

# Broke Down Engine Blues

## Blind Willie McTell

Feel like a broke down engine, mama  
Ain't got no drivin' wheel, lord have mercy  
Feel like a broke down engine, mama  
Ain't got no drivin' wheel  
You all been down and lonley  
You know just how Willie McTell feels But it's, Lordy Lord, Lordy, Lordy Lord  
Lordy Lord , Lordy, Lordy Lord I've been shooting craps and gambling  
Good God, and I done got broke  
I've been shooting craps and gambling  
Sweet mama, and I done got broke  
I done pawned my 33 special, good gal  
And my clothes been sold I even went down in my praying ground  
Dropped down on bended knees  
I went down to my praying ground  
And dropped on bended knees  
I ain't crying for no religion  
Lordy, give me back my good girl please But it's Lordy Lord, Lordy, Lordy Lord  
Lordy Lord, Lordy, Lordy Lord, Lord, Lordy Lord If you give me my baby  
Lord, I won't worry you no more  
If you give me my baby  
Lord, I won't worry you no more  
You ain't got to put her in my house  
Lordy, only lead her to my door Lordy, Lord Don't you hear me, baby  
Knocking on your door?  
Don't you hear your daddy, mama  
Knocking on your door?  
Can't I get out singing, living 'n' tapping  
Flatting, slip right across your floor Lordy Lord, Lordy, Lordy Lord, Lordy Lord  
Lordy, Lordy Lord

Songwriters

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