

# Broke Down Engine

Bob Dylan

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, mamma, and I done got broke  
Been shooting craps and gambling, mamma, 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  
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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 mamma, come take away Daddy's weeping spell.