

Brothers Four

"The Beast"

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I got a job in a factory
Feeding a beast that don't like me
It don't give a darn about how I feel
As long as I feed it its ration of steel

And pity the man who knows the grief
That comes with the bite of that monster's teeth
Pity the man who knows the grief
That comes with the bite of that monster's teeth

Watch your mitts at the start of the stroke
It's a re-peat killer, and will go for broke
It shoulda been melted 'bout twenty years back
But it feeds the boss and he loves that snack

Oh, Beast, spare my hands
I'll use them to slay you if I get the chance
Oh, Beast, spare my hands
I'll use them to slay you if I get the chance

There ain't no guards to slow up a man
Keep your foot on the pedal and your eye on the ram

If your hand should slip, why the boss don't shout
He just buys new fingers as he throws you out

There's plenty of hands to feed the jaws
The press don't stop when there ain't no cause
There's plenty of hands to feed the jaws
The press don't stop when there ain't no cause

There ain't one man out on the press
Who wouldn't quit if jobs weren't scarce
But a man has to have his daily meal
And that Beast's gotta have its cold rolled steel

Deep inside remain the dreams
That make us the masters of the machines
While deep inside remain the dreams
That make us the masters of the machines

Well, now, I got a job in a factory
Feeding a beast that don't like me
It don't give a darn about how I feel
As long as I feed it its ration of steel
Long as I feed it its ration of steel

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