

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

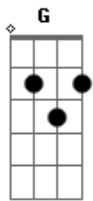
Yes, but it's my life has been wasted, and I have been the
 fool
 to let this manufacture use my body for a tool.
 I can ride home in the evening, staring at my hands
 swearing by my sorrow that a young girl ought to stand a
 better chance

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

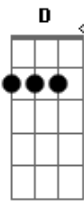
C G
 It be me and my machine for the rest of the morning
 Gm A7sus4
 for the rest of the afternoon

D C D C
 and the rest of my life

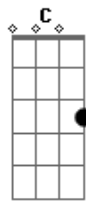
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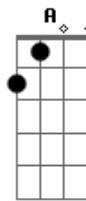
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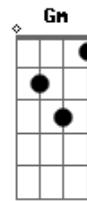
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