

The Violin

City Boy

(Mason, Broughton) A kindly word for friends and strangers almost anyone she meets

A lonely house at the end of the road full of silly memories

And when the locals laugh at her she turns a blind eye to it all

She sees the irony and so what no-one really meant it

A grey old lady, touched and lonesome, just a little bit eccentric

But no-one sees the secrets hidden in a diary stowed beneath the stairs Chorus

And she sat that night in her chair by the fire hearing his violin

Tears appeared and burned her cheeks as he caressed every string

As the dawn arrives to hurt her eyes the coals are growing dim

And when the room grows cold she still recalls every inch of him.

Germaine was a leggy lady, barely old enough to know how

To hold the right knife at the table it was difficult but somehow

She caught the eye of an evening pirate and he sailed his way into her heart Her Valentino played violin till it
was well into the night

Enjoyed her evening oh so much although she never ate a bite

So Cinderella lost her slipper to a Liling, Latin Gigolo.

Chorus

.And he stood that night by the tableside playing his violin

Tears arrived in Germaine's eyes as he caressed every string

As the day appeared with the tables cleared, she was still there listening

And she rose to go with her eyes still closed, but she paused to glance at him.

There was no-one there but her and as she sadly took her fur, she heard...

A little weary eyed, but smiling she wandered home...

Alone. Then every evening she came back to her table by the window

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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