

Adam Ant

"Grandpa's Piano"

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Grandpa had a piano it was built in 1904
He brought it down from Sydney town before the First
World War
He'd sit down and crack his knuckles put his glasses on
his head
When he'd start to play the cat would run and hide
behind the bed

Well his right foot stomped the pedals and his left foot
stomped the floor
His wrinkled hands would skip the keys that wouldn't
play no more
He'd play Onward Christian Soldiers and the window
panes would shake
When the man of 87 played his old 88

The piano sat in a corner on a sagging hardwood floor
On top was a frame I made for him with a picture of the
Lord.
A faded baptist hymnal took it's place above the keys
We'd take turns sitting by him he'd nod we'd turn the
page

Well the old piano's silent now it don't ring with joy no
more
Except sometimes when the cat jumps down when
there's someone at the door
I can see him up in heaven with a smile upon his face
When God and all the angels let him lead Amazing
Grace

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