

Eric Clapton, Four Until Late

(Robert Johnson)

From four until late
I was wringing my hands and crying.
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I was wringing my hands and crying.
I believe to my soul
That your daddy's Gulfport bound.

From four until late,
She made me a no-good barroom clown.
From four until late,
She made me a no-good barroom clown.
You know she won't do nothing
But tear a good man's reputation down.

A woman is like a dresser,
Some man always running through its drawers.
A woman is like a dresser,
Some man always running through its drawers.
She cause so many men
To wear an apron overall.

When I leave this town
I will bid you fare farewell.
When I leave this town
I will bid you fare farewell.
And when I return again,
You'll have a great long story to tell.