

Damien Rice, Unplayed Piano

Unplayed Piano

Come and see me,
See me to sleep,
Come and free me,
Or hold me if I need to weep,
Maybe it's not the season
Or maybe it's not the year
Maybe there's no other reason
Why i'm locked up inside
Just cause they wanna hide me
The moon goes bright
The darker they make my night.

Unplayed pianos
Are often by our window
In a room where nobody come-goes
She sits along with her silent song,
Somebody bring her home.

Unplayed piano
(unplayed piano...)
Still holds a tune
(still holds a tune)
Lock on years
(years pass by)
In stale, stale room
(in the change of the moon)
Maybe it's not that easy
Or maybe it's not that hard
(stale, stale room...)
Maybe they could release me
(stale, stale room...)
Let the peolpe decide
I've got nothing to hide
I don't know if it's wrong,
So why bother here so low?

Unplayed pianos
Are often by our window
In a room where nobody come-goes
She sits along with her silent song,
Somebody bring her home.

Unplayed pianos
Are often by our window
In a room where nobody come-goes
She sits along with her silent song,
Somebody bring her home.

Unplayed piano
(play her tune)
Still holds a tune
(bring her home...)
Years pass by
In the change of the moon