Firewood

Gruf

The piano is not firewood yet
they try to remember but still they forget
that the heart beats in threes
just like a waltz
and nothing can stop you from dancing
rise from your cold hospital bed
you're not dying
everyone knows you're going to live
so you might as well start trying
the piano is not firewood yet
but the cold does get cold
so it soon might be that
I'll take it apart, call up my friends
and we'll warm up our hands by the fire
don't look so shocked
don't judge so harsh
you don't know

you are only spying
everyone knows it's going to hurt
but at least we'll get hurt trying
the piano is not firewood yet
but a heart can't be helped
and it gathers regret
someday you'll wake up and feel a great pain
and you'll miss every toy you ever owned
you'll want to go back
you'll wish you were small
nothing can slow the crying
you'll take the clock off of your wall
and you'll wish it was lying
love what you have and you'll have more love
you're not dying
everyone knows you're going to love
though there's still no cure for crying

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