

# No More Kings, About Schroeder

Sally Brown sits down by his piano  
He doesn't see her there  
He plays his heart out  
She's mesmerized by his concentration  
Closes her eyes and tries to see what he sees  
This is love, oh yes, at its finest  
This is love, how it needs to be  
And it's enough to break through the shyness  
She knows it'd be love if he'd hold her  
She can't stop thinking about Schroeder