

# Factory Lad

Colin Dryden (based on The Fagans' recording)

♩=110 G F G F C G

Hp. *Stop* *Stop* *Stop*

## Verse 1 (Rima)

9 C G F C G

W. You wake up in the morn - ing the sky is black as night. Your

14 C F C G

W. moth - er's shout - ing up the stairs - you know she's winn ing the fight. You

18 C F C F G

W. tum - ble down to the break fast ta - ble & grab a bite to eat. Then it's

22 C F C F G G C

W. out the door and up the road and through the fact - 'ry gate.

## Chorus

26 G F C G

W. Turn - ing steel how do you feel as in the chuck you spin? If you

Des.

T. 8 Turn - ing steel how do you feel as in the chuck you spin? If you

B.

Vl.

30 C G F C F G C

W. felt like me you'd roll right out and ne - ver roll back in.

Des.

T. 8 felt like me you'd roll right out and ne - ver roll back in.

B.

Vl.

12

Verse 2 (Margaret)

34 C G F C G  
 W. Cold & dark\_ the morn - ing, as you squeeze in through the gate.\_ As  
 39 C F C G  
 W. you clock in,\_ the bell\_ will ring, eight hour - s is your\_ fate.\_  
 43 C F C F G  
 W. Off comes the coat,\_ up go\_ the sleeves and "Right,\_ lads"\_ is the cry.\_ With  
 47 C F C F G C  
 W. one eye\_ on the clock, & the oth - er on the lathe, you wish that time could fly. But

Verse 3 (Men)

51 C G F C G  
 W. time can't fly as fast as the lathe and it's work you must. With the  
 55 C F C G  
 W. grind - ing, groan - ing, spin - ning\_ me - tal, the hot air\_ and the dust.\_ And it's  
 59 C F C F G  
 W. man - y's\_ the time I'm with my girl\_ and we're walk - ing through the\_ park.\_ While gaz -  
 63 C F C F G C [to Chorus]  
 W. - ing on\_ the turn - ing\_ steel,\_ and the wel - der's blind - ing spark.

Instrumental 1

67  
 V1.   
 V2.   
 73  
 V1.   
 V2. 

Verse 4 (Women)

83 C G F C G  
W. Well old Tom, he left last week, his fi - nal bell did ring. His  
87 C F C G  
W. hair was white as the face be neath, the oi - ly sun - ken skin. Well he  
91 C F C F G  
W. made a speech and he bid fare well to a life - time work - ing here. As I  
95 C F C F G C [to Chorus]  
W. shook his hand I thought of hell at a lathe for for - ty years.

Verse 5 (Tutti)

99 C G F C G  
W. When my time comes as come it must, and I will leave this place. I'll  
V1. [Instrumental accompaniment]  
104 C F C G  
W. walk right out past the charge-hand's desk, ne - ver turn my face.  
V1. [Instrumental accompaniment]

108 C F C F G

W. Out past the desk\_ and in - to the sun,\_ I'll leave it all\_ be- hind.\_ With

T. With

V1.

112 C F C F G C [to Chorus]

W. one re- gret,\_ for the lads\_ I've\_ left\_ to car - ry\_ on\_ the grind.\_

T. one re- gret,\_ for the lads\_ I've\_ left\_ to car - ry\_ on\_ the grind.\_

V1.

*Instrumental 2*

116

V1.

V2.

120

V1. **rall**

V2.