

Eric Clapton

"32-20 Blues"

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(Robert Johnson)

I sent for my baby, and she don't come
I sent for my baby, man, and she don't come
All the doctors in Hot Springs sure can't help her none

And if she gets unruly, thinks she don't want do
If she gets unruly, and thinks she don't want do
Take my 32-20, and cut her half in two

She got a thirty-eight special, but I believe it's most too
light
She got a thirty-eight special, but I believe it's most too
light
I got a 32-20, got to make the camps alright

If I send for my baby, man, and she don't come
If I send for my baby, man, and she don't come
All the doctors in Hot Springs sure can't help her none

I'm gonna shoot my pistol, gonna shoot my Gatlin' gun
I'm gonna shoot my pistol, gonna shoot my Gatlin' gun
You made me love you, now your man have come

Aw baby, where you stay last night?
Ah baby, where you stay last night?
You got your hair all tangled, and you ain't talkin' right

Got a thirty-eight special, boys, it do very well
Got a thirty-eight special, boys, it do very well
I Got a 32-20 now, and it's a burnin' --

If I send for my baby, man and she don't come
If I send for my baby, man and she don't come
All the doctors in Wisconsin sure can't help her none

Hey hey baby, where you stay last night
Hey hey baby, where you stayed last night
You didn't come home until the sun was shinin' bright

Ah boys, I just can't take my rest
Ah boys, I just can't take my rest

With this 32-20 layin' up and down my breast

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