

Evil

Eric Clapton

It's a long way from home,
Can't sleep at night.
Call on your telephone;
Something just ain't right.
That's evil, evil is going on wrong.
I want to warn you brother,
You better watch your happy home.

You make it to your house,
Knock on the front door,
Run 'round to the back;
You'll catch him just before he goes.
That's evil, evil is going on.
I have warned you brother,
You better watch your happy home.

If you call on the telephone
And she answers long and slow,
Grab the first thing smoking
And you have to haul her home. (*)
That's evil, evil is going on wrong.
I have warned you brother,
You better watch your happy home.