

## Vienna Teng

### "Boy at the piano"

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Ten fingers. Ten dancers.  
An uncanny intuition of when and how to pirouette  
Eyes darting over the invisible page  
Which is riddled with a road map  
Of chords that guide without regret.  
Into the precarious land of improvisation,  
A one player band amid conversation.

Two hands, a measurin' leisure time  
Two hands skimmin' over keys, "that's fine"  
Says the girl in the corner, the kid on the ledge.  
And the Boy at the Piano plays on...

Well often, I've come to watch him play.  
And it seems to me so funny, he doesn't even know I'm  
there.  
Well the music, it takes him to another world.  
Sudden playful pauses, dramatic clauses,  
Melodies from empty air.  
Noontime master of improvisation,  
A one player band amid conversation...

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