

Eric Clapton

"Standin' Round Crying"

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Oh baby, look how you got me standin' 'round crying.
Oh baby, look how you got me standin' 'round crying.
Lord I love you little girl, you're always resting on my
mind.

Oh baby, I ain't gonna be riding you 'round in my
automobile.
Oh baby, I ain't gonna be riding you 'round in my
automobile.
You got so many men, I'm afraid you may get me
killed.
Oh baby, you ain't nothing like you used to be. (No,
don't get me killed, honey!)
Oh baby, you ain't nothing like you used to be. (Oh
man, leave that woman alone!)
When I was deep in love with you, little girl,
you were just sweet as an apple on a tree.

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