

The Factory Girl

C **Am**
No more shall I work in the factory,
C **Em**
Greasy up my clothes;
C **Am**
No more shall I work in the factory
G7 **C**
With splinters in my toes.

Chorus:

C **Em**
Pity me my darling, pity me I say;
C **Am** **G7** **C**
Pity me my darling, and carry me away.

No more shall I hear the bosses say,
"Boys, you'd better daulf,"
No more shall I hear those bosses say,
"Spinners, you'd better clean off."

No more shall I hear the drummer wheels
A-rolling over my head,
When factories are hard at work,
I'll be in my bed.

No more shall I hear the whistle blow,
To call me up so soon;
No more shall I hear the whistle blow,
To call me from my home.

No more shall I see the super come,
All dressed up so proud;
For I know I'll marry a country boy
Before the year is out.

No more shall I wear the old black dress,
Greasy all around;
No more shall I wear the old black bonnet
With holes all in the crown.