

Martha Wainwright, Factory

These are not my people, I should never have come here
The chick with a dick and the gift for the gab
I know a place, I've seen the face
And I'll take the coast from factory to factory
Ah

These nights that I've been on the road
Through my window the moonlight she shone
And on my walls the fire she danced
Playing out my very last chance to run, run, run, run
Don't look back, you're moving too fast
I know a place, I've seen the face
And I'll take the coast from factory to factory
Oh yeah

There are millions and millions of people around
On my TV, walking my streets, making sounds
And I can walk with them, I love them, I need their love

There are others I have known as poor souls, sores exposed
The run-of-the-mill, the destitute and the cold
Sores exposed to the blisters and shards
Where any kind of kindness is as far as the sun, the sun
The sun, the sun, run, run, run, run
I know a place, I've seen a face
And I'll take the coast from factory to factory
Oh yeah
Oh yeah
Ah yeah
Ah yeah

Run, run
Mmmmmmm, mmmmmmm

These are not my people, I should never have come here
I know a place, I've seen the face
I'll take the high road from factory to factory
Oh yeah, oh yeah
Ah yeah, ah yeah
Oh yeah, oh yeah
Ah yeah