

*From: "AJR - OK ORCHESTRA"*

# **World's Smallest Violin**

by

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and RYAN METZGER

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# WORLD'S SMALLEST VIOLIN

Words and Music by  
ADAM METZGER, JACK METZGER  
and RYAN METZGER

Moderately fast ♩ = 116

N.C. Verse: F F#dim

My grand-pa fought in World War Two, he was such a noble dude.

Gm D/F# Gm D/A Bb C F

I can't even finish school, missed my mom and left too soon. His dad was a fire-man who

F#dim Gm D/F# Gm D/A Bb C

fought fires so violent. I think I bored my therapist while playing him my violin.

2 Bridge:

B $\flat$

F/A

Gm

That's so in - sane. \_ That's such a shame, \_ next to them \_ my shit don't feel so  
Oh my gawd. Oh my gawd.

F

A/E

Dm

grand. \_\_\_\_\_ But I can't help my - self from feel - ing bad, \_\_\_\_\_ I

G

C

Dm/C C7/E

Chorus:

F

kind of feel like two things can be sad. \_\_\_\_\_ The world's small-est vi - o - lin,  
One, two, three, four.

F $\sharp$ dim

B $\flat$

A

real - ly needs an au - di - ence. \_ So if I do not find some - bod - y soon, I'll  
That's right, that's right.

B $\flat$  G/B C D G B $\flat$

blow up in - to smith-er-eens \_ and spew my ti - ny sym-pho-ny. \_ Just-a let me play my vi - o - lin \_ for

F B $\flat$  F/A Gm

you, you, you, you.

*Solos:*

F A7/E Dm G7 To Coda ☐

*Verse:*

C F F $\sharp$ dim

My grand-pa fought in World \_ War Two, when he was such a no - ble dude.

Gm D/A B $\flat$  C F

Man, I feel like such a fool, I got so much left to prove. All my friends have vap-ing friends,

*D.S. al Coda*

F $\sharp$ dim Gm Gm D/A B $\flat$  C

they're so good at mak-ing friends. I'm so scared of cav-ing in, Is that en - ter - tain - ing yet?

*Coda*

C F F $\sharp$ dim

Some-where in the un - i - verse, some-where, some-one's got it worse.

Gm N.C. F

Wish that made it eas - i - er, wish I did - n't feel \_ the hurt. The world's small-est vi - o - lin,

F#dim Bb A

real - ly needs an au - di ence, \_ so if I do not find some-bod - y soon... I

*rit.*

Slower ♩ = 96

Bb Bdim F/C D Bb Bdim

blow up in - to smith-er - eens, \_ and spew my ti - ny sym-pho-ny. All up and down a ci - ty street while

*accel. poco a poco*

F/C D Bb Bdim F/C D

try - na put my mind at ease. Like fin - ish - ing this mel - o - dy, this feels like a ne - ces - si - ty. So

B $\flat$  Bdim F D B $\flat$  Bdim

this could be the death of me, or may-be just a bet-ter me. Now come in with the tim-pa-nis and

**Faster** ♩ = 160

F/C D B $\flat$  Bdim F/C D

take a shot of Hen-nes-sy. I know I'm not there men-tal-ly, but you could be the rem-e-dy. So

Gm C F

let me play my vi-o-lin for you.