

Springfield Mill

Seals & Crofts

An ocean without water, a winter without snow,
A day in the summertime with no where to go.
Nothin' much is dawning, just a tiny glow.
Up ahead sweet river home, the only one I know.
Shade trees on the north side, green grass on the hill.
Sun shines down on my front porch, here at Springfield Mill.

Livin' in the city, never knowing people, really alone.
Night life had me going so, I couldn't stay, I had to go home.

Kid's out in the meadow. Clothes out on the line.
My woman's in the kitchen, says, "It's gettin' 'bout suppertime
."
It's been right nice a-talkin', come back and sit a spell.
But don't ask me to leave my home again.
I believe I'd rather go to Hell!
Springfield Mill. Springfield Mill. Springfield Mill. Springfie
ld Mill.