

# Breakdown

## Humphrey-Camardella

We all come in from the cold  
We come down from the wire  
An everybody warms themselves  
    To a different fire  
When sometimes we get burned  
You'd think sometime, we'd learn  
    The one you love is the one  
    That should take you higher  
    You ain't got no one  
You better go back out and find 'em  
    Just like children hidin' in a closet  
    Can't tell what's goin' on outside  
Sometimes we're so far off the beaten track  
    We'll get taken for a ride  
By a parlor trick or some words of wit  
    A hidden hand up a sleeve  
To think the one you love, could hurt you now  
    Is a little hard to believe  
    But everybody darlin' sometimes  
    Bites the hand that feeds  
    When I look around  
    Everybody always brings me down  
Well is it them or me, well I just can't see  
    But there ain't no peace to found  
    But if someone really cared  
Well they'd take the time to spare  
    A moment to try and understand  
    Another one's despair  
Remember in this game we call life  
    That no one said, it's fair  
    Breakdown  
    (Let me hear it now)  
    Breakdown  
    (Let me hear it now)  
    (Yeah)  
    Breakdown  
    (Let me hear it now)  
    Breakdown  
    Get down with yo' bad self

Alright  
I've come to know the cold, I think of it as home  
When there ain't enough of me to go around  
I'd rather be left alone

But if I call you out of habit, I'm out of love and  
I gotta have it  
Would you give it to me if I fit you needs  
Like when we both knew we had it  
But now the damage's done  
And we're back out on the run  
Fun how everything was roses  
When we held on to the guns  
Just because you're winnin'

Don't mean, you're the lucky ones  
Breakdown  
(Let me hear it now)  
Breakdown  
(Yeah)  
Breakdown  
Breakdown  
(Let me hear it now)  
There goes the challenger being chased  
By the blue, blue meanies on wheels  
The vicious traffic squad cars are after  
Our lone driver  
The last American hero  
The, the electric sitar  
The demi-God  
The super driver of the golden west  
Two nasty Nazi cars are close behind  
The beautiful lone driver  
The police cars are getting closer, closer  
Closer to our soul hero in his soul mobile  
Yeah baby  
They about to strike, they gonna get him  
Smash, rape  
The last beautiful free soul on this planet  
But, it is written if the evil spirit arms the tiger with claws  
Brahman provided wings for the dove  
Thus spake the super guru  
Did you hear that?