

Piano

Ariana Grande

I could write a song with my new piano
I could sing about how love is a losing battle
Not hard, (it's not hard),
It's not hard, (it's not hard),
It's not hard, (it's not hard),
It's not hard, (It's not hard),

And I could sing about cupid and his shooting arrow
In the end, you'll find out that my heart was battered
Real hard (Real hard)
It's so hard (So hard)
Real hard (Real hard)
It's that hard (It's that hard)

But I rather make a song they can play on the radio
That makes you wanna dance
Don't it make you wanna dance
But I rather make a song they can play on the radio
That makes you wanna grab your lover's hand

So hold up and
Take it through the night
And you should follow through
To make it alright
Now grab each others' hands, get 'em up
I want to see you rock to the piano, the piano

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I'd rather tell you about how I'm feeling boy
And how I'm doing things my way
If I got my piano, then I know I'd be okay

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