

# Go Limp

Nina Simone

Oh daughter, dear daughter  
Take warnin' from me  
And don't you go marchin'  
With the NAACP

For they'll rock you and roll you  
And shove you into bed  
And if they steal your nuclear secret  
She'll wish you were dead

Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay

Oh mother, dear mother  
No, I'm not afraid  
For I'll go on that march  
And I'll return a virgin maid

With a brick in my handbag  
And a smile on my face  
And barbed wire in my underwear  
To shed off disgrace

Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay  
Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay

One day they were marching  
A young man came by  
With a beard on his chin  
And a gleam in his eye

And before she had time  
To remember her brick

And before she had time  
To remember her brick  
They were holding a sit-down  
On a neighboring hay rig

Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay  
Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay

For meeting is pleasure  
And parting is pain  
And if I have a great concert  
Maybe I won't have to sing those folk songs again

Oh mother, dear mother  
I'm stiff and I'm sore  
From sleeping three nights  
On a hard classroom floor

Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay  
Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay

One day at the briefing  
She'd heard a man say  
Go perfectly limp

And be carried away

So when this young man suggested  
It was time she was kissed  
She remembered her brief  
And then did not resist

Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay

Oh mother, dear mother  
No need for distress  
For the young man has left me  
His name and address

And if we win  
Though a baby there be  
He won't have to march  
Like his da-da and me