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

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

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
It's too late to turn around
I'd sure hate to break down here

Mile marker 215