

Sloan, Take The Bench

You played those notes a year ago
But nobody ever seems to mind
You're so sweet

Upon request from her dad
She takes a seat centre stage
And starts to play

And when she's done we take our roles as assigned
A few kids whined
But everyone behaved

So take the bench, little girl
And sing your little heart out
The fact the notes are right
Doesn't mean she has any feeling

This year yields something new
A reason for the downcast eyes
The buttoned lip

The irony that rings so true
Is in the corner holding hands
That played the keys

That bored the kids and the adults alike
But made the teenagers laugh
At pure precociousness

So take the bench, little girl
And sing your little heart out
Take note, the facts are right
But she hasn't any feeling
And we'll be appealing

Upon request from her mom
She takes a seat centre stage
And starts to cry

Take the bench, little girl
And sing your little heart out
Take the bench, little girl