Mill for Mountain

Rita Hosking

The word â€œmillâ€• tastes gray, bitter on the tongue
Itâ€™s where my daddy worked when we were young
In a dark valley it lay, like a beast in its lair
With the sharp saws screaming, and steam rising in the air

â€œNights so cold, a hot bath and you could not break that chillâ€•
Deaf and sore, donâ€™t want no more, still you gotta go to the mill
Pull green chain to the bone till you hear that whistle moan
Itâ€™s a sacrifice that some have made to stay...in the mountains, in the mountains

Well, it feeds on the men there, it feeds on the trees
To sell to the cities, to build what they please
If you have to work there in order to survive
Beware of the mill, â€˜cause it can eat you alive

â€œHope I donâ€™t get hurt, cause Iâ€™d be sure to lose some pay,
Wife and kids depending on me every damn dayâ€•
Pull green chain to the bone till you hear that whistle moan
Itâ€™s a sacrifice that some have made to stay... in the mountains, in the mountains

A dark figure waits, shivers against the snow
From the window his children stand and watch him go
Well, sawmill dust is running in his veins
Work like a fool, then you come home drained

Mill shuts down, no work in town, laid off, got no pay
If we canâ€™t make those bills we might have to move away
Itâ€™s how youâ€™ll spend your time, in the unemployment line
Itâ€™s a sacrifice that some have made to stay...in the mountains, in the mountains
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Lyrics submitted by Lowell.

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