

# 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 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 for, 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  
Shes the brains behind pa Shes 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 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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