

Millworker

James Taylor

(intro) D C/D D

D A/D D G/D A/D
Now my grandfather was a sailor, he blew in off the water
D A/D G/D A/D
My father was a farmer and I, his only daughter,
D A/D G/D A/D
took up with a no-good millworking man from Massachusetts
D A/D G/D A/D D
who dies from too much whiskey and leaves me these three faces to feed

(D Csus2 G6/B A7sus4)

A/D D G/D A/D
Mill-work ain t easy; mill-work ain t hard
D A/D G/D A/D
Mill-work, it ain t nothing but an awful boring job
D A/D G/D A/D
I m waiting for a day dream to take me through the morning
D A/D G/D A/D D
and put me in my coffee break where I can have a sandwich and remember

C9 G6/B
Then it s me and my machine for the rest of the morning
Gm/Bb A7sus4
for the rest of the afternoon
D C/D D C/D
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

C9 G6/B
So may I work the mills just as long as I am able
Gm/Bb A7sus4 D
and never meet the man whose name is on the label
C9 G6/B
It be me and my machine for the rest of the morning
Gm/Bb A7sus4
for the rest of the afternoon

and the rest of my life

D

C/D D C/D