

## Man On A String

Howe Gelb

nothing but a cold floor under my feat  
and outside the wind blows blustery  
nothing but a ghost knocking on my door  
all because you can't send me love no more

chorus  
send me no more love  
it would only stand to make me sick  
send me love no more  
I would only get back in what I got out  
real quick

I knew a man that would talk a good game  
words sweet as syrup pouring down like rain  
one fateless night fooling around down town  
when that girl came in you could hear the sap  
hit the ground

now I know a girl  
with a man on a string  
she likes to see how much he could take  
with a come on  
and little heart break  
she swore she didn't need anymore  
then all she could take

nothing but a cold floor under my feat  
and outside the wind blows bitterly  
nothing but a ghost knocking on my door  
all because you can't send me love no more  
repeat chorus