

# 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