

# Smokey Factory Blues

[Albert Hammond](#)

Early in the misty, misty morning  
Headin' for another freeway jam  
Sleepy eyed and shivering  
Waking up and wishing it was Sunday I wish it was Sunday  
On the radio they're playin' love songs  
Songs that make me want to turn around  
Factory gates are up ahead I wish that I was home in bed with you, my love  
Back home with you, my love  
But I work to make a living  
And I work without a break  
And I work when I am sleeping  
And I work when I'm awake Yes, and I'd like to leave the city  
But I can't afford the move  
And I think I'm goin' under  
With those way down low down  
Smokey factory blues  
I was born a lover not a worker  
Money doesn't smell like sweet perfume  
Some of us feel out of place  
With engine oil upon our face  
Believe me, you better believe me  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>