

# Blueprint

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*Paul Grant*

I understand its music so well  
I can sit at a piano and forget  
I never played, can feel as though  
I simply made a decision one  
day never go play again.

It's all about the bad luck  
of parents, that the best  
they could do was never enough  
to keep their children from becoming  
homeless slaves to the tyrant freedom,  
wounded though always on the mend,  
doomed to survive long enough to know

We're almost saved by dreams,  
but even in dreams  
a white bird flies  
from a black hand,  
singing us through the door  
in time that's invisible  
except when it's opening.

So on this side of the door,  
I try to make them laugh  
with my lies about the weather  
and my pratfalls. But I don't  
play piano anymore.