

James Taylor - Millworker

Tom: G

(intro) D C D

D A D G A
Now my grandfather was a sailor, he blew in off the water

D A G A
My father was a farmer and I, his only daughter,
D A G A
took up with a no-good millworking man from Massachusetts

D A G A D
who dies from too much whiskey and leaves me these three faces
to feed

(D C2 G A7sus4)

A D G A
Mill-work ain't easy; mill-work ain't hard

D A G A
Mill-work, it ain't nothing but an awful boring job

D A G A
I'm waiting for a day dream to take me through the morning

D A G A D
and put me in my coffee break where I can have a sandwich and
remember

C G
Then it's me and my machine for the rest of the morning
Gm A7sus4

for the rest of the afternoon

D C D C
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, swingin' on his arm
I can hear my grand-dad's stories of the storms out on Lake
Erie
where vessels and cargos and fortunes and sailor's lives were
lost

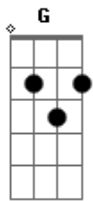
Yes, but it's my life has been wasted, and I have been the
fool
to let this manufacture use my body for a tool.
I can ride home in the evening, staring at my hands
swearing by my sorrow that a young girl ought to stand a
better chance

C G
So may I work the mills just as long as I am able
Gm A7sus4 D
and never meet the man whose name is on the label

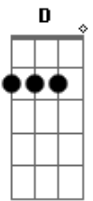
C G
It be me and my machine for the rest of the morning
Gm A7sus4
for the rest of the afternoon

D C D C
and the rest of my life

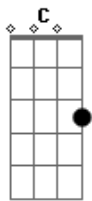
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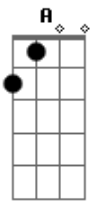
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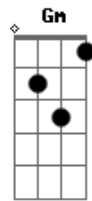
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