

# 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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