

Eric Clapton, Mean Old Frisco

(Arthur Crudup)

Well that mean old dirty Frisco
And that low down Santa Fe.
Mean old Frisco
And that low down Santa Fe.
You know they take my girl away,
Lord, and blow back out on me.

Well my mama, she done told me,
And my papa told me too.
Mama told me
And my papa told me too.
A woman that gets in your face,
Lord she ain't no friend for you.

Well I'm goin' away now baby
And I won't be back until fall.
Goin' away, baby.
Lord, I won't be back till fall.
If I don't come back by then,
Lord, I won't be back at all.

[Alternate Verse]
Well I'm goin' away baby
And your cryin' won't make me stay.
Goin' away baby
And your cryin' won't make me stay.
Well the more you cry, little girl,
If anything you'll drive me away.

Well that mean old dirty Frisco
And that low down Santa Fe.
Mean old Frisco
And that low down Santa Fe.
Gonna take my gal away,
Lord, and blow back out on me.