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

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