

Dismember

"Pay For The Piano"

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People my people -- the cat in the steeple --
And everyone here I need your ear so be cool for a few
I feel a funny emotion, a negative notion
A tear in the air, an unseen stare, if I'm wrong then I'm
wrong
What I say?

Senors and senoras -- they cannot ignore us --
We know that they know the score, it's there at the core
--always been
And we could give it up all nice, or put it on cold ice
While that could suffice I give these dreams up in hell --
ring a bell --
What I say?

Somebody's got to pay for the piano
Somebody's got to make sure we honor everyone
I know if we can forfeit all our sorrow, it may as well be
us

People my people, supreme to my equal
Say not a word I know you're tired so am I, I could cry
You know you knew it would be hard to play such a bad
card
Lower your guard to unseen harm 'cos you're scarred, I
can see
And the people that need you say the couldn't read you
You plant 'em a seed they claim they loved all the
weeds
So you flee -- what I say?

So people my people -- the cat in the steeple --
And everyone here I know your fear like a friend -- I
contend --
Commandos commandettes, it wasn't a sure bet
But nothing good was and what should or could be
does what it can

It's a quiet and sad choice you hear in your own voice
I know what I'd like and I can't say anymore: Je t'adore
So break it down...

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