

Playing For Keeps

Elle King

You prayed to have your name scattered on the lips of the young.

Now, you claim that it's you on the tips of their tongue.

And if you're proud of what you had to kill to get your thrill, well, I bet it stings to give up everything and realize that they don't want you.chorus

It's a lonely road where the forgotten go where your misery finds its company.

(whoa-oh-oh-ow)

It's a long way down to the sacred ground where the reaper's playing for keepsWhoa, whoa, whoa-oh-oh-ow
x2The hollow sound is ringing where your heart used to be.

Have you found that your admiration will never set you free?

Get your lies prepared, you're next in line for judgement day, now, aren't you praying, aren't you begging that you're anyone else?chorus

It's a lonely road where the forgotten go where your misery finds its company.

(whoa-oh-oh-ow)

It's a long way down to the sacred ground where the reaper's playing for keeps.Whoa, whoa, whoa-oh-oh-ow
x4Well, I bet you're sorry now.

You did this to yourself.

Well, I bet you're sorry now.

Well, aren't you sorry now?chorus

It's a lonely road where the forgotten go where your misery finds its company.

(whoa-oh-oh-ow)

It's a long way down to the sacred ground where the reaper's playing for keeps.It's a lonely road where the forgotten go where your misery finds its company.

(whoa, whoa, whoa-oh-oh-ow x2)

It's a long way down to the sacred ground where the reaper's playing for keeps.

(whoa, whoa, whoa-oh-oh-ow x2)Whoa, whoa, whoa-oh-oh-ow x2Whoa, whoa, whoa-oh-oh-ow x2

(you prayed to have your name scattered on the lips of the young.

now, you claim that it's you on the tips of their tongue)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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