

Weezer, The Organ Player

The people come and lay down on the ground
They want to hear all the beautiful sounds
Of the organ player
But in the crowd is a bitter young man
He can't accept what the other ones can
That the song is greater than him
Spreading venom in the crowd
Laughing 'high horses' are loud
The player plays ever furiously
He won't be swayed from the right melody
Because he knows its beauty
The bitter man shoots his arrows of flame
He's got to take out the source of his pain
At the cost of righteous thinking
Casting necromancer spells
Summoning demons from hell
The tones rise up
And spill his cup
He can't defeat this tune
Casting necromancer spells
Summoning demons from hell
Another verse and the melodies rise
A perfect tune doesn't need a disguise
Cause there is no fighting
And nature says what is high and is low
Father Time will reveal what is show
And the bitter man is falling
The tones rise up
And spill his cup
He can't defeat this tune
Another verse and the melodies rise
A perfect tune doesn't need a disguise
Cause there is no fighting
And nature says what is high and is low
Father Time will reveal what is show
And the bitter man is falling
On his knees