

# Go Limp

Matt McGinn

Oh daughter, dear daughter  
Take warnin' from me  
And don't you go marchin'  
With the NAACP For they'll rock you and roll you  
And shove you into bed  
And if they steal your nuclear secret  
She'll wish you were dead 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 Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay  
Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay One day they were marching  
A young man came by  
With a beard on his chin  
And a gleam in his eye And before she had time  
To remember her brick And before she had time  
To remember her brick  
They were holding a sit-down  
On a neighboring hay rig Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay  
Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay 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 Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay  
Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay 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 then did not resist Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay Oh mother, dear mother  
No need for distress  
For the young man has left me  
His name and address And if we win  
Though a baby there be

He won't have to march  
Like his da-da and me

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