

## **Panic! At the Disco**

# **"The Piano Knows Something I"**

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I won't cut my beard and I won't change my hair  
It grows like fancy flowers but it grows nowhere  
My hair, my hair

If I could build my house just like the Trojan horse  
I'd put a statue of myself upon the shelf  
Of course, of course, of course

She's the smoke  
She's dancin' fancy pirouettes  
Swan diving off of the deep end  
Of my tragic cigarette  
She's steam  
Laughing on the windowpanes  
The never-ending swaying haze  
Oh, that ever smiling maze  
Oh, that ever smiling maze  
Ballet

Everything's gone missing  
I've lost more songs to floods  
I can't prove this makes any sense but  
I sure hope that it does

Perhaps  
I was born with curiosity  
The likes of those of old crows  
The likes of those of old crows

And oh, how the piano knows  
The piano knows something  
I don't know

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It grows like fancy flowers but it grows nowhere  
My hair, my hair

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I'd put a statue of myself upon the shelf  
Of course, of course, of course  
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Of course

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