

The Piano Knows Something I Don't Know

Panic! at the Disco

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
Shes the smoke, shes dancing fancy pirouettes
Swan diving off of the deep end of my tragic cigarette
Shes steam laughing on the window panes
The never-ending swaying haze
Oh, that ever smiling maze
Oh, that ever smiling maze ballet
Everythings gone missing
Ive lost more songs to floods
I cant prove this makes any sense
But I sure hope that it does
Perhaps I was born with curiosity
Of the likes of those of old crows
Of the likes of those of old crows
And oh, how that piano knows
The piano knows something I don't know
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
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Just like the Trojan Horse
I'd put a statue of myself
Upon the shelf of course, of course, of course
Of course, of course, of course
Of course

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