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