

Broke Down South of Dallas
Junior Brown

B . . . E

<E>That wife of mines the suspicious kind
She says that I'm quite a flirter
But I've been a good boy all of the time
And I wouldn't do nothin' to <E>hurt her
She'd tan my hide for spendin' the night
With Betty Lou or Alice
But I'm sleepin alone in this wreck I own
Broke down south of <E>Dallas

B . . . E . . .

<E>When I stumble home at the break of dawn
She better not be suspicious
Cause I'm about at the end of my rope
And she better not act too <E>viscious
I'm a-covered with grease from my head to my feet
My hands are cut and <A>calloused
I spent all my bucks on a broke down truck
Broke down south of <E>Dallas

B . . . E . . .

(solo)

<E>I'm a happy guy when the miles go by
There ain't too much that I'm missin
But I got a wife with a fryin' pan
And when she talks I <E>listen
I'm the king of the road she's the queen of the house
And it may not be a <A>palace
But it sure beats a load by the side of the road
Broke down south of <E>Dallas

Yeah it sure beats a load by the side of the road
Broke down south of <E>Dallas

B . . . E . . .