

# Irreversible

Grieves

I remember being too dumb to spell it  
But old enough to know  
That when his fingers touched the keys  
It lit something up in his soul  
But at four years old  
It's hard to notice the power  
But I sat under that piano for hours.  
Learnin' the sound of it  
You heard an old mans noise  
I heard every tear that he wept  
And every crack in his voice.  
Heard every fear that he kept  
And every passion and joy  
As he scrambled across the keys  
And I played with my toys  
I saw the power that projected from that living room  
That man lost his family and everything he ever knew  
He played that piano like  
It saved him from the hell he flew  
Runnin away from the pain that awaited  
From bein' raised a Jew.

Some people paint with their music  
Stimulate your senses  
Enabling you to view it  
But, those dogs raise  
And train to take a tune with me  
Everywhere I go  
Makin my home where the music speaks.

(You swear you've heard it before,)  
(As it slowly rambles on and on,)  
(No need in bringin' em back,)  
(Cause' their never really gone...)

I can still hear the music  
His old box used to play  
And I am what I am because of you  
And they can't take that away...

I can still hear the music  
His old box used to play  
And the man that I am cause of you  
And they can't take that away...

(Just an old fashioned love song...)

Saturday morning  
Wakin up yawnin'  
Smellin' moms cookin'  
And I can't stop lookin'  
At the TV  
Picture double feature.  
Thugs in reverses  
Ro Dan and Kane Vetra  
I gotta watch.

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