

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