

## **Gothic Archies**

# **"When You Play The Violin"**

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I have known little civility, sir. Few have been kind,  
fewer truthful.  
And though within my ability, sir, I remain dutifully  
youthful.  
I go gray, then bald with chagrin when you play the  
violin.  
How I pray for death to begin when you play the violin.

True, there's been trouble and trickery, sir.  
Trembling and tribulations. Twitches from switches of  
hickory, sir.  
You, sir and your usurpation.  
But my patience wears very thin when you play the  
violin.  
How I stay I can't imagine, when you play the violin.

I've endured struggling and thuggery, sir  
Physical Ed and psychosis.  
Sculleries, skulls and skullduggeries, sir,  
Haplessness, hype and hypnosis.  
But Oy Vey! The horrible din, when you play the violin.  
You betray an ear made of tin when you play, when you  
slay the violin

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