

Seven Mary Three, Player Piano

Play me like a player piano
roll me from the corners
of your dark and dusty shadows

Like a player piano,
I sit useless
most of the time

The bar gets darker
it swallows up the scarlet
The barkeep's looking thin
We sit together
until only the piano
of the player remains

Tell me why you won't keep it
Tie me up in a shoe-string box
She don't keep it if
she don't need it

Get me out of the deep end
my legs are dangling over the roof

The room gets brighter
when I can see inside her
when I can turn the switch
But she's so together
I can do the damage and
she can manage the flames