Factory Belt

Uncle Tupelo

It's funny how it all works out
Mad men in suits walking about
I'd like to change your point of view someday
But I feel my patience slipping away

Looks like it's time to lay this burden down
Stop messing around
Don't want to go to the grave without a sound
Give this whole place a rest
Not to ride on the factory belt
Not to ride on the factory belt

You do all you can to just get by
With poison all around
It needs no disguise
You can see it on faces
Parcel at your door
You know there ain't no chance our respect is no more

Looks like it's time to lay this burden down
Stop messing around
Don't want to hurry to the grave in the ground

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