

# Factory

Martha Wainwright

These are not my people, I should never have come here  
The chick with a dick and the gift for the gab  
I know a place, I've seen the face  
And I'll take the coast from factory to factory  
Ah

These night's that I've been on the road  
Through my window the moonlight she shone  
And on my walls the fire she danced  
Playing out my very last chance to run, run, run, run  
Don't look back, you're moving too fast  
I know a place, I've seen the face  
And I'll take the high road from factory to factory  
Oh yeah  
Oh yeah  
Ah yeah  
Ah yeah

There are millions and millions of people around  
On my TV, walking my streets, making sounds  
And I can walk with them I love them I need their love  
There are others I have known as poor souls, sores exposed  
The the run-of-the-mill, the destitute, and the cold  
Sores exposed to the blisters and shards  
Where any kind of kindness is as far as the sun, the sun  
The sun, the sun, run, run, run, run  
I know a place, I've seen a face  
And I'll take the coast from factory to factory  
Oh yeah  
Oh yeah  
Ah yeah  
Ah yeah

Run, run  
Mmmmmmm, mmmmmmm

These are not my people, I should never have come here  
I know a place, I've seen the face  
Take the coast from factory to factory  
Oh yeah  
Oh yeah  
Ah yeah  
Ah yeah  
Oh yeah  
Oh yeah  
Ah yeah  
Ah yeah