

# All the Rowboats

Regina Spektor

All the rowboats, in the paintings  
They keep trying to row away  
And the captain's worried faces  
Stay contorted and staring at the waves  
They'll keep hanging, in their gold frames  
For forever, forever and a day  
All the rowboats, in the oil paintings  
They keep trying to row away, row away  
Hear them whispering, French and German  
Dutch, Italian and Latin  
When no one's looking, I touch a sculpture  
Marble, gold, and soft as satin  
But the most special are the most lonely  
God, I pity the violins  
In glass coffins, they keep coughin'  
They've forgotten, forgotten how to sing, how to sing  
First there's lights out, then there's lock up  
Masterpieces serving maximum sentences  
It's their own fault for being timeless  
There's a price to pay, and a consequence  
All the galleries and museums  
"Here's your ticket, welcome to the tombs"  
They're just public mausoleums--  
The living dead fill every room  
But the most special are the most lonely  
God, I pity the violins  
In glass coffins, they keep coughin'  
They've forgotten, forgotten how to sing  
They will stay there, in their gold frames  
For forever, forever and a day  
All the rowboats in the oil paintings  
They keep trying to row away, row away  
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