

# 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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