

# Walkin' Down the Road

[Eric Clapton](#)

Have you ever been walking down that lonesome road?

Have you ever been walking, walking down that lonesome road?

All you got in this world, Lord I declare she's dead and gone. Things look so black, you got to travel alone.

Things look so black, you got to travel alone.

All you got in this world, Lord I declare she's gone. It ain't too good, ain't got a shelter over your head.

It don't look so good, when you ain't got a shelter over your head.

When you could have been sleeping on a feather bed, yeah. Walkin'

Songwriters

LEVINE, PAUL/MUSGRAVE, ALAN /Published by

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