

# 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 G

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 fight. You

W. C F C F G C F C F G C

tum-ble down to the break-fast ta-ble & grab a bite to eat. Then it's out the door and up the road and through the fact-ry gate.

## Chorus

W. G F C G

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

Des.

T.  $\frac{8}{8}$  Turn-ing steel how do you feel as in the chuck you spin? If you

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

B.

W. C G F C F G C

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

Des.

T.  $\frac{8}{8}$  felt like me you'd roll right out and ne-ver roll back in.

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

B.

## Verse 2 (Margaret)

W. C G F C G C F C G

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

W. C F C F G C F C F G C

Off comes the coat, up go the sleeves and "Right, lads" is the cry. With one eye on the clock, & the other on the lathe, you wish that time could fly. But

Verse 3 (Men)

51 C G F C G C F C G  
 W. 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. And it's

59 C F C F G C F C F G C  
 W. man y's\_ the time I'm with my girl\_ and we're walking through the\_ park. While gaz - ing on\_ the turn - ing\_ steel, and the welder's blinding spark.  
 [to Chorus]

Instrumental 1

67 VI.

75 VI.

Verse 4 (Women)

83 C G F C G C F C  
 W. Well old\_ Tom, he left last\_ week, his fi - nal bell did ring. His hair was white as\_ the face be - neath, the

89 G C F C F  
 W. oi - ly\_ sun - ken skin. Well he made a speech and he bid fare - well to a life - time work ing

94 G C F C F G C [to Chorus]  
 W. here. As I shook his\_ hand I thought\_ of\_ hell\_ at a lathe for for - ty years.

Verse 5 (Tutti)

99 C G F C G C  
 W. When my time comes as come it must, and I will leave this place. I'll walk right out past the

105 F C G C F C F  
 W. charge - hand's desk, ne - ver\_ turn my face. Out past the desk and in - to the sun, I'll leave it all\_ be - hind.

111 G C F C F G C [to Chorus]  
 W. With one re - gret, for the lads\_ I've\_ left\_ to car - ry\_ on\_ the grind. \_  
 T.

116 Instrumental 2

VI. rall