

Grateful Dead "Maggie's Farm"

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

I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more
Ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more
Hands you a nickel, hands you a dime
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 for Maggie's brother no more

Ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more
Ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more
Well, she talks to the servants about man and God and
law
Everybody knows she's the brains behind pa
She's sixty eight, says she's twenty four
Ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more

Ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more
Ain't gonna work for Maggie's father no more
He puts his cigar out in your face just for kicks
Bedroom window is made out of bricks
The national guard hangs 'round his door
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's father no more

Ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
Ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
Try my level best to be just like I am
Everybody wants me to be just like them
They sing while you slave and I just get bored
Ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

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