

Eric Clapton

"Groaning The Blues"

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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.

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