

# J.J. Cale & Eric Clapton, Anyway The Wind Blows

(J.J. Cale)

Some like this and some like that  
And some don't know where it's at  
If you don't get loose, if you don't groove  
Well, your motor won't make it and your motor won't move

If time don't tell you then don't ask me  
I'm riding on a hurricane down to the sea  
If you can't hear the music, turn it up loud  
There's movement in the air and movement in the crowd

Bow-legged woman doing the boogaloo  
She got a jive, she got a move  
Turn around, do it again  
Bow-legged woman, where you been

Fat jack owns a honky-tonk downtown  
You can catch a woman if you hang around  
You can tear down the door, tear down the wall  
Fat jack he don't care at all

Easy come, easy go  
Any way the wind blows  
Hey, drummer, drummer, can you give me that beat  
Can you give me that beat, got to move my feet

Guitar player been all around the world  
But he can't play a lick for looking at the girls  
One two three four five six seven  
Well, you'd better change your ways or you won't get to heaven

Eight nine ten, gonna stop at eleven  
Eleven just lays around with seven  
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And some don't know where it's at

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