

# Maggie's Farm

Bob Dylan

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 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 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're 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  
Well, she talks to all the servants  
About man and God and law  
Everybody says  
She's the brains behind Pa  
She's sixty-eight, but she says she's fifty-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 sing while you slave and I just get bored  
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

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