

Dillards

"Old Man At the Mill"

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Same old man sitting at the mill
The mill turns around of its own free will
Hand in the hopper and the other in the sack
Ladies step forward and the gents fall back

Down sat an owl and he said all quiet
Lonesome day and a lonesome night
Thought I heard a pretty girl say
Court all night and you sleep next day

Well then, said the raven as she flew
If I was a young one I'd get two
One for to fetch and the other to sew
I'd have a string for my bow, bow, bow

My old man's in Kalamazoo
He don't give no "yes, I do"
First to the left and then to the right
This old mill grinds day and night

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