

My Old Piano

[Diana Ross](#)

Love is called my old piano
I have a ball with my old pianoMy baby entertains the real life of my parties
But still retains in all the dignity
His international style exudes an air of royalty
His eighty eight key smile is so pleasant to seeLove is called my old piano
I have a ball with my old pianoMy old keyboard won't stand for a corner
He demands the middle of the room
Your heart dissolves while he tips you so gracefully
'Til you're involved in a baby grand affairLove is called my old piano
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