

Sinead Oconnor

"Factor Girl"

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As I went out walking one fine summer morning
The birds in the bushes did whistle and sing
The lads and the lassies in couples were courting
Going back to the factory their work to begin

He spied one amongst them, she was fairer than any
Her cheeks like the red rose that blooms in the spring
Her hair like a lily that grows in yond valley
She was only a hard working factory girl
He steps up beside her, more closely to be with her
She said "My young man, don't stare me so
I've gold in my pocket and silver as well
No more will I answer that factory call"

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