

That's No Way to Get Along

Eric Clapton

I'm goin' home, friends, sit down and tell my, my mama

Friends, sit down and tell my mama

I'm goin' home, sit down and tell my mama

I'm goin' home, sit down and tell my mama

That that's no way to get alongThese low-down women, mama, they treated your, ahh, poor son wrong
Mama, treated me wrong

These low-down women, mama, treated your poor son wrong

These low-down women, mama, treated your poor son wrong

And that's no way for him to get alongThey treated me like my poor heart was made of a rock or stone
Mama, made of a rock or stone

Treated me like my poor heart was made of a rock or stone

Treated me like my poor heart was made of a rock or stone

And that's no way for me to get alongYou know, that was enough, mama, to make your son wished he's dead
and gone

Mama, wished I's dead and gone

That is enough to make your son, mama, wished he's dead and gone

That is enough to make your son, mama, wished he's dead and gone

'Cause that's no way for him to get alongI stood on the roadside, I cried alone, all by myself
I cried alone by myself

I stood on the roadside and cried alone by myself

I stood on the roadside and cried alone by myself

Cryin', "That's no way for me to get along" I's wantin' some train to come along and take me away from here
Friends, take me away from here

Some train to come along and take me away from here

Some train to come along and take me away from here

And that's no way for me to get along

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