

Factory Girls

Flogging Molly

Build a bridge or maybe two
Together held with footsteps she outgrew
But now she sits alone
Everyone's long gone She dances in a photograph
When it was good to joke and have a laugh
But that was yesterday
If only today Now these walls are crawling faces that still breathe
But before she nods her head what's left but sleep She hears a chorus of factory girls
Singin' in the streets
Drinkin' their coca-colas
After washing your filthy sheets Chasin' down the avenue
After a childhood that she never knew
Choking on woodbine
Cigarettes just kill the time Now these walls are crawling faces that still breathe
But before she nods her head what's left but sleep She hears a chorus of factory girls
Singin' in and all
Empty are their pockets
But their voices are filled with song Come day go day
Wish in my heart it was Sunday
Drinking buttermilk all the week
And whiskey on a Sunday Come day go day
Wish in my heart it was Sunday
Drinking buttermilk all the week
And whiskey on a Sunday Now these walls are crawling faces that still breathe
But before she nods her head what's left but sleep She hears a chorus of factory girls
Singin' in the streets
Drinkin' their coca-colas
After washing your filthy sheets She hears a chorus of factory girls
Singin' in and all
Empty are their pockets
But their voices are filled with song Slayed Richard and his court of kings
He stole my heart and many other things
But me I took his crown
Wish he was here to steal it now

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