

Irreversible

Grieves

I remember being too dumb to spell it
But old enough to know
That when his fingers touched the keys
It lit something up in his soul
But at four years old
It's hard to notice the power
But I sat under that piano for hours.
Learnin' the sound of it
You heard an old mans noise
I heard every tear that he wept
And every crack in his voice.
Heard every fear that he kept
And every passion and joy
As he scrambled across the keys
And I played with my toys
I saw the power that projected from that living room
That man lost his family and everything he ever knew
He played that piano like
It saved him from the hell he flew
Runnin away from the pain that awaited
From bein' raised a Jew.

Some people paint with their music
Stimulate your senses
Enabling you to view it
But, those dogs raise
And train to take a tune with me
Everywhere I go
Makin my home where the music speaks.

(You swear you've heard it before,)
(As it slowly rambles on and on,)
(No need in bringin' em back,)
(Cause' their never really gone...)

I can still hear the music
His old box used to play
And I am what I am because of you
And they can't take that away...

I can still hear the music
His old box used to play
And the man that I am cause of you
And they can't take that away...

(Just an old fashioned love song...)

Saturday morning
Wakin up yawnin'
Smellin' moms cookin'
And I can't stop lookin'
At the TV
Picture double feature.
Thugs in reverses
Ro Dan and Kane Vetra
I gotta watch.

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