

# 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

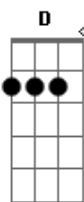
C G  
 So may I work the mills just as long as I am able  
 Gm A7sus4 D  
 and never meet the man whose name is on the label  
 C G  
 It be me and my machine for the rest of the morning  
 Gm A7sus4  
 for the rest of the afternoon

D C D C  
 and the rest of my life

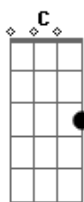
## Acordes



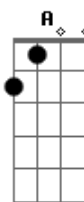
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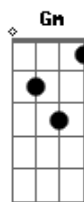
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