

Factory Girls

Tindersticks

Is it a girl in the street?
Is it the ones that you never meet?
Is it Paris in the spring?

Is it any of those things?

No it's the wine that makes me sad, not the love I've never had
Or the things I've never seen, or the places I never been
It's the wine that makes me sad

Is it the friend that I lost?
Were you the one left counting cars?
Is it time falling away?
Is it things you haven't done today?

It's the wine that makes me sad, not the good times that I've had
Or the thing I cannot change, like the time slips away
It's the wine that makes me sad

Such a silly thought
September leave the tree
Can't go to his own party
It's so easy

Than other girls form their factory
It doesn't hide for their bounty
Make me feel more like me
It's so easy

And other boy they can have their hair
Thinking what they were gone give them for free
Couldn't read their own paper pay
It's so easy

Standing up and not falling down
Nothing to do, nothing to figure out
Just put your feet firmly on the ground
It's that easy