

Clapton Eric

"Malted Milk"

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I keep drinking malted milk, trying to drive my blues
away.

I keep drinking malted milk, trying to drive my blues
away.

Baby, you're just as welcome to my loving as the
flowers is in May.

Malted milk, malted milk, keep rushing to my head.
Malted milk, malted milk, keep rushing to my head.
And I have a funny, funny feeling and I'm talking all out
my head.

Baby, fix me one more drink and hug your daddy one
more time.

Baby, fix me one more drink and hug your daddy one
more time.

Keep on stirring my malted milk, mama, until I change
my mind.

My doorknob keeps on turning, there must be spooks
around my bed.

My doorknob keeps on turning, there must be spooks
around my bed.

And I have a funny, funny feeling and the hair's rising
on my head.

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