

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 bouquets. and now its time for the play...
The actor in the center of the stage looks sadly at a teacup, reads 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 implied, it all was just terrible lies... oh what a terrible lie." Do you
remember in the first verse when I told you about the seashells singing?
Well if you wanna hear what it sounds like, you just have to listen in...
I will be a good boy and never tell you the bad things that I think 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 think 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 think about, the sinister things I'll
keep them to myself...

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