

James Taylor "Millworker"

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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 Erie
Where vessels and cargos and fortunes
And sailors' lives were lost
Yes, but if my life has been wasted
Then 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 me, 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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