

Factory Lad

Colin Dryden (based on The Fagans' recording)

Hp. $\text{♩} = 110$ G F G F C G

Verse 1 (Rima)

W. C G F C G C F C

You wake up in the morn - ing the sky is black as night. Your moth - er's shout - ing up the stairs you know she's winn - ing the

W. G C F C F

fight. You tum - ble down to the break - fast ta - ble & grab a bite to eat.

W. G C F C F G C

Then it's out the door and up the road and through the fact - 'ry gate.

Chorus

T. G F C G

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

Vl.

T. C G F C F G C

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

Vl.

Verse 2 (Margaret)

W. C G F C G C F C

Cold & dark the morn - ing, as you squeeze in through the gate. As you clock in, the bell will ring, eight

W. G C F C F

hour - s is your fate. Off comes the coat, up go the sleeves and "Right, lads" is the cry.

W. G C F C F G C

With one eye on the clock, & the oth - er on the lathe, you wish that time could fly. But

Verse 3 (Men)

W. C G F C G C F C

time can't fly as fast as the lathe and it's work you must. With the grind - ing, groan - ing, spin - ning me - tal, the hot air and the dust.

W. G C F C F

And it's man - y's the time I'm with my girl and we're walk - ing through the

W. G C F C F G C [to Chorus]

12 park. While gaz - ing on the turn - ing steel, and the wel - der's blind - ing spark.

Instrumental 1

67

75

Verse 4 (Women)

83 C G F C G C F C G

91 C F C F G C F C F G C [to Chorus]

Verse 5 (Tutti)

99 C G F C G C

105 F C G C F C F

111 C F C F G C

Instrumental 2

116

120