

Eric Clapton "Stop Breakin' Down Blues"

Visit "[Stop Breakin' Down Blues](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Every time I'm walkin' down the street
Some pretty mama start breakin' down with me

Stop breakin' down
Please, stop breakin' down
Stuff I got to bust your brains out, baby
Ooh, it'll make you lose your mind

I can't walk the streets now to consulate my mind
Some pretty mama starts breakin' down

Stop breakin' down
Please, stop breakin' down
Stuff I got to bust your brains out, baby
Ooh, it'll make you lose your mind

Now, you Saturday night women, you love to ape and
clown
Won't do nothin' but tear a good man reputation down

Stop breakin' down
Please, stop breakin' down
Stuff I got to bust your brains out, baby
Ooh, it'll make you lose your mind

Well, I give my baby the ninety-nine degrees
She jumped up and threwed a pistol down on me

Stop breakin' down
Please, stop breakin' down
Stuff I got to bust your brains out, baby
Ooh, it'll make you lose your mind

Well now, I can't start walkin' down the streets
Some pretty woman start breakin' down with me

Stop breakin' down
Please, stop breakin' down
Stuff I got to bust your brains out, baby
Ooh, it'll make you lose your mind

