

# Factory Girls (feat. Lucinda Williams)

## Flogging Molly

Build a bridge or maybe two  
Together held with footsteps she outgrew  
But now she sits alone  
Everyone's long gone She dances in a photograph  
When it was good to joke and have a laugh  
But that was yesterday  
If only today Now out of walls are crawling faces that still breathe  
But before she nods her head, what's left but sleep? She hears a chorus of factory girls  
Singing in the streets  
Drinking their Coca-Colas  
After washing your filthy sheets  
Chasing down the avenue  
After a childhood that she never knew  
Choking on woodbine  
Cigarettes just kill the time Now out of walls are crawling faces that still breathe  
But before she nods her head, what's left but sleep? She hears a chorus of factory girls  
Singing aoin and all  
Empty are their pockets  
But their voices are filled with song Come day, go day  
Wish in my heart it was Sunday  
Drinking buttermilk all the week  
And whiskey on a Sunday Come day, go day  
Wish in my heart it was Sunday  
Drinking buttermilk all the week  
And whiskey on a Sunday  
Now out of walls are crawling faces that still breathe  
But before she nods her head, what's left but sleep? She hears a chorus of factory girls  
Singing in the streets  
Drinking their Coca-Colas  
After washing your filthy sheets She hears a chorus of factory girls  
Singing aoin and all  
Empty are their pockets  
But their voices are filled with song Slayed Richard and his court of kings  
He stole my heart and many other things  
But me, I took his crown  
Wish he was here to steal it now

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>