Maggie's Farm – Bob Dylan

Harp G7 G7 G7 G7

Verse 1

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 G7          G7                G7           G7  G7
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
     G7          G7                G7           G7  G7
No, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

     G7              G7        G7                      G7
Well, I wake up in the morning, hold my hands and pray for rain

      G7          G7           G7           G7
I got a head full of ideas that are driving me in-sane
     C7                C7                D7   D7
It's a shame the way she makes me scrub the floor
 G7          G7                G7           G7
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
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Harp G7 G7 G7 G7

Verse 2

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 G7          G7                G7             G7  G7
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more
     G7          G7                G7             G7  G7
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more

     G7              G7        G7                G7
Well, he hands you a nickel, he hands you a dime

    G7              G7          G7           G7
He asks you with a grin if you're having a good time
         C7                C7           D7   D7
Then he fines you every time you slam the door
 G7          G7                G7             G7
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more
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Harp G7 G7 G7 G7

Verse 3

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 G7          G7                G7          G7  G7
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more
     G7          G7                G7          G7  G7
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more

     G7              G7            G7          G7
Well, he puts his ci-gar out in your face just for kicks

    G7          G7          G7          G7
His bedroom window, it is made out of bricks
     C7              C7              D7   D7
The National Guard stands around his door
 G7          G7                G7          G7
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more
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Harp G7 G7 G7 G7

Verse 4

G7 G7 G7 G7 G7
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's **ma** no more
G7 G7 G7 G7 G7
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more

G7 G7 G7 G7
Well, she talks to all the servants about Man and God and Law

G7 G7 G7 G7
Everybody says she's the brains behind Pa
C7 C7 D7 D7
She's seventy-two, but says she's twenty-four
G7 G7 G7 G7
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more

(all right)

Harp G7 G7 G7 G7

Verse 4

G7 G7 G7 G7 G7
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's **farm** no more
G7 G7 G7 G7 G7
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's farm no more

G7 G7 G7 G7
Well, I try my best to be just like I am

G7 G7 G7 G7
But everybody wants you to be just like them
C7 C7 D7 D7
They say sing while you slave, but I just get bored
G7 G7 G7 G7
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's farm no more

(let's get out of here)

Harp G7 G7 G7 G7