

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