

# Uncle Tupelo, Factory Belt

It's funny how it all works out  
Mad men in suits walking about  
I'd like to change your point of view someday  
But I feel my patience slipping away

Looks like it's time to lay this burden down  
Stop messing around  
Don't want to go to the grave without a sound  
Give this whole place a rest  
Not to ride on the factory belt  
Not to ride on the factory belt

You do all you can to just get by  
With poison all around  
It needs no disguise  
You can see it on faces  
Parcel at your door  
You know there ain't no chance our respect is no more

Looks like it's time to lay this burden down  
Stop messing around  
Don't want to hurry to the grave in the ground