

## **Carbon Leaf**

### **"...For Your Violin"**

Visit "[...For Your Violin](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

She said, "Catch me if you can  
You better plan, gentlemen"  
So the story goes

Robin Hood stole the magic seeds from a Sherwood  
Dignitary  
Set 'em afloat on a Merchant's Boat, set sail for Johnny  
Appleseed  
Johnny planted the magic seeds, botany, poof, magic  
trees  
Paul Bunyan said, "This will fetch me bread"  
Sold the wood to a violin maker, the legend breathes

Shaped from the woods sprung a violin, it satisfied the  
maker  
Toe-tapped a rhythm, touched bow to string  
His soul earthquakes, the Sirens sing  
"My heart can rest, I've made the best  
No match to play, no greater love I'll know"  
Hid the 'lin, smashed his tools and grinned  
And died a happy old man, the legend grows

What works for me, may not work for you  
That which often gets passed down often gets  
misconstrued  
Expectation, imagination, surely can chase the goose  
around  
Don't look for that which others have, you can't find  
which won't be found

Enter the Jester De Romancipation Persuasion  
The fool, escaped from the King  
This myth, he longed to pull these magic heart strings  
He bought up every violin on the country, mountain,  
ocean-side  
"To play the one of legend lore, I'll lead a true love to  
my door"  
The legend thrives for your violin, for your violin

She said, "Catch me if you can  
You better plan, gentlemen"  
Gonna catch me [Incomprehensible]

For your violin, for your violin

Jaded Jester spent his life chasing down that which  
could not be found  
He hung three thousand violins  
From the rafter beams by their rusty strings  
Penniless and paupered, bug-eyed crazed and  
gummy-grinned  
Conducted with a bow, his orchestra, 'This Symphony  
of Myth'  
That did him in, for your violin, for your violin

What works for me, may not work for you  
That which often gets passed down often gets  
misconstrued  
Expectation, imagination, surely can chase the goose  
around  
Don't look for that which others have, you can't find  
what won't be found

Hood, Appleseed, Bunyan, hey, Violin Maker  
Figments of imagination, tell Pied Piper to lead away  
These myths in time that helped him pine  
For your violin, for your violin

Visit [Carbon Leaf](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.