

From Four Until Late

Eric Clapton

From four until late I was wringing my hands and crying
From four until late I was wringing my hands and crying
I believe to my soul that your daddy's Gulfport bound

From four until late, she made me a no good barroom clown
From four until late, she made me a no good barroom clown
You know she won't do nothing but tear a good man's reputation
down

A woman is like a dresser, some man always running through its
drawers
A woman is like a dresser, some man always running through its
drawers
She cause so many men to wear an apron overall

When I leave this town I will bid you fare farewell
When I leave this town I will bid you fare farewell
And when I return again, you'll have a great long story to tell