

## Strings

Dr. Hook

Strings, there's always strings, attached to the things, we think are free to take

Lines, thin shiny lines, so very fine, but so very hard to break

Threads, just hanging threads, weaving a web that we can hardly see

But Oh, we feel the strings, pulling on you, pulling on me

Strings, invisible strings, tying our wings, keeping us on the ground

Strands, soft silky strands, takin' our hands and leavin' them tightly bound

Vines, clinging vines, twisting they wind, covering everything

Strings, pulling on you, pulling on me

So tangled together, we don't want to be free

We're hurting and crying, but trying endlessly

Strings, there's always strings, attached to the things, we think are free to take

Lines, thin shiny lines, so very fine, but so very hard to break

Threads, tiny threads, weaving a web that we can hardly see

But Oh, we feel the strings, pulling on you, pulling on me

Oh, strings, we feel the strings, pulling on you, pulling on me

Pulling on you, pulling on me

Pulling on you, pulling on me

Pulling on you, they're pulling on me....