

The Grownup Noise

"Minstrel Boy"

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(Bachman/Cummings)

A little boy sat crying on the floor
His daddy won't be coming home no more
He cannot reason why
His daddy had to die
And the Minstrel Boy's not singing any more.

So play violin, play
Play 'til the night is over
Music will wash away all your sorrow.

At seventeen he thought he'd never cry
And then his angel had to say goodbye
But living must go on
To face another dawn
And the Minstrel Boy's not singing any more.

So play violin, play
Play 'til the night is over
Music will wash away all your sorrow.

A moment later, life was just a dream
Remembering the things he'd done and seen
He now can reason why
He soon will have to die
And the Minstrel Boy's not singing any more.
And the Minstrel Boy's not singing any more.

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