

# Julie Roberts, Break Down Here

Mile marker 203

The gas gauge leaning on the edge of E  
I'll be danged if the rain ain't pouring down  
There's something smoking underneath the hood  
It's a bangin' and a clangin' and it can't be good  
And its another 50 miles to the nearest town  
Everything I own is in the back in a hefty bag  
I'm outta cigarettes and I'm down to my last drag

I'd sure hate to break down here  
With nothing up ahead or in the rear view mirror  
Out in the middle of nowhere, knowin'  
I'm in trouble if these wheels stop rollin'  
So God help me keep me moving somehow  
Don't let me start wishing I was with him now  
I made it this far without crying a single tear  
I'd sure hate to break down here

A hundred fifty thousand miles ago  
Before the bad blood and busted radio  
You said I was all you'd ever need  
Love is blind and little did I know  
You were just another dead end road  
Paved with pretty lies and broken dreams  
Baby leaving you is easier than being gone  
I don't know what I'll do if one more thing goes wrong

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Out in the middle of nowhere knowin'  
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So God help me keep me moving somehow  
Don't let me start wishing I was with him now  
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Don't let me start wishing I was with him now  
I made it this far without crying a single tear  
I'd sure hate to break down  
It's too late to turn around  
I'd sure hate to break down here

Mile marker 215