

Broke Down Engine

Johnny Winter

Feel like a broke down engine Mama, Lord my driving wheel

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Got me all tied up and lonesome

You know exactly how it makes a good man feel I've been shooting craps and gambling, Mama, I believe I done
got broke

Been shooting craps and gambling, woman, I believe I done got broke

Had a poor mean forty four, man and I'm already closing so Man I went down to my praying ground and I felt
down on my knees

Went down to my praying ground, Lord I fell down on my knees

I ain't trying for no religion, won't you bring me back my good gal please If you just send me my baby, won't
have to worry and cry no more

If you just send up my baby man

Lord I won't have to worry and cry no more

Don't have to bring it to my house, Lord won't you leave her up at my door

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