

E
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
E
No, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
E
Well, I wake up in the morning, hold my hands and pray for rain
E
I got a head full of ideas that are driving me insane
C#m B
It's a shame the way she makes me scrub the floor
E
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

E
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more
E
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more
E
Well he hands you a nickel, he hands you a dime
E
He asks you with a grin if you're having a good time
C#m B
Then he fines you every time you slam the door
E
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more

E
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more
E
No, I ain't work for Maggie's pa no more
E
Well he puts his cigar out in your face just for kicks
E
His bedroom window, it is made out of bricks
C#m B
The National Guard stands around his door
E
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more

E
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more
E
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more
E
Well she talks to all the servants about Man and God and Law
E
Everybody says she's the brains behind Pa
C#m B
She's sixty-eight, but she says she's fifty-four
E
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more