

Play God

Sam Fender

You were cracking all your fingers
With your eyes fixed to the floor
Sound did echo down the street
By the morn you meant your heat
Pilot screaming through a megaphone
"Get your hands off the Middle East"
Every word would hurt the Senegal
Every word would cut your teeth
And he will play God
And he will play God
You were cracking all your fingers
With your eyes fixed to the floor
Sound did echo down the street
By the morn you meant your heat
Pilot screaming through a megaphone
"Get your hands off the Middle East"
Every word would hurt the hurt the Senegal
Every word would cut your teeth
And he will play God
And he will play God
It's all the same down in the capital
All the suits in cladded feet
Sewer rats will shower the underground
In a race to make ends meet
And he will play God
And he will play God
Am I mistaken?
Or are we breaking under weight
From the long time
That he played God
Am I mistaken?
Or are we breaking under weight
From the long time
That he played God
And he will play God
No matter who you are or where you been
He is watching from the screen
Keeps a keen eye on the in-between
From the people to the Queen
And he will play God
He will play God
Am I mistaken?
Or are we breaking under weight
From the long time
That he played God
Am I mistaken?
Or are we breaking under weight
From the long time
That he played God
And he will play God
And he will play God
And he will play God
And he will play God

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

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>