

No More Kings, About Schroeder

Sally Brown sits down by his piano
He doesn't see her there
He plays his heart out
She's mesmerized by his concentration
Closes her eyes and tries to see what he sees
This is love, oh yes, at its finest
This is love, how it needs to be
And it's enough to break through the shyness
She knows it'd be love if he'd hold her
She can't stop thinking about Schroeder