Song Of The Violin

James Otto

The last fifty years
Have seen laughter and tears
And your hair slowly fade to grayYour children are grown now
And it's hard to believe
How the years have just all slipped awayBut in time you've gained a wisdom
That seems to elude the young
And each line that now marks your face
Tells the stories of all that you've doneSo fear not the passing of the days
'Cause like the song of the violin
You only grow sweeter with ageAs time's pages turn
You lived and you learned
That what truly mattered mostIs family and friends
And in the end, finding peace
In the path that you chose'Cause in time you've gained a wisdom
That seems to elude the young
And each line that now marks your face
Tells the stories of all that you've doneSo fear not the passing of the days
'Cause like the song of the violin
You only grow sweeter with ageOoh, in time you've gained a wisdom
That seems to elude the young
And each line that now marks your face
Tells the stories of all that you've doneSo fear not the passing of the days
'Cause like the song of the violin
You only grow sweeter with age'Cause like the song of the violin
You only grow sweeter with ageThe last fifty years
Have seen laughter and tears
And your hair slowly fade to gray

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