

Chagall Guevara "Play God"

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And you still play God
How'd you get so good?
So mysterious
So misunderstood
And you still play God
How'd you get so good?
Shall I genuflect
In the likelihood

You're a suite on the seventh level
You're the keys to the ancient door
You're the portrait of gothic grace
(Though a lash is a little out of place)

You rule your realm
With falcon eye
You won't stoop down
You don't take no
You don't say please
You're still all show
And phony I.D.s

And you still play God
How'd you get so good?
Imitated everywhere
Never understood
And you still play God
How'd you get so good?
Floating just above it all
Mingling where you should

You command such immense fees
From your low friends in high places
If I crawled on both knees
Would I stay in your good graces?

You still love power
You still lack class
Your subjects cower
You buy prestige
And spread decline
You ought to swim the channel

You stroke so fine

And you still play God
How'd you get so good?
So almighty
So mighty misunderstood
And you still play God
How'd you get so good?
What a heavy role
What a livelihood

Play God... how'd you get so good?
Play God... how did you get so good?

And you still play God
How'd you get so good?
So misquoted
So seldom understood
And you still play God
How'd you get so good?
What a heavy role
What a livelihood

You still play God
How'd you get so good?
So almighty
So mighty misunderstood
And you still play God
How'd you get so good?
Shall I genuflect
In the likelihood...

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