

Drive-by Truckers

"Life In The Factory"

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Let me tell y'all a story
So far fetched it must be true
'Bout a bunch of fatherless boys from Florida
One is man enough for two

Practiced twelve hours a day in the Hell House
In the swamps outside of town
100 degrees without no open windows
Heat radiating off the tin

And they named their band Lynyrd Skynyrd
After the coach who kicked them out of school
Seven days a week 'cause Rock's the only thing
To save them from life in the factory

They spent years inside the Hell House
Then they opened for The Stones and The Who
300 shows a year, outdoor, summer festivals
Them boy's wouldn't even break a sweat

They hit the road doing ninety
Leave them steel mills far behind
Ain't no good life at the Ford plant
Three guitars or a life of crime

Sold out shows and platinum records
New York critics and rednecks
Bunch of boy's from Florida
Had them eating from their hands

They had to find another glory
But folks, it's still some sad story
Legend over shadows
The songs and the band

Let me tell y'all a story
That more or less is the truth
From the swamps of Northern Florida
To the swamps just north of Baton Rouge

