

About Schroeder

No More Kings

Sally Brown sits down
By his piano
He doesn't see her there
He plays his heart out

She's mesmerized
By his concentration
Closes her eyes
And tries to see what he sees

This is love
Oh yes
At it's finest

This is love
How it needs to be

And it's enough
To break through the shyness
She knows it'd be love
If he'd hold her

She can't stop
Thinking about Shroeder