

Sinéad O'Connor **"Factory Girl"**

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As i went out walking one fine summer morning
The birds in the bushes did wistle and sing
The lads and the lasses 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 young 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 go all in my pocket and silver as well
No more will i answer that factory call"

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