

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. 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 x2 The 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?

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 x4 Well, I bet you're sorry now.

You did this to yourself.

Well, I bet you're sorry now.

Well, aren't you sorry now? 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 x2 Whoa, 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)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>