

# The Grand Piano

## Golden Earring

Strong rough hands seized the shiny wood  
Carried her on stage and there she stood  
Every time when she performed  
The audience smiled or cried  
But after years of cheers and fame  
Her sound got old and diedNa, na, na, na  
Na, na, na , naStrong rough hands seized the shabby wood  
Took here there, where she would stay for good  
Her study was her destiny  
Children used to say  
You are still a queen for us  
So teach us how to playNa, na, na, na  
Na, na, na , na

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>