Play Me

Reverend and the Makers

You keep harping on while I'm your strings
To bend, contort, hold down and everything
When I'm no longer of use to you
You'll pack me in for someone newYou keep harping on, while I get played
Though pointless we maintain this masquerade
My replacements waiting in the wings
But you're my harp and I'm your stringsI want you to play me
Like you did before
Why don't you play me?
Play me like you used to do before
You seem to want to bend me 'til I break
I'm dragged behind you, trailing in your wake
Though old and battered, worn and bruised
I'll still play my song for youIf you'd just play me
Like you did before
Why don't you play me?
Play me like you used to do before
Why don't you play me
Like you did before?
If you'd just play me
Play me like you used to do before
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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