

## Dylan Bob

# "Broke Down Engine"

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by Bob Dylan (arr)

1. 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.

2. Been shooting craps and gambling, momma, and I  
done got broke,  
Been shooting craps and gambling, momma, and I  
done got broke,  
I done pawned my pistol, baby, my best clothes been  
sold.

Lordy, Lord, Lordy, Lord, Lordy, Lord, Lordy, Lord,  
Lordy, Lord.

3. I went down in my praying ground, fell on my  
bended knees,  
I went down in my praying ground, fell on my bended  
knees,  
I ain't cryin' for no religion, Lord, give me back my  
good gal please.

4. 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, Lord, Lordy, Lord, Lordy, Lord,  
Lordy, Lord.

5. 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.

6. 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 make me love my woman, she can really do the  
Georgia Crawl.

7. 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.

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