Eric Clapton, Goin' Down Slow/Rambling On My I

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 mother and tell her the shape I'm in
Please write my mother and tell her 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

I got rambling
I got rambling all on my mind
I got rambling
I got rambling all on my mind
I hates to leave my baby
But she treats me so unkind

I got mean things
I got mean things all on my mind
I got mean things
I got mean things all on my mind
I hate to leave my baby
But she treats me so unkind

I'm going down to the station
Catch the fastest train I see
I'm going down to the station
Catch the fastest train I see
I got the blues 'bout miss so-and-so
And her son's got the blues about me

I got rambling
I got rambling all on my mind
I got rambling
I got rambling all on my mind
I hate to leave my baby
But she treats me so unkind