

Sad Violins

Red Sovine

Tonight I'm back at our old table in our favorite hide-a-way
Where we used to laugh and dance and hear those happy fiddles p
lay
But the love she once had for me couldn't stand the test of tim
e
Now the fiddles don't sound happy seem to know that she's not m
ine
I hear those sad violins playing softly just for me
And their crying strings just fit the mood I'm in
I don't hear the happy fiddles that used to play for her and me
Now all I hear is sad violins
[steel - fiddle]
The soft warm wine once sweet and gentle now has such a bitter
taste
And I never thought this corner could be such a lonely place
The spotlight on the band just turned a lonely shade of blue
As they start to play our favorite song in memory of you
I hear those sad violins...
Now all I hear is sad violins