

Groaning the Blues

Eric Clapton

I'm so tired of moaning,
Trying to groan away my blues.
I'm so tired of moaning,
Trying to groan away my blues.
I keep weeping and crying
Every time I think of you.

I would rather die of starvation,
Perish out in the desert sun,
I would rather die of starvation,
Perish out in the desert sun,
Than to think of some other man
Holding you in his arms.

My heart gets so heavy
Lord I shakes down in my bones.
My heart gets so heavy,
Lord I shakes down in my bones.
I can't hurt a murderer,
Oh Lord, but I'm forced to weep and moan.