

# Don't Bring Me Down

Edwin McCain

Well I don't drive a fast car  
You know it just ain't my style  
And I don't give a damn about that  
You know it ain't worth my while  
And I've been known to run around  
Burned some bridges in my time  
You know those girls tried to tie me down  
But my heart is still all mine

Well Elvis had his blue suede shoes and Samson had his hair  
You know I got my music baby  
And my dreams will take me there  
You know I don't smoke cigarettes  
I don't see the point  
And if you're gonna put smoke in your lungs  
Might as well smoke a joint

Well I don't mind if you hang around  
Just don't start talking that love talk baby  
Don't bring me down

Well don't call me a scoundrel  
Baby don't call me a thief  
Don't look down your nose at me  
I don't need all your grief  
Join me and the jesters, singing for today  
Live life at its fullest  
Before it slips away

Well I don't mind if you hang around  
Just don't start talking that love talk baby  
Don't bring me down

Why you want to shoot me down  
I'm just trying to be your friend now baby  
But you lock the door, hide the key, hide under the bed  
You're gonna hide from me  
Come on baby, let me in...