

Robert Johnson, Stop Breakin

Now, I can't walk the streets, now, to console my mind,
some pretty mama, she start, breakin' down
Stop breakin' down, please, stop breakin' down
Now, the stuff I got'll bust your brains out, baby, hoo hoo, it'll make you lose your mind

I can't walk the streets, now, to console my mind,
some no-good woman, now, she start breakin' down
Stop breakin' down, please, stop breakin' down
The stuff I got'll bust your brains out, baby, hoo hoo, it'll make you lose your mind

You know the Saturday night women, now, they love to ape and clown
They won't do nothin' but tear your, reputation down
Stop breakin' down, please, stop breakin' down
The stuff I got'll bust your brains out, baby, hoo hoo, it'll make you lose your mind

Now I gave my baby, that ninety-nine degree
She jumped up and throwed a pistol, down on me
Stop breakin' down, please, stop breakin' down
That stuff I got'll bust your brains out, baby, hoo hoo, it'll make you lose your mind

Now, that fiddle¹ player, now, use, rosum on his bow
That don't make your fiddle cry, baby, you know it, don't go
Stop breakin' down, please, stop breakin' down
The stuff I got'll bust your brains out, baby, hoo hoo, it'll make you lose your mind

Note 1: fiddle, a stringed instrument of music played with a bow, a violin.