

Groaning the Blues

[Eric Clapton](#)

I'm so tired of moaning, tryin' to groan away my blues
I'm so tired of moaning, tryin' to groan away my blues
I keep weepin' and cryin' every time I think of you I would rather die of starvation, perish out in the desert sun
I would rather die of starvation, perish out in the desert sun
Than to think of some other man, holdin' you in his arms My heart gets so heavy, Lord I shakes down in my
bones
My heart gets so heavy, Lord I shakes down in my bones
I can't hurt a murderer, oh Lord but I'm forced to weep and moan

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