

# Song Of The Violin

James Otto

The last fifty years  
Have seen laughter and tears  
And your hair slowly fade to gray  
Your children are grown now  
And it's hard to believe  
How the years have just all slipped away

But in time you've gained a wisdom  
That seems to elude the young  
And each line that now marks your face  
Tells the stories of all that you've done  
So fear not the passing of days  
'Cause like the song of the violin  
You only grow sweeter with age

As time's pages turn  
You lived and you learned  
What truly mattered most  
Is family and friends  
And in the end finding peace  
In the path that you chose

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That seems to elude the young  
And each line that now marks your face  
Tells the stories of all that you've done  
So fear not the passing of the days  
'Cause like the song of the violin  
You only grow sweeter with age

Oh, in time you've gained a wisdom  
That seems to elude the young  
And each line that now marks your face  
Tells the stories of all that you've done  
So fear not the passing of the days  
'Cause like the song of the violin  
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