

Aretha Franklin, Going Down Slow

I have had my fun if I never get well no more
I have had my fun if I never get well no more
All of my health is failing
Lord, I'm going down slow

I'm going down slow
Please write my father and tell him the shape I'm in
Please write my father and tell him the shape I'm in
Tell her to pray for me
Forgive me for my sin
For all of my sin

On the next train south, look for my clothes back home
On the next train south, look for my clothes back home
'Cause all of my health is failing
Lord, I'm going down slow
I'm going down slow

All of my health is failing
Lord, I'm going down slow
I'm going down slow

Feel like I'm going, like I'm going down slow
I feel like I'm going, like I'm going down slow
I feel like I'm going, like I'm going down slow
I feel like I'm going, like I'm going down slow
I feel like I'm going, like I'm going down slow