

# Playing For Keeps

Elle King

You prayed to have your name, scattered on the lips of the young.  
And now you claim, that it's you in the tips of their tongues.  
If your proud of what you had to kill to get your thrill, well.  
It must sting to Give up everything and realize that they don't want you.

It's lonely road, where the forgotten go.  
Where your misery finds it's company.  
It's a long way down, to the, sacred grounds.  
Where the reapers playing for keeps.

Whoa-oh. Whoa-oh. Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh.  
Whoa-oh. Whoa-oh. Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh.

A hollow sound, is ringing where your heart used to be.  
Have you found, that the admiration will never set you free?  
Get your lies prepared, your next in line for judgement day.  
Now, aren't you prayin' aren't you begging that it's anyone else?

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Where your misery finds it's company.  
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Where the reapers playing for keeps.

Whoa-oh. Whoa-oh. Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh.  
Whoa-oh. Whoa-oh. Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh.

Well I bet you're sorry now.  
You did this to yourself.  
Well I bet you're sorry now.  
Well aren't you sorry now?

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