

# Voltaire, Accordion Player

There was once an accordion player who didn't go to war.  
His mother said I know all you wanna do is play but can't you see what's going on?  
It's not about you anymore,  
It's not about you anymore.  
It's not about you anymore,  
It's not about you anymore.  
It's not about you anymore,  
It's not about you anymore.

And so he stayed and played at home until they burned it down.  
And when he had no bench to sit on he would just sit on the ground.  
And when he held his wounded friend in his arms and death was all around.  
He said,  
It's not about you anymore,  
It's not about you anymore.  
It's not about you anymore,  
It's not about you anymore.  
It's not about you anymore,  
It's not about you anymore.

Oh Mother, I could die a hero and bring glory to our home.  
And what would you do in a house full of glory if you had to live there alone,  
Live there alone, live there alone...  
So I'd rather play this song.  
I want to die playing, I want to die playing...