

The Dismemberment Plan

"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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