

Eric Clapton, Hold Me Lord

(Eric Clapton)

Sixteen days in Bethlehem, peddling dope and drinking wine.
Pulling women, making gigs, steering clear and doing fine.
I moved on down to Galilee, trying to find a few new friends.
I'm throwing aces everywhere, trying to forget the end.

[Chorus:]

Hold me Lord, hold me Lord,
Hold me tight, I'm slipping through.
Hold me Lord, hold me Lord,
Hold me tight, I beg of you.

I'm cruising through Jerusalem, dust is flying everywhere.
I'm dodging bullets, making time, on the level, in the square.
They say you kissed your best friend's hand, they say you did it for his love.
They say you got in agony, the hand fits well into the glove.

[Chorus 3x]