

The Piano Knows Something I Don't Know

Panic! at the Disco

I won't cut my beard and I won't change my hair
It grows like fancy flowers but it grows nowhere
My hair, my hair

If I could build my house just like the Trojan horse
I'd put a statue of myself upon the shelf
Of course, of course, of course

She's the smoke
She's dancin' fancy pirouettes
Swan diving off of the deep end
Of my tragic cigarette
She's steam
Laughing on the windowpanes
The never-ending swaying haze
Oh, that ever smiling maze
Oh, that ever smiling maze
Ballet

Everything's gone missing
I've lost more songs to floods
I can't prove this makes any sense but
I sure hope that it does
Perhaps
I was born with curiosity
The likes of those of old crows
The likes of those of old crows

And oh, how the piano knows
The piano knows something
I don't know

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