

Eric Burdon "Factory Girl"

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As I went out walkin' f' mornin'
One fine summer mornin'
The birds in the bushes
Did whistle and sing
The lads and the lasses
In couples were a-courtin'
Goin' back to the factory
Their work to begin

I spied one among them
She was fairer than most
Her cheeks like a red rose
That blooms in the spring
Her hair like a lily
That grows in yon valley
She was only a hard workin'
Factory girl

I slept long beside her
More closely to feel her
She said, "My young man
Don't stare at me so."
I said, "I got gold in my buckets
And silver as well
No more shall you answer
That factory call."

Now the years have gone past
From the days of our youth
Our home is now teemin'
With children at play
Life goes on in the village
You can still hear the whistle
"Hey there goes that lad
With his factory girl."

You can still hear the sound
Of the factory call.

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