

# Eric Clapton, Four Until Late

(Robert Johnson)

From four until late  
I was wringing my hands and crying.  
From four until late  
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.