

Piano Lessons

Wara From The NBHD

I remember piano lessons
The hours in freezing rooms
Cruel ears and tiny hands
Destroying timeless tunes
She said there's too much out there
Too much already said
You'd better give up hoping
You're better off in bed
You don't need much to speak of
No class, no wit, no soul
Forget your own agenda
Get ready to be sold
I feel now like Christine Keeler
Sleepwalking in the rain
I didn't mean to lose direction
I didn't want that kind of fame
Take your hands off my land
Credit me with some intelligence
If not just credit me
I come in value packs of ten
In five varieties
And even though I got it all now
My only stupid dream
I see you and me together
And how it should have been
I remember piano lessons
Now everything seems clear
You waiting under streetlights
For dreams to disappear
Credit me with some intelligence
If not just credit me
I come in value packs of ten
In five varieties
Take your hands off my land
Credit me with some intelligence
If not just credit me
I come in value packs of ten
In five varieties
Credit me with some intelligence
If not just credit me
I come in value packs of ten
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