

## Flatt And Scruggs "Maggie's Farm"

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Well I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
Well I wake up in the morning fold my hands and pray  
for rain  
I got a head full of ideas that are drivin' me insane  
It's a shame the way she makes me scrub the floor  
And I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
[ banjo ]  
Well I ain't gonna work on Maggie's brother no more  
No I ain't gonna work on 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 havin' a good time  
Then he fines you every time you slam the door  
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's brother no more  
[ ac.guitar ]  
Well I ain't gonna work on Maggie's mama no more  
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's mama no more  
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 twenty four  
And I ain't gonna work on Maggie's mama no more  
[ harmonica ]  
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
I try my best to be just like I am but everybody wants  
you to be just like them  
They sing while you slave and I just get bored  
And I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

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