

# Broke Down Engine

[Bob Dylan](#)

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  
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, Lordy, Lordy, Lord, Lordy, Lordy  
Lordy, Lord  
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  
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, Lordy, Lordy, Lord,  
Lordy, Lord  
Lordy, Lordy, Lord  
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  
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  
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 momma, come right away daddy's weeping spell

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