

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