

## Pay For The Piano

### The Dismemberment Plan

People my people -- the cat in the steeple --  
and everyone here I need your ear so be cool for a few  
I feel a funny emotion, a negative notion  
a tear in the air, an unseen stare, if I'm wrong then I'm wrong  
what I say?

Senors and senoras -- they cannot ignore us --  
we know that they know the score, it's there at the core -- always been  
and we could give it up all nice, or put it on cold ice  
while that could suffice I give these dreams up in hell -- ring  
a bell --  
what I say?

Somebody's got to pay for the piano  
Somebody's got to make sure we honor everyone  
I know if we can forfeit all our sorrow, it may as well be us

People my people, supreme to my equal  
say not a word I know you're tired so am I, I could cry  
you know you knew it would be hard to play such a bad card  
lower your guard to unseen harm 'cos you're scarred, I can see  
and the people that need you say the couldn't read you  
you plant 'em a seed they claim they loved all the weeds  
so you flee -- what I say?

So people my people -- the cat in the steeple --  
and everyone here I know your fear like a friend -- I contend --  
--  
commandos commandettes, it wasn't a sure bet  
but nothing good was and what should or could be does what it can

It's a quiet and sad choice you hear in your own voice  
I know what I'd like and I can't say anymore: Je t'adore  
so break it down...