

Autoharp

Hooverphonic

You are my autoharp
I push every button on your body
I push the A minor, the E flat, the F major
And especially the C sharp 7

You are my autoharp
I play every string in your mind
And even when I play them very loud
They keep in tune
But how will they sound soon

You are my autoharp
I bought you in a pawn shop in Virginia
You were cheap but in good condition
Longing for someone to take you on an exotic trip

You are my autoharp
I carried you all over the world
In my hard case called the heart
You're the reason for my blood to keep running
Through my veins every album again