Maggie's Farm

Richie Havens

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 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
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 moreI 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 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 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 moreI 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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