

Mill Room Blues

Corey Cyr

Four in the morning drags you out of bed
Gotta get dressed, start bringin' home the bread
Walkin' on concrete with torn-up shoes
10 years spent with the mill room blues
The morning whistle blows and the head bows down
Ten-hour days then it's homeward bound
I gotta clean and make my babies food
20 years spent with the mill room blues
Workin' everyday for all the money I can make
Keep liftin' weights till my back begins to break
And yet I'm still behind on dues
30 years spent with the mill room blues
I'm working hard tryna raise 5 kids
So they don't have to live the life that I did
Them silly rich folk just ain't gotta clue
To have their whole life spent with the mill room blues

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