

# Millworker

James Taylor

Now my grandfather was a sailor  
He blew in off the water  
My father was a farmer  
And I, his only daughter  
Took up with a no good millworking man  
From Massachusetts  
Who dies from too much whiskey  
And leaves me these three faces to feed

Millwork ain't easy  
Millwork ain't hard  
Millwork it ain't nothing  
But an awful boring job  
I'm waiting (on) a daydream  
To take me through the morning  
And put me in my coffee break  
Where I can have a sandwich  
And remember

Then it's me and my machine  
For the rest of the morning  
(and) the rest of the afternoon  
And the rest of my life

Now my mind begins to wander  
To the days back on the farm  
I can see my father smiling at me  
Swinging on his arm  
I can hear my granddad's stories  
Of the storms out on Lake Eerie  
Where vessels and cargos and fortunes  
And sailors' lives were lost

(Yeah), but it's my life has been wasted  
And I have been the fool  
To let this manufacturer  
Use my body for a tool  
(I'll) ride home every evening  
Staring at my hands  
Swearing to my sorrow that a young girl  
Ought to stand a better chance

So may I work your mills just as long as I am able  
And never meet the man whose name is on the label

(it's still) me and my machine  
For the rest of the morning  
And the rest of the afternoon (and on and on and on...)  
for the rest of my life