

Eric Clapton, Sick And Tired

(Eric Clapton and Simon Climie)

I'm gonna buy me a parrot, baby,
And teach him how to call my name.
I'm gonna buy me a parrot, baby,
And teach him how to call my name.
Then I won't have to miss you baby
And I won't have you driving me insane.

I was in love with you, baby,
Till the day you brought me down so low.
I was in love with you, baby,
Till the day you brought me down so low.
You had me walking 'round in circles, baby;
I didn't know which way to go.

Oh, I'm so sick and tired baby,
I'm sick and tired of the way you carry on.
Lord, I'm sick and tired, baby,
Sick and tired of the way you carry on.
You can pack up all of your things, baby;
Hit the road, get out of here, be gone.

Now I'm gonna get me a shotgun, baby,
Keep it stashed behind the door.
I'm gonna get me a shotgun, baby,
Keep it stashed behind the bedroom door.
I may have to blow your brains out, baby,
Then you won't bother me no more.