

Albert Hammond, Smokey Factory Blues

Albert Hammond
It Never Rains in Southern California
Smokey Factory Blues
Early in the misty, misty morning
Heading for another freeway jam
Sleepy eyed and shivering
Waking up and wishing
It was Sunday. I wish it was Sunday

On the radio they're playing love songs
Songs that make me want to turn around
Factory gates are up ahead
I wish that I was home in bed
With you, my love, back home with you, my love

But I work to make a living
And I work without a break
And I work when I am sleeping
And I work when I'm awake
Yes, and I'd like to leave the city
But I can't afford the move
And I think I'm goin' under
With those way down low down smokey factory blues

I was born a lover, not a worker
Money doesn't smell like sweet perfume
Some of us feel out of place
With engine oil upon our face
Believe me, you'd better believe me

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