

## 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.