Maggie's Farm

Solomon Burke

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, fold my hands and pray
for rain
Got a head full of ideas that's driving me insane
It's a shame the way she makes me scrub those floors
You see, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm 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 cigars out in your face for kicks
His bedroom window is all made out of bricks
The sheriff and the National Guard stand around his doors
Let me tell ya, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no
more

Well, I try my best to be just like I am
But everybody wants me to be just like them
They sing while I slave and I get bored
You see, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!