

Broken Down Mama

Shel Silverstein And The Red Onions

This is Broken Down Mama,
take six thousand, seven hundred
and twenty-two

Yeah, letâ€™s do it! (scats)

Well, Broken Down Mama, put on your hat
â€™cos daddyâ€™s gotta trade you in
Your batteryâ€™s dead
Your tires are flat
Your paint jobâ€™s running thin

Now, years ago, how you used to drive
But that was back
in nineteen hundred forty-five
So mama, now youâ€™re all broken down
And daddyâ€™s gonna trade you in

Mama, wipe your windshield off
Ainâ€™t no use to sit around and bawl
Your springs are shot
Your motorâ€™s too hot
Itâ€™s too late for a overhaul

You used to go in the latest style
But you set back your speedometer
a thousand miles
Now, mama, youâ€™re all broken down
Iâ€™m gonna trade you in
I say, trade you right on in

Oh, yeahâ€™! itâ€™s a song
all about automobiles
for all you sports car enthusiasts

Iâ€™m gonna get me one of those
upholstered
air-conditioned models
â€™ with fins

Yeah, I want those big fins

Oh, yeah

Everythingâ€™s gotta be automatic

Everything

I used to drive ya

You handled sweet

But thereâ€™s been a reckless driver

in my driverâ€™s seat

Oh, mama

You broke yourself down

Come on, Iâ€™ll trade you in

I want a sports car

Trade you inâ€¦ yeah!

Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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