

Maggie's Farm - Bob Dylan

Intro: G

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

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