Go Limp

Nina Simone

Oh daughter, dear daughter Take warnin' from me And don't you go marchin' With the NAACP

For they'll rock you and roll you And shove you into bed And if they steal your nuclear secret She'll wish you were dead

Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay

Oh mother, dear mother
No, I'm not afraid
For I'll go on that march
And I'll return a virgin maid

With a brick in my handbag And a smile on my face And barbed wire in my underwear To shed off disgrace

Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay

One day they were marching A young man came by With a beard on his chin And a gleam in his eye

And before she had time To remember her brick

And before she had time To remember her brick They were holding a sit-down On a neighboring hay rig

Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay

For meeting is pleasure
And parting is pain
And if I have a great concert
Maybe I won't have to sing those folk songs again

Oh mother, dear mother I'm stiff and I'm sore From sleeping three nights On a hard classroom floor

Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay

One day at the briefing She'd heard a man say Go perfectly limp And be carried away

So when this young man suggested It was time she was kissed She remembered her brief And then did not resist

Singin' too roo la, too roo la, too roo li ay

Oh mother, dear mother
No need for distress
For the young man has left me
His name and address

And if we win
Though a baby there be
He won't have to march
Like his da-da and me