

Working at the mill

Your clothes are all old and torn

The smell of ammonia,

It gets in your eyes and your throat

Clip-clop, you can hear men's clogs on the cobbles

Tired and weary men have to work to put food on the table.

Big wheels turn, do not stumble.

Putty with linseed oil dying wool.

Boats, they pass you by.

Back to the cobbles, clip-clop.

Weary men go home to their wives for tea...