

Steppenwolf, Smokey Factory Blues

Words and music by A. Hammond & M. Hazlewood

Early in the misty, misty morning
Headin' 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 playin' love songs.
Songs that make me want to turn around
Fact'ry 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 fact'ry 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 better believe me.

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