

Factory Fires

Josh Pyke

Well you can stay in the town that gave birth to you to return
to the earth it's built on
Or you can run like the river flowing down to the ocean or a road
and on each thereon
And all the music in the world is a swimming pool on the top of
the tallest building
Bubbling up to a boil on the water peeling off those echoing walls

Please,
Don't let the fires go out in the factories
Don't let the fires go out in your house
Cause I've always been ready for some steady work
There's never been enough of it to go around

And I never really know why you stick with me
I only know I'm still stuck on you
But if the fires go out in the factories
Then the fires go out in me too

And greeting each day with the same heavy hand holds the hand that
made the crack in the door
And lately I've been thinking that the days feel longer as a life
gets a little too short
When weeds grow up in the parking lots we shouldn't tell them that
we wanted them to
And I always hoped that the difference in me would be enough to
make a difference to you

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