

## Strings

A.C. Newman

I'm the star of a book you wrote before  
Your career was illustrious.  
Though only renters & college kids came through  
Skipped through to the end  
To see if you  
Got help from someone there  
Up on high  
Who may have heard the beat  
It's faint cry.

I could do things for you,  
I could do things for you

All the reasons I always dreamed of school  
I just dropped out and left them there.  
It was always the fabulous stain on  
On my reputation for  
Opening doors  
And selling arts and crafts  
From the floor  
Lately I notice much no more

We've been waiting for you  
We've been waiting for you

I'm not like you, I don't respect  
You were doing yourself

I'm not like you, I don't respect  
You were doing yourself

Did some orphans lament get heard one night?  
Pinball through moons and time  
Went through some harmless darkness  
Bounce off stars  
And knock into some wall waiting on  
Or was it just some times or some proof  
Until we learned some obvious truth  
We've been waiting for you  
We've been waiting for you

I'm not like you, I don't respect  
You were doing yourself

I'm not like you, I don't respect  
You were doing yourself