

411**"Piano Player"**Visit "[Piano Player](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

From a distant room came a lonely tune, hangs heavy
in
The air
Sounds of scene where often been of depression and
Despair
People laughing and joking, drinking and smoking,
they
Are not aware
Of the guy or his song as the piano plays on, they
Don't really care

He's just paid to please them, he's a clown without a
Face
A sound to fill their silence, a soul that leaves no
Trace
Every happy song is drowned in, drowned in sorrow
Yet no one sees the tears in his eyes
His dreams are gone, no special song, no tomorrow
No chorus as his spirit slowly dies

In the hazy gloom of this living tomb, a stripper earns
Her pay
To lusty cheers and the drunken leers, the piano fades

Away
As she sheds her clothes in a vulgar pose, she strips
Him of all pride
Yet he plays on such a desperate song, feels a savage
Changing tide

Won't someone help me?
I just want to play my song
If only you would only listen
I'd be so happy if you all would sing along
I'd have the things that I've been missing

But very soon came the final tune, no worry turned to
Song
Just an empty stool and a stagehand's call, his
Weakness was too strong
So twisted and high while starting to fly, he saw the

Changing tide
And he followed it's will, until all was still, the
Piano player died

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