Mccain Edwin
"Don't Bring Me Down"

E. McCain
Well I don't drive a fast car
You know it just ain't my stlye
And I don't give a damn about that
You know it ain't worth my while
And I've been known to run around
Burned some bridges in my time
You know these girls tried to tie me down
But my heart is still all mine
Well Elvis had his blue suede shoes and Samson had
his hair
You know I got my music baby
And My Dreams Will Take Me There
You know I don't smoke cigarettes I don't see the point
And if you're gonna put smoke in your lungs
Might as well smoke a joint
CHORUS
Well I don't mind if you hang around
Just don't start talking that love talk baby
Don't Bring Me Down
Well don't call me a scoundrel
Baby don't call me a theif
Don't look down your nose at me
I don't need all your grief
Join me and the Jesters, singing for today
Live life at its fullest
Before it slips away
CHORUS
Why you want to shoot me down
I'm just trying to be your friend now baby
But you lock the door, hide the key, hide under the bed
You're gonna hide from me
Come on baby, let me in...