

Of Montreal, Little Viola Hidden In The Orchestra

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
That curl around each note that's played. The audience charmed by the floating garden of music given
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 it

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
I will be a good boy and never tell you the bad things that I think about, the dirty little things I'll keep
I will be a good boy and never tell you the bad things that I think about, the sinister things I'll keep t