

# Cypress Grove

[Eric Clapton](#)

I would rather to be buried  
In some cypress grove  
I would rather to be buried  
In some cypress grove  
Have a contrary woman  
Lord, that I can't control And when yo' knee-bones get shaky  
Honey, and your blood run cold  
When yo' knee bones gettin' shaky  
Lord, and your blood run cold  
Oh, you're gettin' ready  
Honey, for the cypress grove Then I'd rather be buried  
Six feet in the clay  
Then I would rather to be buried  
Six feet in the clay  
Then to stay round here  
Breathin' this a-way I will drink muddy water  
I'll sleep in a hollow log  
I will drink muddy water  
Sleep in a hollow log  
And to lay 'round here  
Treated like a dog

Songwriters

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