

Play My Guitar

Quicksilver Messenger Service

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down, I get caught in the
middle morn,
And I'm going around an dround, there's something I'm
telling you,
you're good, I'm diggin' you, hey hey, what can a poor
boy do these days,
Hey hey, what can a poor boy do these days,
Except play my guitar, keep me from goin' crazy,
I want to play my guitar, it's all that still saves me.
Sometimes you say you love me then you act strange,
You got me believin' I was deranged but there's trouble
now I'm telling you.
You're good, I'm diggin you, hey hey, what can a poor boy
do these days,
Hey hey, what can a poor boy do these days,
Except to play my guitar, keep me from being _____ me,
I'm gonna play my guitar, that's all that still moves me.
_____ now what you say or do, anything you want me to, I
believe this thing's true.
Look how I'm digging you, hey hey, what can a poor boy do
these days,
Hey hey, what can a poor boy do these days,
Except to play my guitar, keep me on moving,
I want to play my guitar, that's all that still moves me,
I want to play my guitar, that's all that still thrills
me.