

## Clapton Eric

### "Hold Me Lord"

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Sixteen days in Bethlehem, peddling dope and  
drinking wine.  
Pulling women, making gigs, steering clear and doing  
fine.  
I moved on down to Galilee, trying to find a few new  
friends.  
I'm throwing aces everywhere, trying to forget the end.

Hold me Lord, hold me Lord,  
Hold me tight, I'm slipping through.  
Hold me Lord, hold me Lord,  
Hold me tight, I beg of you.

I'm cruising through Jerusalem, dust is flying  
everywhere.  
I'm dodging bullets, making time, on the level, in the  
square.  
They say you kissed your best friend's hand, they say  
you did it for his love.  
They say you got in agony, the hand fits well into the  
glove.

Chorus

Chorus

Chorus

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