

Eric Clapton, Malted Milk

(Robert Johnson)

I keep drinking malted milk,
Trying to drive my blues away.
I keep drinking malted milk,
Trying to drive my blues away.
Baby, you're just as welcome to my loving
As the flowers is in May.

Malted milk, malted milk,
Keep rushing to my head.
Malted milk, malted milk,
Keep rushing to my head.
And I have a funny, funny feeling
And I'm talking all out my head.

Baby, fix me one more drink
And hug your daddy one more time.
Baby, fix me one more drink
And hug your daddy one more time.
Keep on stirring my malted milk, mama,
Until I change my mind.

My doorknob keeps on turning,
There must be spooks around my bed.
My doorknob keeps on turning,
There must be spooks around my bed.
And I have a funny, funny feeling
And the hair's rising on my head.