Judgement Day

Eric Clapton

What you gonna do on judgement day
The time's run out now, you can't stay
Screaming and crying, you got to go
Turn and say, "Peter won't you open the door?"
Yes, I'm coming
(Yes, I'm coming)
Yes, I'm coming
(Yes, I'm coming)
Yes, I'm coming
Just like my time alone
When I die you can't bury me
[Incomprehensible] women at my head and feet
You fold my arms across my chest
You tell me friends that I'm gone to rest
Yes, I'm coming
(Yes, I'm coming)
Yes, I'm coming
(Yes, I'm coming)
Yes, I'm coming
Just like my time alone
When I'm dead right there in my grave
You're gonna be sorry
That you treat me like a slave
There ain't no one can take my place
You're gonna cry your blues away
Yes, I'm coming
Yes, I'm coming
Yes, I'm coming
Just like my time alone

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