Down At The Mill

Greg Brown

Down at the mill, down at the mill,
the mill broke down, it's broken still.
I never did find you, and I guess I never will,
unless you meet me down at the mill.

It's always August, sweat on your neck,
you do the work but you never see a check.
Fat Annie waiting for you – man, if looks could kill,
you never would have woke this morning, down at the mill.

Young guys on motorcycles, hard eyes, hardons,
go chasing through the woods to the muddy yellow pond.
Their hands are filthy, their souls are dirty,
they shoot the shit with a 30-30.

Down at the mill, down at the mill,
grampa spit tobacco at a barrel full of swill.
There's a sawdust mountain and a slabwood hill
and Jim Beam on the jammer, down at the mill.

Dammit now I told you, goddammit I said
get that little bastard Frank, smack him on the head.
I'm on my way to Jesus but I'm moving slow,
If you think that you can take me, c'mon, let's go.

Grease of the engine, whine of the saw,
the trouble with the customers, they're all in-laws,
Don't even ask them about the way they feel,
they're all broke down like the damn old mill.

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