

Pay For The Piano

The Dismemberment Plan

People my people -- the cat in the steeple --
and everyone here I need your ear so be cool for a few
I feel a funny emotion, a negative notion
a tear in the air, an unseen stare, if I'm wrong then I'm wrong
what I say?

Senors and senoras -- they cannot ignore us --
we know that they know the score, it's there at the core -- always been
and we could give it up all nice, or put it on cold ice
while that could suffice I give these dreams up in hell -- ring
a bell --
what I say?

Somebody's got to pay for the piano
Somebody's got to make sure we honor everyone
I know if we can forfeit all our sorrow, it may as well be us

People my people, supreme to my equal
say not a word I know you're tired so am I, I could cry
you know you knew it would be hard to play such a bad card
lower your guard to unseen harm 'cos you're scarred, I can see
and the people that need you say the couldn't read you
you plant 'em a seed they claim they loved all the weeds
so you flee -- what I say?

So people my people -- the cat in the steeple --
and everyone here I know your fear like a friend -- I contend --
--
commandos commandettes, it wasn't a sure bet
but nothing good was and what should or could be does what it can

It's a quiet and sad choice you hear in your own voice
I know what I'd like and I can't say anymore: Je t'adore
so break it down...