# Maggies Farm

## 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 moreWell, I wake up in the morning
Fold my hands and pray for rain
I got a head full of ideas
That are drivin' me insaneIt'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 moreI ain't gonna work for
Maggie's brother, no more
Nah, I ain't gonna work for
Maggie's brother, no moreWell, he hands you a nickel
And he hands you a dime
And he asks you with a grin
If you're havin' a good timeThen 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 moreI ain't gonna work for
Maggie's pa, no more
No, I ain't gonna work for
Maggie's pa, no moreWell, he puts his cigar
Out in your face just for kicks
His bedroom window
It is made out of bricksThe National Guard stands around his door
I ain't gonna work for, nah
I ain't gonna work for
Maggie's pa, no moreI ain't gonna work for
Maggie's ma, no more
No, I ain't gonna work for
Maggie's ma, no moreWell, she talks to all the servants
About man and God and law
And everybody says
Shes the brains behind paShes 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 moreI ain't gonna work on
Maggie's farm, no more
No, I ain't gonna work on

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

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