

# Eric Clapton, Groaning The Blues

(Willie Dixon)

I'm so tired of moaning,  
Trying to groan away my blues.  
I'm so tired of moaning,  
Trying to groan away my blues.  
I keep weeping and crying  
Every time I think of you.

I would rather die of starvation,  
Perish out in the desert sun,  
I would rather die of starvation,  
Perish out in the desert sun,  
Than to think of some other man  
Holding you in his arms.

My heart gets so heavy  
Lord I shakes down in my bones.  
My heart gets so heavy,  
Lord I shakes down in my bones.  
I can't hurt a murderer,  
Oh Lord, but I'm forced to weep and moan.