

# Jeff Healey, Stop Breakin' Down

(Robert Johnson)

Everytime I'm walking all down the street,  
Some pretty mama start breaking down on me  
Stop breaking down, baby, please, stop breaking down  
Stuff is gonna bust you brains out, baby,  
Gonna make you lose your mind

You Saturday night women, now, you just ape and clown,  
You don't do nothing but tear my reputation down  
Stop breaking down, mama, please, Stop breaking down  
Stuff is gonna bust you brains out, baby,  
Yeah, it's gonna make you lose your mind

I love my baby ninety nine degrees  
But that mama got a pistol, Laid down on me  
Stop breaking down, baby, Please, Stop breaking down  
Stuff is gonna bust you brains out, baby,  
Yeah, it's gonna make you lose your mind  
Everytime I walking all donw the street, some pretty women  
Start breaking down on me stop breaking down, mama, please, stop breaking down