

# Maggie's Farm

## Stephen Malkmus & The Million Dollar Bashers

I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
No, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
Well, I wake up in the morning, fold my hands and pray for rain  
A head full of ideas is drivin' me insane  
It's a shame the way she makes me scrub the floor  
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more  
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more  
Well, he hands you a nickel, he hands you a dime  
He asks you with a grin if you are havin' a good time  
Then he fines you every time you slam the door  
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more  
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more  
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more  
Well, he puts his cigar out in your face just for kicks  
His bedroom window, it is made out of bricks  
The National Guard stands around his door  
Ah, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more  
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more  
But when she talks to all the servants about man and God and law  
Everybody says she's the brains behind pa  
She's seventy-two but she says she's twenty-four  
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more  
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
Well, I try my best to be just like I am  
But everybody wants you to be just like them  
They say sing while you slave and I just get bored  
Well, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
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