

Go Limp

Nina Simone

Oh Daughter, dear Daughter,
Take warning from me
And don't you go marching
With the N-A-A-C-P. For they'll rock you and roll you
And shove you into bed.
And if they steal your nuclear secret
You'll wish you were dead.[Chorus]
Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay.
Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay. Oh Mother, dear Mother,
No, I'm not afraid.
For I'll go on that march
And I'll return a virgin maid. With a brick in my handbag
And a smile on my face
And barbed wire in my underwear
To shed off disgrace.[Chorus] One day they were marching.
A young man came by
With a beard on his cheek
And a gleam in his eye. And before she had time
To remember her brick...
They were holding a sit-down
On a nearby hay rig.[Chorus] For meeting is pleasure
And parting is pain.
And if I have a great concert
Maybe I won't have to sing those folk songs again. Oh Mother, dear Mother
I'm stiff and I'm sore
From sleeping three nights
On a hard classroom floor.[Chorus] One day at the briefing
She'd heard a man say,
"Go perfectly limp,
And be carried away." So when this young man suggested
It was time she was kissed,
She remembered her brief
And did not resist.[Chorus] Oh Mother, dear Mother,
No need for distress,
For the young man has left me
His name and address. And if we win
Tho' a baby there be,
He won't have to march

Like his da-da and me.

Songwriters
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