

Eric Clapton - Black Rose

tom:

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The dogs are
Howling at the
Midnight
Moon

I'm on my
Way to where the
Black rose
Blooms

The mountain's
High, the
Night is
Cold
I feel the
Sunshine; a
Black rose
Grows

To
Gether again, we're as
Common as sin, they say
We just walk around the stones they
Throw
Night after night
We steal away to where
Love don't see no
Colors in the
Shadows
Love don't see no
Colors in the
Shadows

Wind in the
Willows
Wild and
Warm

Just like the
Woman lying

Here in my
Arms

The water's
Deep
Cold and
Still

I love the
Feeling that
Black rose
Gives

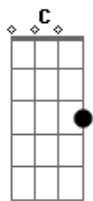
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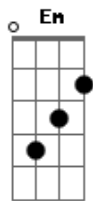
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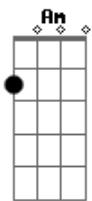
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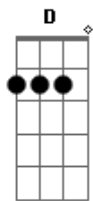
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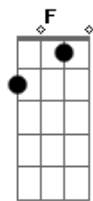
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