

Fitzgerald Patrik, Factory Of Wines

In the factory of wines
He organised the system
Stealing bottles out for other people
Through various means
In the factory of wines
They drank together happily
In unofficial coffee breaks
Behind the scenes
In the factory of wines
He tried to organise a union
No one was interested
In ideas such as these
In the factory of wines
They treated him, eventually
Rather like a cat with fleas
Always searching for the cheese
In the factory of wines
They didn't recognise him
The man from the management
Dressed in plain clothes
In the factory of wines -
They didn't realise -
Drinking a glass of red
And holding it up to his nose
Writing out a report of the
Estimated loss
Leaving the piece of paper
On the table of his boss
In the factory of wines
They agreed to make a deal
Scared to death
Of being crushed
Beneath the big wheels
Give us a name
And then we will forget your crime
Now he's standing, waiting
To walk out of the door
For the last time