

Song Of The Violin

James Otto

The last fifty years
Have seen laughter and tears
And your hair slowly fade to gray
Your children are grown now
And it's hard to believe
How the years have just all slipped away

But in time you've gained a wisdom
That seems to elude the young
And each line that now marks your face
Tells the stories of all that you've done
So fear not the passing of days
'Cause like the song of the violin
You only grow sweeter with age

As time's pages turn
You lived and you learned
What truly mattered most
Is family and friends
And in the end finding peace
In the path that you chose

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That seems to elude the young
And each line that now marks your face
Tells the stories of all that you've done
So fear not the passing of the days
'Cause like the song of the violin
You only grow sweeter with age

Oh, in time you've gained a wisdom
That seems to elude the young
And each line that now marks your face
Tells the stories of all that you've done
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