

# 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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And I work without a break  
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But I can't afford the move  
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And I work without a break  
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Yes, and I'd like to leave the city...