

## **Patti Smith**

# **"Piss Factory"**

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Sixteen and time to pay off  
I get this job in a piss factory inspecting pipe  
Forty hours, thirty-six dollars a week  
But it's a paycheck, Jack

So hot in here, hot like Sahara  
You could faint from the heat  
But these bitches are just too lame to understand  
Too goddamned grateful to get this job

To know they're getting screwed up the ass  
All these women, they got no teeth or gum or cranium  
And the way they suck hot sausage  
But me, well, I wasn't sayin' too much neither

I was moral school girl, hard-working asshole  
I figured I was speedo motorcycle  
I had to earn my dough, had to earn my dough

But no, you gotta, you gotta relate, babe  
You gotta find the rhythm within  
Floor boss slides up to me and he says  
"Hey sister, you're just movin' too fast  
You're screwin' up the quota  
You're doin' your piece work too fast"

"Now you get off your mustang, Sally  
You ain't goin' nowhere, you ain't goin' nowhere"  
I layed back, I get my nerve up, I take a swig of Romilar  
And walk up to hot shit Dot Hook and I say

"Hey, hey sister, it don't matter whether I do labor fast  
or slow  
There's always more labor after  
She's real Catholic, see, she fingers her cross and she  
says  
There is one reason, there is one reason"

"You do it my way or I push your face in  
We knee you in the John  
If you don't get off your get off your mustang, Sally  
If you don't shake it up, baby, shake it up, baby"

Twist and shout, oh what I could will a radio here  
James Brown singing 'I Lost Someone'  
Or the Jesters and the Paragons and Georgie Woods  
The guy with the goods and Guided Missiles

But no, I got nothin', no diversion, no window  
Nothing here but a porthole in the plaster, in the plaster  
Where I look down, look at Sweet Theresa's convent  
All those nurses, all those nuns scattin' 'round  
With their bloom hoods like cats in mourning

Oh to me, they, you know  
To me they look pretty damn free down there  
Down there, not having to press those smooth  
Not having to smooth those hands against hot steel

Not having to worry about the in-speed  
The dogma of in-speed of labor  
Oh then they put damn free down there  
The way they smell, the way they smell  
And here I gotta be up here smellin' Dot Hook's midwife  
sweat  
I would rather smell the way boys smell

Oh, those schoolboys, way their legs flap  
Under the desk in the study hall  
That odor rising roses and ammonia  
And way their dicks droop like lilacs

Or the way they smell that forbidden acrid smell  
But no, I gotta, I gotta put clammy lady in my nostril  
Her against the wheel, me against the wheel  
Oh, the in-speed-o, slow motion inspection is drivin' me  
insane

In steel next to Dot Hook, oh, we may look the same  
Shoulder to shoulder sweatin' 110 degrees  
But I will never faint, I will never faint  
They laugh and they expect me to faint but I will never  
faint

I refuse to lose, I refuse to fall down  
Because you see it's the monotony that's got to me  
Every afternoon like the last one  
Every afternoon like a rerun next to Dot Hook

And yeah, we look the same  
Both pumpin' steel, both sweatin'  
But you know she got nothin' to hide  
And I got something to hide here called desire

I got something to hide here called desire  
And I will get out of here  
You know the fiery potion is just about to come  
In my nose is the taste of sugar

And I got nothin' to hide here, save desire  
And I'm gonna go, I'm gonna get out of here  
I'm gonna get out of here, I'm gonna get on that train  
And I'm gonna go on that train and go to New York City

I'm gonna be somebody  
I'm getting, gonna get on that train  
Go to New York City

I'm gonna be so big, I'm gonna be a big star and I will  
never return  
Never return, no, never return, to burn at this piss  
factory  
And I will travel light, oh, watch me now

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