Maggie's Farm

Tim Obrien

I ain't gonna' work on Maggie's farm no more
I ain't gonna' work on Maggie's farm no more
Well i wake up in the morning,
put my hands and pray for rain,
I got a head full of ideas,
and they're 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 moreI ain't gonna' work for Maggie's brother no more
I ain't gonna' work for Maggie's brother no more
He hands you a nickel, and he hands you a dime,
he asks you with a grin, are you havin' a good time,
and he finds you every time you slam the door,
Well, I ain't gonna' work for Maggie's brother no moreI ain't gonna' work for Maggie's Pa' no more,
I ain't gonna' work for Maggie's Pa' no more
he puts his cigar out in your face just for kicks
his bedroom window is made out of bricks,
and the national guard stands around his door,
I ain't gonna' work for Maggie's Pa' no moreI ain't gonna' work for Maggie's Ma' no more,
I ain't gonna' work for Maggie's Ma' no more,
she talks to the all servants about man and God and law,
and everybody says she's the brains behind Pa',
she's sixty eight, but she says she's fifty four,
Well, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's Ma' no moreI ain't gonna' work on Maggie's farm no more,
I ain't gonna' work on Maggie's farm no more,
I try my best, to be just like i am,
but everybody wants me to be a little more like them,
they says sing while you slave, but i just get bored,
Ahh, I ain't gonna' work on Maggie's farm no more,
Farm no more, Farm no more.

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