

Baez Joan, Play Me Backwards

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You don't have to play me backwards to get the meaning of my verse
You don't have to die and go to hell to feel the devil's curse

Well, I thought my life was a photograph on a family Christmas card
Kids all dressed in buttons and bows and lined up in the yard
Were the golden days of childhood so lyrical and warm
Or did the picture start to fade on the day that I was born?

I've seen them light the candles and I've heard them bang the drum
And I've cried, Mama Mama I'm cold as ice and I got no place to run

Let the night begin, there's a pop of skin and the sudden rush of scarlet
There's a little boy riding on a goat's head and a little girl playing the
harlot
There's a sacrifice in an empty church of sweet li'l baby Rose
And a man in a mask from Mexico is peeling off my clothes

I've seen them light the candles and I've heard them bang the drum
And I've cried, Mama Mama I'm cold as ice and I got no place to run

So I'm paying for protection, smoking out the truth
Chasing recollections, nailing down the proof

You don't have to play me backwards to get the meaning of my verse
You don't have to die and go to hell to feel the devil's curse
I'll stand before your altar and tell everything I know
I've come to claim my childhood at the chapel of baby Rose.

I've seen them light the candles and I've heard them bang the drum
And I've cried, Mama Mama I'm cold as ice and I got no place to run