

Of Montreal

"Little Viola Hidden In The Orchestra"

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Miniature woodwinds whistle underwater
while electric eels make the ocean warm in summer
Olives that were left on the sand become bathing
beach bunnies
being wooed by seashells singing elegant choruses

Little viola hidden in the orchestra, how I love to
pretend the sounds you make are flowers that slowly
encircle the band.
That curl around each note that's played. The audience
charmed by the floating garden of music giddily pick
musical floral bouquets.

and now its time for the play...

The actor in the center of the stage looks sadly at a
teacup, reads a poem off the teacup and covers his
face with a page of a poem on the teacup and sings,
"What a terrible lie you told me. That you're heart was
mine to buy. All those feelings you implied, it all was
just terrible lies...oh what a terrible lie.."
Do you remember in the first verse when I told you
about the seashells singing?
Well if you wanna hear what it sounds like, you just
have to listen in....

I will be a good boy and never tell you the bad things
that I think about, the nasty little things I'll keep them to
myself...
I will be a good boy and never tell you the bad things
that I think about, the dirty little things I'll keep them to
myself....
I will be a good boy and never tell you the bad things
that I think about, the sinister things I'll keep them to
myself....

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