

City Boy "The Violin"

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(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
-ac

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