Go Limp

Matt McGinn

Oh daughter, dear daughter
Take warnin' from me
And don't you go marchin'
With the NAACPFor they'll rock you and roll you
And shove you into bed
And if they steal your nuclear secret
She'll wish you were deadSingin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ayOh mother, dear mother
No, I'm not afraid
For I'll go on that march
And I'll return a virgin maidWith a brick in my handbag
And a smile on my face
And barbed wire in my underwear
To shed off disgraceSingin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay
Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ayOne day they were marching
A young man came by
With a beard on his chin
And a gleam in his eyeAnd before she had time
To remember her brickAnd before she had time
To remember her brick
They were holding a sit-down
On a neighboring hay rigSingin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay
Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ayFor meeting is pleasure
And parting is pain
And if I have a great concert
Maybe I won't have to sing those folk songs againOh mother, dear mother
I'm stiff and I'm sore
From sleeping three nights
On a hard classroom floorSingin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay
Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ayOne day at the briefing
She'd heard a man say
Go perfectly limp
And be carried awaySo when this young man suggested
It was time she was kissed
She remembered her brief
And then did not resistSingin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ayOh mother, dear mother
No need for distress
For the young man has left me
His name and addressAnd if we win
Though a baby there be

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

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