

Eric Clapton, High

(Eric Clapton)

High upon a mountain top
Where the eagle builds his nest
I shall go wandering,
Trying to put my mind at rest,
And I shall never cease
Until the day I die.

He was once a friend of mine,
But I did not know or care
Until she said goodbye.
I cried till I could hardly see
The meaning of my life.
What do I do now?

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