

# When You Play The Violin

The Gothic Archies

I have known little civility, sir  
Few have been kind, fewer truthful  
And though within my ability, sir  
I remain dutifully youthful

I go gray, then bald, with chagrin  
When you play the violin  
How I pray for death to begin  
When you play the violin

True, there's been trouble and trickery, sir  
Trembling and tribulations  
Twitches from switches of hickory, sir  
You, sir, and your usurpation

But my patience wears very thin  
When you play the violin  
How I stay, I can't imagine  
When you play the violin

I've endured struggling and thuggery, sir  
Physical Ed and psychosis  
Sculleries, skulls, and skullduggeries, sir  
Haplessness, hype and hypnosis

But, oy vey!  
The horrible din  
When you play the violin  
You betray an ear made of tin  
When you play, when you slay  
The violin...