Bob Dylan - Maggies Farm

Tom: G

G

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 up in the morning, hold my hands and pray for rain G

I got a head full of ideas that are driving me insane Em D

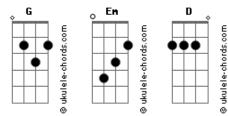
It's a shame the way she makes me scrub the floor

I-- ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

(repeat chord progression)

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

Acordes



Then he fines you every time you slam the door I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more

I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more 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 pa no more

I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more 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 I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more

I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more 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, but I just get bored I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more