

Maggie's Farm

Richie Havens

I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more, no more
Said, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more, no more

Well, I wake up in the morning, fold my hands and pray for rain
Got a head full of ideas that are driving me insane
It's a shame the way she makes me scrub the floor
Well, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more, no more

I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more, no more
Said, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more, no more

Well, he hands me a nickel, he hands me a dime
And he asks me with a grin if I'm having a good time
Then he fines me every time I slam the door
Well, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more, no more

I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more, no more
Said, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more, no more

Well, he puts his cigar in my face just for kicks
His bedroom window is made out of brick
And the National Guard stands outside his door
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more, no more

Well, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more, no more
Said, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more, no more, no more

Well, she speaks to the servants about man and God and war
And somebody told me she's the brains behind pa
She's sixty-nine and says she's fifty-four
Well, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more, no more

Well, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more, no more, no more
Said, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more, no more

Well, I try my best to be just like I am
But everybody wants me to be just like them
They say, "Smile while you slave," and I get bored
Well, I ain't gonna work
Ain't gonna work
Ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

No more

No more

No more

No more

No more

No more

No more

Ain't gonna work no more

Ain't gonna work no more

Ain't gonna work no more

No more

No more

No more

No