Millworker – by James Taylor

G   Gmaj7   C   D   D7   F   Am   Cm
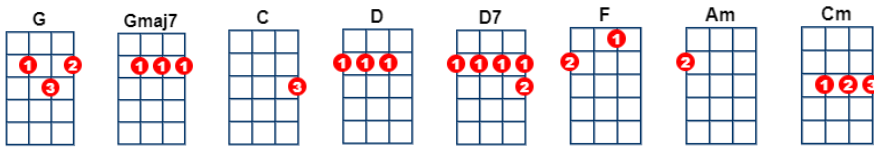
Strum: ↓↑↓↑↓↑↓↑
Intro: [1, 2, 3, 4] [G] [G]

[G] Now my grandfather was a [Gmaj7] sailor
[C] Blew in off the [Gmaj7] water
My [G] father was a [D] farmer and [C] I, his only [D] daughter
[G] Took up with a [D] no good millworking [C] man from [D] Massachusetts
[G] Who dies from too much [D] whiskey
And [D7] leaves me these three faces to [G] feed [G]

[G] Millwork ain't [Gmaj7] easy
[C] Millwork ain't [Gmaj7] hard
[G] Millwork, it ain't [D] nothing but an [C] awful boring [D] job
[G] I'm waiting for a [D] daydream to [C] take me through the [D] morning
[G] And put me in my [D] coffee break where
[D7] I can have a sandwich and [G] remember [G]

Then it's [F] me and my machine for the [C] rest of the [Am] morning
For the [Cm] rest of the afternoon, [D]↓ gone, for the rest of my [G] life [G]

[G] Now my mind begins to [Gmaj7] wander to the
[C] Days back on the [Gmaj7] farm
[G] I can see my [D] father smiling at me [C] swinging on his [D] arm
[G] I can hear my granddad's [D] stories of the [C] storms out on Lake [D] Eerie
[G] Where vessels and [D] cargos and
[D7] Fortunes and sailors' lives were [G] lost [G]

[G] Yes, but it's my life, has been [Gmaj7] wasted
And [C] I have been the [Gmaj7] fool
[G] To let this manu [D]-facturer use my [C] body for a [D] tool
[G] I can ride home in the [D] evening, [C] staring at my [D] hands
[G] Swearing by my [D] sorrow that a
[D7] Young girl ought to stand a better [G] chance [G]

Oh, [F] may I work the mills just as [C] long as I am [Am] able
And [Cm] never meet the man whose [D] name is on the [G] label
It be [F] me and my machine for [C] rest of the [Am] morning
For the [Cm] rest of the afternoon, [D]↓ gone, for the rest of my [G] life [G]

[F] [C] [Am] [Cm] [D] [G]↓