

The only alphabet I know runs from A to G
Waltzing with flats and sharps
In between bar lines
and crooked time signatures
Stepping on the toes of rests and
Dipping with a key change

I'd rather spin among chord changes
Compose myself in bass clef
Grounded by a solid root
And lowering the third when life
Tries to diminish the symphony

Two-step over the worries as they float away
Like ash
disintegrating into the distance
Climb the staff with pointed toes
And take a leap to dance with the stars