

Bob Dylan, Broke Down Engine

Feel like a broke down engine ain't got no drivin' wheel
Feel like a broke down engine ain't got no drivin' wheel
You all been down and lonesome, you know just how a poor man feels.

Been shooting craps and gambling, momma, and I done got broke
Been shooting craps and gambling, momma, and I done got broke
I done pawned my pistol baby, my best clothes been sold.

Lordy, Lord, Lordy, Lordy, Lord, Lordy, Lordy, Lordy
Lordy Lord.

I went down in my praying ground, fell on my bended knees
Went down to my praying ground, fell on my bended knees
I ain't cryin' for no religion, Lord, give me back my good gal please.

If you give me back my baby, I won't worry you no more
Give me back my baby, I won't worry you no more
Don't have to put her in my house, Lordy, just lead her to my door.

Lordy, Lord, Lordy, Lordy, Lord, Lordy, Lordy, Lordy
Lordy Lord.

Can't you hear me baby, rappin' on your door ?
Can't you hear me baby, rappin' on your door ?
Now you hear me tappin', tappin' across your floor.

Feel like a broke down engine, ain't got no drive at all
Feel like a broke down engine, ain't got no drive at all
What made me love my woman, she can really do the Georgia Crawl.

Feel like a broke down engine, ain't got no whistle or bell
Feel like a broke down engine, ain't got no whistle or bell
If you're a real hot momma, come take away Daddy's weeping spell.