

Maggies Farm

Bob Dylan

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

(repeat chord progression)

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