

## Caravan "Piano Player"

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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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