

Kenny Rogers

"The Factory"

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I can't say that he loved his work but he fed a family of
nine
Papa never heard of a union, he logged his scale in
time
But he was a lucky man
At least he had a job down at the factory

Forty years cut across his back fightin' it tooth and nail
Work was hard enough to make a man forget his fear
of hell
He was a thankful man
He had a job down at the factory

Sometimes through the walls at night I'd hear him on
his knees
Prayin', "Lord, please help me through another day
Give me strength and bless this house, this family of
mine
And thank you, Lord, for my job down at the factory"

It's hard for a man to build a life on a miller's pay
But like father, just like son, at least I could pay my way
I'm a lucky man
I've got a job down at the factory

As I put my kids to bed, wonder what's in store
Ask the Lord for a better way 'cause they deserve much
more
Than to raise their own
With just a job down at the fact'ry

Sometimes when it's late at night I get down on my
knees
Prayin, "Lord, please help me through another day
And give me strength and bless this house, this family
of mine
Thank you, Lord, for my job down at the factory"

We've got more than some
At least I got a job down at the factory

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