

Golden Earring, The Grand Piano

Strong rough hands seized the shiny wood
Carried her on stage and there she stood
Every time when she performed
The audience smiled or cried
But after years of cheers and fame
Her sound got old and died

Na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na

Strong rough hands seized the shabby wood
Took her there, where she would stay for good
Her study was her destiny
Children used to say
You are still a queen for us
So teach us how to play

Na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na