

A Lonely Instrument

I am a lonely instrument,
Resounding to the wind,
To shadows of the night,
To distant rains of spring,

I'm a forgotten violin,
An ancient harpsichord,
Or maybe a guitar,
Depends on what you feel.

I am bizarre and simple,
My voice can make you cry,
As well as make you strong
Or tender and fragile...

Thus many people touched me
To satisfy their sense,
Or just to try their talents
Each one had left a trace...

So rare hands caressed me,
And many found me cold,
I had no eyes but I could feel
And understand each soul...

So now I'm getting cold inside
Because I cannot cry,
I cannot even smile or laugh
I'm blind in broad daylight,

Just notice me and touch me
My voice would sooth your ear
I'm waiting in a gloomy room,
For you to find me here,

Locked in a deserted place
I'm whispering a prayer
To rich you through the moonlit night,
My still unknown player...