

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 Lilting, 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
-ac

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