

# Maestro

Marc Cohn

I used to watch him every night  
Under his piano light  
With scores laid out like secret charts  
String and reed and trumpet parts I, tucked in tight beneath the sheets  
No coughing crowd, no concert seats  
Just the dead of night and the Rite of Spring  
A mind for sleepy listening Listening to the Maestro  
Oh, the Maestro  
I know lightning splits a thousand trees  
And thunder rolls like timpanis  
But where does all the music go?  
Do you know the Maestro?  
And after all the curtain calls  
The limos and the concert halls  
Won't you climb your stairs tonight  
And turn on that piano light  
And I'm listening to the Maestro...yeah.  
Oh, the Maestro  
I know lightning splits a thousand trees  
And thunder rolls like timpanis  
But where does all the music go?  
Hey do you know the Maestro?...Maestro  
....Maestro

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