

My grandfather was a sailor, he blew in off the water
My father was a farmer and I, his only daughter
Took up with a no good millworkin' man from Massachusetts
Who dies from too much whiskey and leaves me these three
faces to feed

Millwork ain't easy, Millwork ain't hard. Millwork it ain't nothing
But an awful boring job
I'm waiting for a daydream 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

My mind begins to wander to the days back on the farm
I can see my father smiling at me swinging on his arm
I can hear my granddad's stories of the storms out on Lake
Erie
Where vessels and cargos and fortunes and sailors' lives were
lost

Yes, but my life has been wasted and I have been the fool
To let this manufacturer use my body for a tool
I 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
And it's me and my machine for the rest of the morning
for the rest of the afternoon gone, for the rest of my life.