

Barclay James Harvest, Mill Boys

Sky was black, Lord, rain came pouring down
Number 12 bus shuffling down Shaw Road way
Mules keep spinning, black-faced lifers peck the ground
Sun comes up like lightning over Tandle Hills grey
We are mill boys, stuck on the hill boys
Stuck in the mill boys, 'till our dying day
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Cotton mill will get you, boy, she'll take you to your grave
Tell you boy to use your head, apprentice out your days
You'll end up a nothing, buy, with cotton as your trade
Sun comes up like lightning over Tandle Hills grey

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It's easy to see a poor boy's blues
When he's working every day
It's harder to be there in his shoes
He was born to be that way