

Factory Lad

Words & Music: Colin Dryden

G D C G D
You wake up in the morning - the sky's as black as night
G C G C D
Your mother's shouting up the stairs - you know she's winning the fight
G C G C D
You stumble to the breakfast table and grab a bite to eat
G C G C D G
Then it's out the door and up the road and through the factory gate

D C G C D
CHORUS: Turning steel, how do you feel as in the chuck you spin?
G D C G C D G
If you felt like me you'd roll right out and never roll back in

G D C G D
Cold and dark the morning as you squeeze in the gate
G C G C D
As you clock in the bell will ring - eight hours is your fate
G C G C D
Off come the coats up go the sleeves and it's "Right, lads!" is the cry
G C G C D G
With one eye on the clock and t' other on your lathe you wish that time could fly

G D C G D
But time can't fly as fast as a lathe and it's work as you must
G C G C D
To grinding, groaning, spinning metal, the hot air and the dust
G C G C D
And it's many's the time that I'm with my girl and we're walking through the park
G C G C D G
Whilst gazing on the turning steel or the welder's blinding spark

CHORUS

G D C G D
Well, old Tom — he left last week — his final bell did ring
G C G C D
His hair was white as the face beneath the oily sunken skin
G C G C D
Well, he made a speech and he said farewell to a lifetime working here
G C G C D G
As I shook his hand I thought of Hell at a lathe for forty years

G D C G D
When my time comes — as come it must — that I will leave this place
G C G C D
I'll walk right out past the charge-hand's dock and never turn my face
G C G C D
Out through the gates into the sun and I'll leave it all behind
G C G C D G
With one regret for the lads I've left to carry on the grind

CHORUS

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Colin Dryden

Verse

You wake up in the morn - ing, the sky's as black as night Your
moth - er's shout - ing up the stairs, you know she's win - ning the fight You
stum - ble to the break - fast ta - ble and grab a bite to eat Then it's
out the door and up the road and through the fact - 'ry gate

Chorus

Turn - ing steel how do you feel as in the chuck you spin If you
felt like me you'd roll right out and nev - er come back in.

2. Cold and dark the morning as you squeeze in the gate
As you clock in the bell will ring — eight hours is your fate
Off come the coats, up go the sleeves and it's "Right, lads!" is the cry
With one eye on the clock and t' other on your lathe you wish that time could fly

3. But time can't fly as fast as a lathe and it's work as you must
To grinding, groaning, spinning metal, the hot air and the dust
And it's many's the time I'm with my girl and we're walking through the park
Whilst gazing on the turning steel or the welder's blinding spark

CHORUS

4. Well, old Tom — he left last week — his final bell did ring
His hair was white as the face beneath the oily sunken skin
Well, he made a speech and he said farewell to a lifetime working here
As I shook his hand I thought of Hell at a lathe for forty years

5. When my time comes — as come it must — that I will leave this place
I'll walk right out past the charge-hand's dock and never turn my face
Out through the gates into the sun and I'll leave it all behind
With one regret for the lads I've left to carry on the grind

CHORUS