

Little Viola Hidden in the Orchestra

of Montreal

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 encircle the band.
That curl around each note that's played. The audience charmed
by the floating garden of music giddily pick musical floral bou
quets.

And now its time for the play...

The actor in the center of the stage looks sadly at a teacup, r
eads a poem off the teacup and covers his face with a page of a
poem on the teacup and sings, "What a terrible lie you told me
. That you're heart was mine to buy. All those feelings you imp
lied, it all was just terrible lies...oh what a terrible lie.."

Do you remember in the first verse when I told you about the se
ashells singing?
Well if you wanna hear what it sounds like, you just have to li
sten in....

I will be a good boy and never tell you the bad things that I t
hink about, the nasty little things I'll keep them to myself...
I will be a good boy and never tell you the bad things that I t
hink about, the dirty little things I'll keep them to myself...
.
I will be a good boy and never tell you the bad things that I t
hink about, the sinister things I'll keep them to myself....