

## Millport

Greg Graffin

I know of this place if you stay for a while  
You never quite feel the same  
There's something about the freshwater and pine  
Revealed by its Indian name

The outcrop stone makes a prominent stand  
And shelters the forest below  
Them north winds whisper a howling refrain  
So follow them where they go

Where time is frozen like the hands of a clock that is broken  
When you're tired of prospecting and roamin'  
A reminder from old, you can always go back home

Millport remains as a witness to change  
But somehow shows none of its own  
The old shops are closed and the water wheel's dry  
But some still call it home

The oldtimers strive to remember the days  
Before them rigs shook the road  
And farther back are old patriot graves  
Belied by those crooked stones

Where time is frozen like the hands of a clock that is broken  
When you're tired of prospecting and roamin'  
A reminder from old, you can always go back home

Waters rise like the cares of the world but that old mill remains  
Imploring you to remember if you pass this way again

Where time is frozen like the hands of a clock that is broken  
When you're tired of prospecting and roamin'  
A reminder from old, you can always go back home

Like the hands of a clock that is broken  
When you're tired of prospecting and roamin'  
A reminder from old, you can always go back home