

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