

## Howling Bells

### "Piano"

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Three times alone this week  
I was suppose to be a rock star.  
I only beat you when I'm drunk,  
You're only pretty when you're crying.  
We are suppose to be the ones to set the air afire.  
Three times alone this week  
I was made into a liar.

Whether (or not) I found the gold  
I never told.  
Richer: I  
Brilliant white.  
I.

I wear shoes that move men from desert to riches.  
Give me what you got girl  
And scratch it because it itches.  
Call me Chameleon  
And set this air afire.  
Three times alone this week  
I was suppose to be a liar.

Whether (or not) I found the gold  
I never told.  
Richer: I  
Brilliant white.  
I.

Maybe not.  
Why the stare?  
Would I lie about that which I am scared?  
What did I say to you?  
Step into  
A pot of gold,  
Rejoice in fire  
That which soon burns cold.  
What did I say to you?

I can't deny it  
The love, the throat, sincerity  
I can't deny it

I've got to keep my P.M.A.

Cause I, in order to fly  
I tell you that I  
(scream) don't you realize that i silence it?  
It's that fucking hard

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