

# Eric Clapton, Sporting Life Blues

I'm tired of runnin' around,  
Think I will marry and settle down  
This ole sportin' life,  
It is a mean life, and it's killin' me

I got a letter from my home,  
All of my schoolmates, they're dead an' gone  
It'll make you worry,  
It'll make you wonder 'bout days to come

My mother used to talk to me,  
I was young and foolish, Brownie could not see  
Now, I have no mother, my sisters  
And my brothers, they don't care for me

Mama used to fall on her knees an' pray,  
These are the words, mother, she used to say  
She would say: "Brownie, wha-oh,  
My son, please change your way"

Now, I'm goin' to change my way,  
I'm growin' older each and every day  
When I was young and foolish,  
I was so easy, easy to let ...

I was a gambler and a cheater, too, now,  
It's come my turn to lose  
This ole sportin' life,  
Got the best hand, what can I do?

There ain't but one thing Brownie done wrong,  
I liv'd that ole sportin' life too long  
Friends, it's no good, please believe me,  
Please leave it alone