

Ariana Grande, Piano

(Ooooh, ooooh, here we go!)

I could write a song by my new piano,
I could sing about how love is a losin' battle.
Not hard, it's not hard,
It's not hard, it's not hard,
It's not hard, it's not hard,
It's not hard, it's not hard.
And I could sing about cupid and a shootin' arrow,
In the end, you found out that my heart was better.
Real hard, real hard,
It's so hard, so hard,
Real hard, real hard,
It's not hard, it's not hard.

But I rather make a song they can play on the radio,
That it makes you wanna dance.
Don't it make you wanna dance?
But I rather make a song they can play on the radio,
Makes you wanna grab your lover's hand.

So hold up and,
Take it through the night.
And you should follow through,
To make it alright.
Now grab each others' hands, get 'em all,
I want to see you rock to the piano, the piano.

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I rather tell you about how I'm feeling boy,
And how I'm doin' things my way,
If I got my piano, then I'm gon' be okay.

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