

Diesel Boy, Chin Music

A soldier boy and his violin
Uneasy wartime ballet
Omaha Beach
Normandy on D-Day
As his fellow man lay dying
And crimson tide colored the shore
Sons cried for their mothers
Bitter pill of war
He strikes the strings
His heart is on parade
Knows one day he'll be gone
But his melody will stay
A teenage boy in his attic
Finds a case tattered and torn
His father's violin
Companion through the war
He dusts off the fiddle
And raises up to his chin
What the old leave behind
And what the young begin