

Eric Clapton "Traveling Riverside Blues"

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(Robert Johnson)

If your man gets personal,
Want you to have your fun.
If your man gets personal,
Want you to have your fun.
Well, come on back to Friar's Point, mama,
Barrelhouse all night long.

I got womens in Vicksburg,
Clean on into Tennessee.
I got womens in Vicksburg,
Clean on into Tennessee.
But my Friar's Point rider, now,
Hops all over me.

I ain't gonna state no color but
Her front teeth is crowned with gold.
I ain't gonna state no color but
Her front teeth is crowned with gold.
She got a mortgage on my body, Lord,

A lien on my soul.

Well, I'm going down to Rosedale,
Rider by my side.
Lord, I'm going down to Rosedale,
Rider by my side.
Well, we can still barrelhouse, babe,
On the riverside.

You can squeeze my lemon till
Juice run down my leg.
You can squeeze my lemon till
Juice run down my leg.
That's what I'm talking about!
But I'll be going back to Friar's Point, mama,
Rocking to my head.

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