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 streamWe 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 WorksThere 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 smilesYou'll hear no flattery at the factory
At the Kinderhook Hoopskirt WorksYou'll hear no flattery at the factory
At the Kinderhook Hoopskirt WorksEach 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?You'll hear no flattery at the factory
At the Kinderhook Hoopskirt WorksYou'll hear no flattery at the factory
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