

For Your Violin

Carbon Leaf

She said, "Catch me if you can.
You better plan, Gentlemen."
So The Story Goes:
Robin Hood stole the magic seeds from a Sherwood Dignitary
Set 'em afloat on a Merchant's Boat, set sail for Johnny Appleseed
Johnny planted the magic seeds.
Botany, POOF!: Magic Trees
Paul Bunyan said, "This will fetch me bread..."
He sold the wood to a violin maker.
The Legend breathes...
Shaped from the wood sprung a violin
It satisfied the maker
Toe-tapped a rhythm, touched bow to string
His soul earthquakes, the Sirens sing
"My heart can rest, I've made the best.
No match to play, no greater love I'll know"
Hid the 'lin, smashed his tools and grinned
And died a happy old man
The Legend grows...
What works for me, may not work for you
That which often gets passed down
Often gets misconstrued
Expectation...Imagination, surely can chase the goose around
Don't look for that which others have...
You can't find what won't be found.
Enter the Jester De Romancipation Persuasion
(the fool...)
Escaped from the King...
This myth, he longed to pull these magic heartstrings
He bought up every violin on the country, mountain, ocean-side
"To play the one of Legend Lore,
I'll lead a true love to my door!"
The Legend thrives...
For Your Violin...For Your Violin
Jaded Jester spent his life chasing down
that which could not be found
He hung 3,000 violins from the rafter beams by their rusty strings
Penniless and paupered, bug-eyed crazed and gummy-grinned
Conducted with a bow, his orchestra:
This Symphony of Myth that did him in...
For Your Violin...For Your Violin...

...Hood, Appleseed, Bunyan...Hey, Violin Maker...
Figments of Imagination
...Tell Pied Piper to lead away
These myths in time that helped him pine
For Your Violin...For Your Violin