

Break Down Here

[Julie Roberts](#)

Mile marker 203, the gas gauge leanin' on the edge of "E",
An' I'll be dang'd if the rain ain't pourin' down.
There's somethin' smokin' underneath the hood,
It's a-bangin' and a-clangin' an' it can't be good,
An' it's another fifty miles to the nearest town.
Everythin' I own's in the back in a hefty bag;
I'm outta cigarettes an' I'm down to my last drag. I'd sure hate to break down here,
Nothin' up ahead or in the rear view mirror.
Out in the middle of nowhere, knowin'.
I'm in trouble if these wheels stop rollin'.
So, God help me, keep me movin' somehow.
Don't let me start wishin' I was with him now.
I made it this far without cryin' a single tear.
I'd sure hate to break down here. Under fifty thousand miles ago,
Before the bad blood an' busted radio,
He said I was all he had ever needed.
But love is blind an' little did I know,
You were just another dead end road,
Made with pretty lies an' broken dreams.
Baby, leavin' you is easier than bein' gone.
I don't know what I'll do if one more thing goes wrong. I'd sure hate to break down here,
Nothin' up ahead or in the rear view mirror.
Out in the middle of nowhere, knowin'.
I'm in trouble if these wheels stop rollin'.
So, God help me, keep me movin' somehow.
Don't let me start wishin' I was with him now.
I made it this far without cryin' a single tear.
An' I'd sure hate to break down here.
Oh, no.

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