

Play God

Sam Fender

You were cracking all your fingers
With your eyes fixed to the floor
Sound had echoed down the street
By the monument you hear

Man is screaming through a megaphone
"Get your hands off the Middle East"
Every word would heard the cynical
Every word would cut your teeth

And he will play God
And he will play God

It's all the same down in the capital
All the suits and clattered feet
Sewer rats will shower the underground
In a race to make ends meet

And he will play God
And he will play God

Am I mistaken or are we breaking
Under weight from the long time
That he played God?
Am I mistaken or are we breaking
Under weight from the long time
That he played God?

He will play God

No matter who you are or where you've been
He is watching from the screen
Keeps a keen eye on the in-between
From the people to the Queen

And he will play God
And he will play God

Am I mistaken or are we breaking
Under weight from the long time
That he played God?
Am I mistaken or are we breaking
Under weight from the long time
That he played God?

He will play God
He will play God
He will play God
He will play God