

Malted Milk

[Eric Clapton](#)

I keep drinking malted milk, trying to drive my blues away

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Baby, you're just as welcome to my loving as the flowers is in May
Malted milk, malted milk, keep rushing to
my head

Malted milk, malted milk, keep rushing to my head

And I have a funny, funny feeling and I'm talking all out my head
Baby, fix me one more drink and hug your
daddy one more time

Baby, fix me one more drink and hug your daddy one more time

Keep on stirring my malted milk, mama, until I change my mind
My doorknob keeps on turning, there must be
spooks around my bed

My doorknob keeps on turning, there must be spooks around my bed

And I have a funny, funny feeling and the hair's rising on my head

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