# 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 SundayI wish it was Sunday
On the radio they're playin' love songs
Songs that make me want to turn around
Factory gates are up aheadI 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 awakeYes, 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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/