bob dylan - Maggies Farm

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Subject: bob dylan crd: Maggie's Farm

Intro: G

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G
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
G
No I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
G
Well, I wake up in the morning, hold my hands and pray for rain
G
I got a head full of ideas that are driving me insane
       Em                                      D
It's a shame the way she makes me scrub the floor
  G
I-- ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
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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 having 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
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 Maggie's pa no more

I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more
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 say sing while you slave, but I just get bored
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

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