

Mill Boys

Barclay James Harvest

Sky was black, Lord, rain came pouring down
Number 12 bus shuffling down Shaw Road way
Mules keep spinning, black-faced lifers peck the ground
Sun comes up like lightning over Tango Hill grey
We are mill boys, stuck on the hill boys
Stuck in the mill boys, 'till our dying day
We are mill boys, stuck on the hill boys
Stuck in the mill boys, 'till our dying dayCotton mill will get you, boy, she'll take you to your grave
Tell you boy to use your head, apprentice out your days
You'll end up a nothing, boy, with cotton as your trade
Sun comes up like lightning over Tango Hill greyWe are mill boys, stuck on the hill boys
Stuck in the mill boys, 'till our dying day
We are mill boys, stuck on the hill boys
Stuck in the mill boys, 'till our dying dayIt's easy to see a poor boy's blues
When he's working every day
It's harder to be there in his shoes
He was born to be that way

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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