

# Maggie's Farm

## Jimmy Vivino

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, fold my hands and pray for rain  
With a head full of ideas drivin' me insane  
It's a shame the way she makes me scrub the floor  
Now I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more I 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  
Asks you with a grin if you're havin' a good time  
Then he fines you every time you slam the door  
Said, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more  
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more  
He puts out his cigar in your face for kicks  
Well, his bedroom windows are made out of bricks  
The National Guard stands around his door  
Said, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more  
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more  
She talks to all the servants about man and God and law  
Everybody tells me she's the brains behind pa  
Sixty-eight, but says she's twenty-four  
But I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa 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 like I am  
Everybody wants you to be like them  
They say sing while you slave, I get bored  
Said, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

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