab
I know a place, I've seen a face
I'll take the coast from factory to factory, ah These night's that I've been all alone
Through my window the moonlight, she shone
And on my walls the fire she danced
Playing out my very last chance to run, run, run, run Don't look back, you're moving too fast
I know a place, I've seen a face
I'll take the roads from factory to factory oh
There are millions and millions of people around
On my TV, walking my streets, making sounds
Then I can walk with them, I love the money then I But there are others I have known as poor souls, sores
exposed
To the run-of-the-mill, the destitute and the cold
And the sores exposed to the blisters and shards
Where any kind of kindness is as far as the sun, the sun
The sun, the sun, run, run, run, run, I know a place, I've seen a face
And I'll take the coast from factory to factory
Oh yeah, oh yeah, ah yeah, ah

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