

MAGGIE'S FARM

E - C#m B Riff = Bluesy couplet @9 on 3&4 e e e e e - e d b a g e

I ain't gonna work on **Maggie's farm** no more.... No....
Well, I wake in the morning Fold my hands and pray for rain
I got a head full of ideas That are driving me insane
It's a shame the way she makes me scrub the floor
Ah I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

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 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 ma** no more
Well she talks to all the servants About man & 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 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 and I just get bored.....

Maggie's Farm

I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
No, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
Well, I wake in the morning
Fold my hands and pray for rain
I got a head full of ideas - That are driving me insane
It's a shame the way she makes me scrub the floor
Ah 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
Ah I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more
No, 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
Ah, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more
No, 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
Ah I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
No, 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 and I just get bored
Ah I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

G (hang = 1 bar)

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Em D7

G

G

Em D7

G

Em D7

Em D7

G

G

Em D7

G