Second Hand White Baby Grand

My mother bought it secondhand from a silent movie star It was out of tune but still I learned to play And with each note we both would smile forgetting who we are And all the pain would simply fly away Something secondhand and broken still can make a pretty sound Even if it doesn't have a place to live Oh, the words were left unspoken when my Mama came around But that Secondhand White Baby Grand still had something beautiful to give Through missing keys and broken strings the music was our own Until the day we said our last goodbyes The baby grand was sent away A child all alone, to pray somebody else would realize That something secondhand and broken still can make a pretty sound Even if it doesn't have a place to live Oh, the words are still unspoken now that Mama's not around But that Secondhand White Baby Grand still has something beautiful to give For many years the music had to roam Until we found a way to find a home So now I wake up every day and see her standing there Just waiting for a partner to compose And I wish my mother still could hear that sound beyond compare I'll play her song till everybody knows That something secondhand and broken still can make a pretty sound Don't we all deserve a family room to live Oh, the words can't stay unspoken until everyone has found That Secondhand White Baby Grand that still has something beautiful to give I still have something beautiful to give

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