

Wishing Chair, Fiddlin' On

How can love be so close yet stand so far away
How can I speak the truth in the words I cannot say
Can you hold me for another dance
Will you hold me to the dawn
We may never get another chance
And the rest is a fiddlin' on

When I was young I asked if I could play the violin
They said no I had to wait to grow up to begin
The first time I pulled the bow
The angels beat the time
That piece of wood sang to my bones
Souls were intertwined

Now I tried to practice when I could but life got in my way
It seems I had the good intent but not the day-to-day
Life is in the things you do
And not the words you say
Put your fingers to the strings
If you're gonna play

We begin with "Martin Wind", "Dr. Gilbert's Fancy"
All the "Maids of Mitchelton", "Blackbird", and "Galway Bay"
We're nearly done with "Last Night's Fun"
And on to "Cooley's Reel"
With a "Crock of Gold", "Lucky in Love"
And end in a "Daisy's Field"

You speak to me with the tongues of me, I speak to you by name
The only gospel that I know is things are gonna change
Sing the music of your heart
Sing it true and strong
You may never get another chance
And the rest is a fiddlin' on

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I wish you faith in bigger things and not to know your end
I wish you the good sense to know when you need a friend
I hope the music that you make
Brings a fountain to your soul
I wish you a good glass of ale
And rosin for your bow

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With a "Crock of Gold", "Lucky in Love"
I'll end in a "Daisy's Field"