

Voltaire

"Accordion Player"

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There was once an accordion player
who didn't go to war
his mother said
"I know all you want to do is play
but can't you see what going on?"

It's not about you anymore
It's not about you anymore
It's not about you anymore
It's not about you anymore
It's not about you anymore

And so he stayed and played at home
until they burned it down
And when there was no bench to sit on
He'd just sit on the ground

As he held his wounded friend
in his arms and death was all around he said
It's not about you anymore
It's not about you anymore
It's not about you anymore
It's not about you anymore
It's not about you anymore
It's not about you anymore

Ooooh! Mother,
I could die a hero
and bring glory to our home, home!
What would you do in a house full of glory if you
Had to live there alone
live there alone
live there alone
live there alone
live there alone

So long, mother, then
lay this all on-
I want to die playing
I want to die playing
I want to die playing

I want to die playing
I want to die playing
I want to die playing
I want to die playing
i want to die playing
I want to die playing
I want to die playing

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