

# 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 for 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  
For 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  
Yes, 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 can ride home in the evening  
Staring at my hands  
Swearing by my sorrow that a young girl  
Ought to stand a better chance  
So may I work the mills just as long as I am able  
And never meet the man whose name is on the label  
It be me and my machine  
For the rest of the morning  
And the rest of the afternoon  
Gone for the rest of my life

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