

player piano

Tran Tram

Play me like a player piano
Roll me from the corners
Of your dark and dusty shadows
Like a player piano I sit useless
Most of the time The bar gets darker
It swallows up the scarlet
The barkeep looking thin
We sit together until only the piano
Of the player remains Tell me why you won't keep it
Tie me up in a shoe-string box
She don't keep it if, she don't need it
Get me out of the deep end
My legs are dangling over the roof The room gets brighter
When I can see inside her
When I can turn the switch
But she's so together
I can do the damage and
She can manage the flames

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