

## Let the Records Play

Pearl Jam

When the Kingdom comes, he puts his records on  
And with his blistered thumb hits play  
And with the volume up he goes and fills his cup  
And lets the drummer drum take away the pain, the pain

Breaking, forsaken, what's that you're taken?  
Bleeding the feeling, he lets the records play

And should the future dim  
The cigarette light's in  
The vaporizer green light grim  
And when the shot glass talks he goes to listens up  
Until he's nice and numb again, again

Shaken, the breaking, not one for faking, no!  
The reeling is healing  
He lets the records play, there's wisdom in his ways

I've been down and I fell so hard and far from grace  
I've been hurt and I still recall the flaws on her face  
I've been off but but I'm on my feet, my feet again

Shaken, forsaken, what's that you're taking?  
Oh! The weeding, the feeling, he lets the records play

Shaken but breaking, not one for faking, oh!  
The reeling is healing, he lets the records play!

Oh, there's wisdom in his ways