

# Firewood

Regina Spektor

The piano is not firewood yet  
They try to remember but still they forget  
That the heart beats in threes  
Just like a waltz  
And nothing can stop you from dancing

Rise from your cold hospital bed  
You're not dying  
Everyone knows you're going to live  
So you might as well start trying

The piano is not firewood yet  
But the cold does get cold  
So it soon might be that  
I'll take it apart, call up my friends  
And we'll warm up our hands by the fire

Don't look so shocked  
Don't judge so harsh  
You don't know  
You are only spying  
Everyone knows it's going to hurt  
But at least we'll get hurt trying

The piano is not firewood yet  
But a heart can't be helped  
And it gathers regret  
Someday you'll wake up and feel a great pain  
And you'll miss every toy you've ever owned

You'll want to go back  
You'll wish you were small  
Nothing can slow the crying  
You'll take the clock off of your wall  
And you'll wish it was lying

Love what you have and you'll have more love  
You're not dying  
Everyone knows you're going to love  
Though there's still no cure for crying