

## The Steinways

### "The 400th Blows"

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These days I feel like I am always  
Stuck between these four grey walls  
They're pressing down on my insides  
Run and run but I can't hide

Can't run now you're on the clock  
Pack up that 400th box

I had a memory of a vision of a plan  
But I missed that boat, that ship has sailed  
I'm locked up on the land

And everything keeps changing as little as it can  
I'm giving up and it's starting to show  
Cause it's all the time I'd rather be alone  
And I'm really wishing that I could just go home  
But I can't stop

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