

Factory

(as recorded by the Flying Pickets)

Marc Bökkerink 02-1996

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A

Ear-ly in the mor-ning fac-torywhist-le blows. Man ri-ses from bed and puts

T
B

4

on his clothes. Man takes his lunch, walks out in themor-ning light. It's the

7

work, the work-ing, just the work-ing life... The work-ing, the work-ing, just the

10

work-ing life... Through the man-sions of fear, through the man-sions of pain. See my

13

dad dy walk ing through them fac tory gates in the rain. Fac tory takes his hear ing, fac tory

16

gives him life.— The work-ing, the work-ing, just the work-ing life.— The

19

work-ing, the work-ing, just the work-ing life.— End of the day, fac-tory

22

whist-le cries. Men walk through these gates with death in their eyes. And you

25

just bet-ter be-lieve some-bo-dy's gon-na get hurt to-night. It's the

27

work-ing, the work-ing, just the work-ing life.— The work, the work, the work-ing life.