Eric Clapton, Stop Breakin' Down Blues

(Robert Johnson)

Every time I'm walking down the street,
Some pretty mama start breakin' down with me.

[Chorus:]
Stop breakin' down,
Please, stop breakin' down.
The stuff I got will bust your brains out, baby.
Oh, it'll make you lose your mind.

I can't walk the streets now to consolate my mind.
Some pretty mama starts breakin' down.

[Chorus]

Now, you Saturday night women, you love to ape and clown.
Won't do nothing but tear a good man reputation down.

[Chorus]

Well, I give my baby the ninety-nine degrees.
She jumped up and throwed a pistol down on me.

[Chorus]

Well now, I can't start walking down the streets,
Some pretty woman start breakin' down with me.

[Chorus]