Owensboro

Natalie Merchant

Well, I lived in a town, way down south
By the name of Owensboro
And I worked in a mill with the rest of the trash
As we?re often called as you know
Well, we rise up early in the morning
And we work all day, real hard
To buy our little meat and bread
Buy sugar, tea and lard
Well, our children they grow, grow up unlearned
With no time to go to school
Almost before they learn to walk
They learn to spin and to spool
Well, the folks in town, they dress so fine
And spend their money free
But they would hardly look at a factory hand
That dresses like you and me
Would you let them wear
Their watches fine
Let them wear their gems
And pearly strings
But when that day
Of judgement comes
They?ll have to share
Their pretty things
But when that day
Of judgement comes
They?ll have to share
Their pretty things

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