

james taylor - Millworker

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Millworker

Words and Music by James Taylor
(c) 1979 Country Road Music

D C/D D

D A/D D G/D A/D
Now my grandfather was a sailor, he blew in off the waterD 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 MassachusettsD 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 jobD A/D G/D A/D
I'm waiting for a day dream to take me through the morningD A/D G/D A/D D
and put me in my coffee break where I can have a sandwich and
rememberC(addD) G6/B
Then it's me and my machine for the rest of the morningGm/Bb A7sus4
for the rest of the afternoonD C/D D C/D
and the rest of my lifeNow 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 lostYes, 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
chanceC(addD) G6/B
So may I work the mills just as long as I am ableGm/Bb A7sus4 D
and never meet the man whose name is on the labelC(addD) G6/B
It be me and my machine for the rest of the morningGm/Bb A7sus4
for the rest of the afternoon

and the rest of my life

D

C/D D C/D

A/D: xx0220
G/D: xx0433
Csus2: x3x03x
G6/B: x2x03x
Gm/Bb: x1x03x
A7sus4: x02030
C(add9):x32030
C/D: xx0010