

Regina Spektor, All the Rowboats

All the rowboats in the paintings
They keep trying to row away
And the captains' worried faces
Stay contorted and staring at the waves
They'll keep hanging in their gold frames
For forever, forever and a day
All the rowboats in the oil paintings
They keep trying to row away, row away
Hear them whispering french and german
Dutch, italian, and latin
When no one's looking i fetch a sculpture
Marble, gold, and soft as satin
But the most special are the most lonely
God, i pity the violins
In glass coffins they keep coughing
They've forgotten, forgotten how to sing
First there's lights out, then there's lock up
Masterpieces serving maximum sentences
It's their own fault for being timeless
There's a price you pay and a consequence
All the galleries, the museums
Here's your ticket, welcome to the tombs
They're just public mausoleums
The living dead fill every room
But the most special are the most lonely
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They will hang there in their gold frames
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