

# Clutches

[John Martyn](#)

Well my residential woman said, said to me  
That you daren't eat peaches from a hawthorn tree  
Well she said it to me once  
And then she said it again  
Even though I try, I can't remember when. Well my residential woman  
She's as fine as can be  
Yeah my residential woman  
She's the one for me  
And I believe, yes I do believe.  
And I believe to the depths of my dark black soul  
Like I used to believe in sweet rock and roll  
I believe to the depths of my pure white soul  
Like I still believe in sweet jelly roll  
She got me, she got me  
In her clutches. Well my very special woman said yesterday  
She's always economic when I'm going away  
Well I turn around and say, she's got no reason to fear  
Cos I'm always economic when you're sitting right here. My very special woman  
She's the one for me  
My residential woman  
She's as sweet as can be  
Well I believe, yes I believe.  
I believe to the depths of my hard luck soul  
Like I used to believe in sweet jelly roll  
Believe to the depths of my pure white soul  
I used to believe in sweet rock and roll  
She got me, yeah, she got me  
In her clutches  
Sweet clutches  
Every kind of clutches  
Those clutches

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>