

Eric Clapton, Standin' round crying

Oh baby, look how you got me standin' round crying.
Oh baby, look how you got me standin' round crying.
Lord, I love you little girl, you're always resting on my mind.
Oh baby, I aint gonna be riding you round in my automobile.
Oh baby, I aint gonna be riding you round in my automobile.
You got so many men, I'm afraid you may get me killed.
Oh baby, you aint nothing like you used to be.
(no, don't get me killed, honey!)
Oh baby, you aint nothing like you used to be.
(oh man, leave that woman alone!)
When I was deep in love with you, little girl,
You were just sweet as an apple on a tree.