

# My Old Piano

Diana Ross

Love is called  
My old piano  
I have a ball  
With my old piano

My baby entertains  
The real life of my parties  
But still retains  
In all the dignity  
His international style  
Exudes an air of royalties  
His eighty eight key smile  
Is so pleasant to see

Love is called  
My old piano  
I have a ball  
With my old piano

My old keyboard  
Won't stand for a corner  
He demands the middle of the room  
Your heart dissolves  
While he tips you so gracefully  
'Till you're involved  
In a babygrand affair

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