

Caravan, Piano Player

From a distant room came a lonely tune, hangs heavy in the air
Sounds of scene where often been of depression and despair
People laughing and joking, drinking and smoking, they are not aware
Of the guy or his song as the piano plays on, they don't really care

He's just paid to please them, he's a clown without a face
A sound to fill their silence, a soul that leaves no trace
Every happy song is drowned in, drowned in sorrow
Yet no one sees the tears in his eyes
His dreams are gone, no special song, no tomorrow
No chorus as his spirit slowly dies

In the hazy gloom of this living tomb, a stripper earns her pay
To lusty cheers and the drunken leers, the piano fades away
As she sheds her clothes in a vulgar pose, she strips him of all pride
Yet he plays on such a desperate song, feels a savage changing tide

Won't someone help me?
I just want to play my song
If only you would only listen
I'd be so happy if you all would sing along
I'd have the things that I've been missing

But very soon came the final tune, no worry turned to song
Just an empty stool and a stagehand's call, his weakness was too strong
So twisted and high while starting to fly, he saw the changing tide
And he followed its will, until all was still, the piano player died