

Panic! At The Disco, The Piano Knows Something

I won't cut my beard and I won't change my hair
It grows like fancy flowers, but it grows nowhere
My hair, my hair

If I could build my house just like the Trojan horse
I'd put a statue of myself upon the shelf
Of course, of course, of course

She's the smoke, she's dancing fancy pirouettes
Swan diving off of the deep end of my tragic cigarette
She's steam, laughing on the windowpanes
The never-ending swaying haze
Oh that ever smiling maze
Oh that ever smiling maze
Ballet

Everything's gone missing, I've lost more songs to floods
I can't prove this makes any sense but I sure hope that it does
Perhaps, I was born with curiosity
The likes of those of old crows, the likes of those of old crows
And only the piano knows
The piano knows something I don't know

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