

Eric Clapton "Rocking Chair"

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"Rocking Chair"

Old rockin' chair's got me, my cane by my side
Fetch me that gin, son, 'fore I tan your hide
Can't get from this cabin, goin' nowhere
Just set me here grabbin' at the flies round this rockin'
chair

My dear old aunt Harriet, in Heaven she be
Send me sweet chariot, for the end of the trouble I see
Old rockin' chair gets it, Judgement Day is here
Chained to my rockin' chair

Old rockin' chair's got me, son, (Rocking chair got you,
father)
My cane by my side, (Yes, your cane by your side)
Now fetch me a little gin, son (Ain't got no gin, father)
What? 'fore I tan your hide, now, (You're gonna tan my
hide)

You know, I can't get from this old cabin (What cabin?
joking)
I ain't goin' nowhere (Why ain't you goin' nowhere?)
Just sittin' me here grabbin' (Grabbin')
At the flies round this old rockin' chair (Rockin' chair)

Now you remember dear old aunt Harriet, (Aunt
Harriet)
How long in Heaven she be? (She's up in Heaven)
Send me down, send me down sweet (Sweet chariot)
chariot
End of this trouble I see (I see, Daddy)

Old rockin' chair gets it, son (Rocking chair get it,
father)
Judgement Day is here, too (Your Judgement Day is
here)
Chained to my rockin', old rockin' chair

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