

Conway Twitty "Play, Guitar Play"

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Play, guitar play
Take me back to yesterday
Let me see, cotton growing
In the fields

Let me hear, my momma calling
Look yonder y'all who's coming
Down the road, he's a coming home
But they know I never will

I left them living with that awful thing I done
I didn't tell them I just packed my clothes and run

Play, guitar play
Help me through another day
Help me make another dollar
Before I go

We got time, for one more song
Then we'll have to move along
Another town, another crowd
Lord, I wonder if they know

Can they read between the lines in my song
As I sing about a good boy that's went wrong
Guitar we got years to kill
We got to climb that distant hill
I wonder if they think of me
Guitar play

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