

Smokey Factory Blues

Albert Hammond

Early in the misty, misty morning
Headin' for another freeway jam
Sleepy eyed and shivering
Waking up and wishing it was Sunday I wish it was Sunday
On the radio they're playin' love songs
Songs that make me want to turn around
Factory gates are up ahead I wish that I was home in bed with you, my love
Back home with you, my love But I work to make a living
And I work without a break
And I work when I am sleeping
And I work when I'm awake Yes, and I'd like to leave the city
But I can't afford the move
And I think I'm goin' under
With those way down low down
Smokey factory blues I was born a lover not a worker
Money doesn't smell like sweet perfume
Some of us feel out of place
With engine oil upon our face
Believe me, you better believe me

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