

## **Kris Kristofferson** **"Breakdown"**

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The clubs are all closed and the ladies are leaving  
There's nobody nobody knows on the street  
A few stranded souls standing cold at the station  
And nowhere to go but to bed and to sleep  
Lord would you look at you now that you're here ain't  
you  
Proud of your peers and the long way you've come  
All alone all the way on your own who's to say  
That you've thrown it away for a song boy you've sure  
come a long way from home

So it's so long so many so far behind you  
Fairweather friends that you no longer know  
You still got the same lonely songs to remind you  
Of someone you seemed to be so long ago  
Lord would you look at you...

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