

Textile Factory

Emitt Rhodes

I'd like to tell you 'bout my home town
But it's awfully hard to explain to a stranger
It's been a year since I went down
To the place where I was born and raised, sir

I gotta make it rich, I'm getting tired of digging ditches back on the farm
I got a girl I wanna marry and I know that she loves me
Yes, I'm ready for work, I got my shirtsleeves rolled up around my arms
I got a chance to make it rich in a textile factory

Well, my papa was a poor man but always did the best he could
And he whipped my behind whenever I wasn't good
There were six of us children in my family
And not a single one of us has ever learned how to read

Well, I'm really not complaining, my parents were the best you could have
Well, I love my mama and I really respected my dad

Well, let me tell you that every Sunday morning we would dress in our Sunday clothes
And we would listen to a sermon from the preacher about our good Lord
Well, the preacher said, "Child, be thankful for the food you eat"
But my tastes are getting bigger, I think I'll be traveling East

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Well, now listen here, brother, if you think you've got it bad
Mmm well, what do you think about the life I've had?

Well, my father said to me, "Son, you know you've got to earn your keep"
So I've been working from sunup to sundown since I was thirteen
Well, my father said, "Boy, be thankful got a place to sleep"
But I've been sleeping awful restless and I think I'll be moving East

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