

**Millworker****Album:Evangeline**

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