

# Harry Chapin, The Day They Closed The Factory

She said, &quot;I watch him walk down Main Street A sweet one man parade.  
He'd tip his hat and just like that another score he'd made  
I'd watch the girls all watch him; moths drawn to the flame.  
The money showed, the laughter flowed from the way he played the game.  
He played the game.

&quot;Some said he was a rambler, some said he was a rake .  
Some said he was a gambler, some said he was a fake.  
But I knew him like no one else, a gentleman was he.  
His days belonged to himself, his nights belonged to me.  
Belonged to me.

&quot;And they're talkin' in the town square,  
In the taverns and the shops  
I hear them talkin' everywhere.  
Their talkin' never stops.  
But all their words of wisdom won't make you go away.  
The day they closed the factory down they had nothing,  
Nothing left to say.

She said, &quot;I take care of my momma now, since my father died.  
I'm raising baby brother, too, the way my father tried.  
His thirty years in the factory ended in that furnace blast.  
But they settled up for ten bucks a week and the bitterness is past,  
It did not last.

&quot;So they're moving somewhere else now  
With their cloths and fabric press. They found themselves another town where they'll make shirts for  
And that is why he said last night he won't watch the old town die.  
But I would not take what he tried to leave, when he told me 'Good bye'  
Ah, it's good bye

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&quot;So they're talkin' of the changes the closing brings about.  
Talkin' of the hard times and the young folks moving out.  
Yes, they're talking as if talking can make everything all right.  
But all the talking ever done won't bring him back tonight.  
Ah, tonight.

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