**PLAY WITH ME**

Words & Music by Jon Ervin

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Drinkin’ and a-slinkin’ down along the avenue,

Maybe buy a rainbow wing-hat for my monkey too.

When the street starts shakin, rollin’ like an ocean wave,

Send out the lifeboats if you think there’s anyone to save.

How can you tell if these are really losin’ days?

Tryin’ to pick a spirit out among the strays,

Here a gypsy comes your way.

Listen, you can here her say.

CHORUS If you wanna play with me,

There ain’t no way around, you gotta get me down.

If you wanna play with me,

You can finally get your way on your way outta town.

Biuddy, if your bleeding, the feeding frenzy must impend,

I got a sense of humor, but I need a thirty-eight, my friend.

The shit is getting shoveled, there’s nothing left to hit the fan,

No need to get hysterical, the laugh track’s in the can.

Ain’t it a downtown dream in a test tub time,

Somewhere beyond ridiculous, beneath sublime,

Pro and contra fan the flame,

Wise man’s mantra stays the same…

CHORUS If you wanna play with me…

BRIDGE Just like Caliban’s blues

It seems the savage was born to lose,

And the civil was born to rule,

And to prove an unholy fool.

By Jove I’m feelin’ jumpy, (doctor says too much caffeine),

The brotherly imperative must be in the dormant gene.

The storm that they’ve been predicting, I reckon that it’s come around,

The spring that pumps eternal, I do believe it’s come unwound.

Who ran ring down the curtain when the clock strikes out?

Even the hands of time have lost their killer clut.

Read the contract on the wing,

(Where’d ya stash that fuckin’ thing…?)

CHORUS If you wanna play with me…