

Millworker

Emmylou Harris

Now my grandfather was a sailor,
He blew in off the water
My father was a farmer
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; mill-work ain't hard
Millwork, it ain't nothing but an awful boring job
I'm waiting for a day dream
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,
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

So may 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
For the rest of the afternoon
And the rest of my life