

Broken Piano

Frank Turner

As I walked out one morning fair,
I found myself drawn thoughtlessly
Back to the place we used to live,
And you still do, now without me. Around the back, away from the road,
Behind the bins, beneath your window,
I found the hulk, the rusting bulk
Of a shattered old piano.
Someone had torn out some of the keys
With cruel care, not thoughtlessly,
In such a way that one could only play
Minor melodies. So I sat down in my sadness, beneath your window,
And I played sad songs on the minor keys of a broken piano;
A sinner amongst saved men on the banks of the muddy Thames. As I have wandered through this city,
Like a child lost in the London fog,
From Highgate Hill, down to the river,
Then washed downstream past the Isle of Dogs, I've had time enough to think upon
The question of what kind of songs
That you would choose to listen to
Now that I am gone.
And as I drift beneath that bridge,
Just down the road from where you live,
I've often thought I might have caught
Your voice upon the wind. But as I stroked those broken keys
You did not join in harmony.

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