

Factory Girl

Eric Burdon

As I went out walking
One fine summer morning
The birds in the bushes
Did whistle and sing
The lads and the lassies
In couples were courting
Going back to the factory
Their work to begin

I spied one among them
She was fairer than most
Her cheeks like the red rose
That blooms in the spring
Her hair like the lily
That grows in yon valley
She was only a hard working
Factory Girl

I steps up aside her more closely to feel her
She says my young man
Don't stare me so
She said I've got gold in my pocket
And silver as well
No more will I answer
That factory call

Now the years have all passed
From the days of our youth
Our home is now teeming
With children at play
Life goes on in the village
You can still hear the whistle
Hey there goes the lad
With his factory girl