Play, Guitar Play

Conway Twitty

Play, guitar play
Take me back to yesterday
Let me see, cotton growing
In the fieldsLet me hear, my momma calling
Look yonder y'all who's coming
Down the road, he's a coming home
But they know I never willI left them living with that awful thing I done
I didn't tell them I just packed my clothes and runPlay, guitar play
Help me through another day
Help me make another dollar
Before I goWe got time, for one more song
Then we'll have to move along
Another town, another crowd
Lord, I wonder if they knowCan they read between the lines in my song
As I sing about a good boy that's went wrong
Guitar we got years to kill
We got to climb that distant hill
I wonder if they think of me
Guitar play

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