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://damnlyrics.com/