

## The Specials

### "Maggie's Farm"

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I 'aint gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
I 'aint gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
Well I wake up in the morning, fold my hands and pray  
for rain  
I've got a head full of ideas, and they're driving me  
insane  
It's a shame the way she makes me scrub the floor

I 'aint gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
I 'aint gonna work for Maggie's brother no more  
I 'aint gonna work for Maggie's brother no more

Well he throws you a penny, and thinks that he's so  
kind  
He ask's you with a grin if you are having a good time  
But he finds you every time you slam the door

I 'aint gonna work for Maggie's brother no more  
I 'aint gonna work for Maggie's pa no more  
I 'aint gonna work for Maggie's pa no more

Well he put's his cigar out in your face just for kick's  
His bedroom window it is made out of bricks  
And National Front stands behind closed doors

I 'aint gonna work for Maggie's pa no more  
I 'aint gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
I 'aint gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

Well she talks to all the servant's about man and God  
and law

Everybody says that she's the brains behind it all  
She's 68 but she says she's 54

I 'aint gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
I 'aint gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
I 'aint gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

Well I tried my best to be just like I am  
But everybody wants you to be just like them

They say 'Sing while you slave' and I just get poor

I 'aint gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

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