

Violin

Amos Lee

Lately I
I've been heading for a breakdown
Every time I leave my house
Well, it feels just like a shake down
Between street sweepers and the pushers are the lawyers
Who may as well be butchered
Between the small timing hustlers who all
Seem to feed upon each other
Oh, God, why you been
Hanging out in that ol' violin
While I've been waiting for you
To pull me through?
Lately I
Every time I try to lie down
While my mind just lets away
I can't even close my eyes now
Between the big fish and ambition and the lovers
Using words as ammunition
Between the wood planks, I've been pacing endless
Impossible dream that I've been chasing
Oh, God, why you been
Hanging out in that ol' violin
While I've been waiting for you
To pull me through?
Oh, God
Oh, God
Oh, God, why you been
Hanging out in that ol' violin
While I've been waiting for you
To pull me through?
Oh, God
Oh, God
Oh, God

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