

Hold Me Lord

[Eric Clapton](#)

Sixteen days in Bethlehem
Peddling dope to keep drinking wine
Pulling women, making gigs
Steerin' clear and doin' fine
I moved on down to Galilee
Trying to find a few new friends
I'm throwin' aces everywhere
Trying to forget the end So hold me Lord, hold me Lord
Hold me tight, I'm slippin' through
Hold me Lord, hold me Lord
Hold me tight, I beg of You I'm cruising through Jerusalem
Dust is flyin' everywhere
I'm dodging bullets, making time
On the level, in the square They say you kissed your best friend's hand
They say you did it for his love
They say he got in agony
The hand fits well into the glove Woah, hold me Lord, hold me Lord
Hold me tight, I'm slippin' through
Hold me Lord, hold me Lord
Hold me tight, I beg of You Hold me Lord, hold me Lord
Hold me tight, I'm slippin' through
Hold me Lord, hold me Lord
Hold me tight, I beg of You Ohh, hold me Lord, hold me Lord
Hold me tight, I'm slippin' through
Hold me Lord, hold me Lord
Hold me tight, I beg of You Hold me Lord, oh hold me Lord
Hold me tight, I'm slippin' through
Hold me Lord, hold me Lord
Hold me tight, I beg of You

Songwriters

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