

Eric Clapton, Terraplane Blues

(Robert Johnson)

And I feel so lonesome
you hear me when I moan
When I feel so lonesome
You hear me when I moan
Who been drivin' my Terraplane now
for you since I been gone

hell I'll flash your lights, mama
I'm bound to check your oil
and I'll flash my lights, mama
this horn won't even blow
There must be a short in this connection
hoo-well, babe, it's way down below

I'm on'h'ist your hood, mama
I'm bound to check your oil
I'm on'h'ist your hood, mama
I'm bound to check your oil
I got a woman that I'm lovin'
way down in Arkansas

coils ain't even buzzin'
little generator won't get the spark
When the motor's in a bad condition, you need

these batteries charged

But I'm cryin', please
plea-hease don't do me wrong

Who been drivin' my Terraplane now for
you-hoo since I've been gone

Mr. Highway man
plea-hease don't block the road Mmm mmm
plea-hease don't block the road
Cause she's re'ist'rin a cold one hundred
and I'm booked and I got to go

Mmm mmm
Mmm mmm mmm
Mmm
You hear me weep and moan
Who been drivin' my Terraplane now for
you since I been gone

I'm on get down in this connection
keep tanglin' with this wires
get down in this connection
keep on tanglin' with these wires
And when I mash down on your little starter
then your spark plug will give me fire