

Wall Of Voodoo, Factory

Now I know I had something to say
But the problem is to say something, uh, you gotta say it
And I still don't remember a thing
Since that funny gas came out of that pipe next to me
I guess they didn't OK it
Now I remember, did I tell ya? Cut my thumb off at the knuckle on a broken band saw
Didn't see the belt buckle of the blade slip
And I remember when the doctor did it up with a stitch
Funny thing, still got a scratch that I can't itch where my thumb was

And I've brought the same piece of chicken in a bag to work everyday
For the last twenty years or so
And I really don't mind work assembly line,
Got an intercom blasting the news and the latest on the baseball scores
And come around every Friday when I get a paycheck
I take the same road home that I come to work on, heck it's a living

And I've got another factory back home
I got a barbeque, pink mustang, fender's chrome
And at nine o' clock I sit there in my chair
And I don't know why I lose my hair

And then I go to
And then I go to
And then I go to sleep

Well I like to know what I'm doing when I do it
And I do what I'm doing cause I don't know what to do
When I'm not doing it
Sometimes I remember as a boy my father told me
I could grow up to be anything
I really wanted to be anything

And everyday at lunch I still look for my lost digit
Still got that funny scratch
So maybe when I find it I can itch it
And I got a little rubber pool in the backyard
For the kids to wade in
And I...I...I....I, I, I

I've got another factory back home
Got a barbeque, pink mustang, fender's chrome
And at nine o' clock I'm in my chair sat down
Just lately when my wife talks back to me, I slap her around

Then I go to
Then I go to
Then I go to sleep

Whoa, oh, oh
Whoa, oh, oh