

Julie Sokolow - Violins

Stumble through auditorium

Take it in my hand

Found a few friends from nearby concession stand

A fine excuse for entertainment

More than I had planned on

More than I, more than I had planned

Curtains unravel

They made circles around your legs

I held onto your name

I held onto your name

City's winter, lock me in

Solid gold wrapped through my skin

Start words flying through the air

Something about violins, violins

Goes like this

Something about violins

Something about violins

Travelling softly through the air

You sound familiar

Well, have we met before?

I found your words lying on the floor

So I picked them up and swallowed them down

I swallowed them down

I'm trying to find something it would be polite for you to help

Something about violins

Something about violins

Traveling softly through the air

You sound familiar

And have we met before?