

# Violin

## Amos Lee

Lately I, I've been headed for a breakdown  
Every time I leave my house  
Well, it feels just like a shakedown  
Between the street sweepers and the pushers are the lawyers  
Who may as well be butchers  
Between the small-timing hustlers who all seem to feed upon each other  
Oh God, why you been  
Hanging out in that old violin,  
While I've been waiting for you  
To pull me through?  
Lately I, every time I try to lie down  
Well, my mind just gets away  
I can't even close my eyes now  
Between the big fish ambition and the lovers  
Using words as ammunition  
Between the wood planks I've been pacing endless  
Impossible dream that I've been chasing  
Oh God, why you been  
Hanging out in that old violin  
While I've been waiting for you  
To pull me through?  
Oh God  
Oh God  
Oh God, why you been  
Hanging out in that old violin  
While I've been waiting for you  
To pull me through?  
Oh, God  
Oh, God  
Oh, God

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