

Rosa on the Factory Floor

Jethro Tull

She moves with machinery for the fancy sports car trade.
Part of the industrial process: she sees that they stay made.
She works from early A.M.. They work her to the bone.
When I call her in the evening, she's too tired to lift the phone.

Damned if I'll wait for her, and I'll be damned if I don't.
Damned if I only see that Rosa on the factory floor.

Signed on for the duration. They say she came from the East.
With her tool bag and her coveralls, to pay the rent at least.
She doesn't talk with workers on the rest of the line
and over in the canteen, she's alone most of the time.

Somewhere in her history is a lock without a key.
She doesn't trust the management--and she won't trust me.
We're two different animals. We live jungles apart.
She circles round her freedom and I circle round her heart.