

The Gothic Archies, When You Play The Violin

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 usurpations

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 skullduggery, 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!