

Down By Law, Factory Day

The working man is in my head now
cause in this world we're all together
trapped in a world he never made
it's a steel and concrete place - that lasts forever
and no one smiles - it's the working class
who's got time for sympathy?
he sees reality, it makes him close his eyes
wakes up in the morning and he feels cold
makes the commute to a faraway place
but in his head he's even further away
and no one smiles - it's the working class
who's got time for courtesy?
for every working man who earns a working wage
who's gonna set us free?
the working man is in my head
in this world we're all together
remembering a girl he loved
now he knows she's gone for good
for him everyday is just a cycle
gets home at night, turns on the color t.v.
staring at programs set in faraway lands
but the gray world outside his window is all he can see
and no one smiles - it's the working class
who's got time for courtesy?
for every working man who earns a working wage
who's gonna set us free?
well if you've got a scream inside you better shout it before the real world takes your breath away
ideals die fast now if you let them
but where's the future in another factory day?
it's easy to say it
it's harder to live it
but look around and choose
remember he's like you