

The Factory

Chorus:

I'm working in the factory every night and day
My neck gets tight, I'm just waiting for five
I'm working in the factory, got them bills to pay
I'm down on my luck and tryin' to stay alive

The hands on the clock they call to me
To come forth to another place and time
Where pink flamingos glow from afar
And a black man's playing on his blues guitar

The boss man's wallet gettin' fat from me
But I got no schoolin', that's the tragedy
The flames inside growin' higher and higher
To get out of here is my one desire

Working in the factory every night and day
I'm hiding out, just waiting for my pay
Working in the factory, that's not asking alot
Just to give up my life: and that's all I've got!

Yet here in the factory I can dream alot
About a better life, I'm gonna take that shot!
I'm a true believer in the Dream Machine
I'm gonna have it all, like on the silver screen

I remember what my momma said:
„You can't run the quarter mile, when you're dead“
But dead feels better than what I've got
Gotta rattlesnake brain and a punch-in heart

Repeat Chorus

Words & Music by Rick Derman