

Maggie's Farm (Bob Dylan)

Rage Against the Machine

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.
I got a head full of ideas
That are drivin' me insane
It's a shame
The way she makes me
Scrub the floor
I ain't gonna work on, nah
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more
Nah, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more
Well, he hands you a nickel
And he hands you a dime
And he asks you with a grin
If you're havin' a good time
Then he fines you every time you slam the door
I ain't gonna work for, nah
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
I ain't gonna work, nah
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
Well, she talks to all the 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 twenty-four
I ain't gonna work for, nah
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more 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 try my best

To be just like I am
But everybody wants you
To be just like them
They sing while they slave and just get bored
I ain't gonna work on, nah
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

Songwriters

Bob DylanPublished by

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