Sad Violins

Red Sovine

Tonight I'm back at our old table in our favorite hide-a-way
Where we used to laugh and dance and hear those happy fiddles play
But the love she once had for me couldn't stand the test of time
Now the fiddles don't sound happy seem to know that she's not mine
I hear those sad violins playing softly just for me
And their crying strings just fit the mood I'm in
I don't hear the happy fiddles that used to play for her and me
Now all I hear is sad violins
[steel - fiddle]
The soft warm wine once sweet and gentle now has such a bitter taste
And I never thought this corner could be such a lonely place
The spotlight on the band just turned a lonely shade of blue
As they start to play our favorite song in memory of you
I hear those sad violins...
Now all I hear is sad violins

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