

# 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