

# 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlrics.com/>