

Boy on a String

Jars of Clay

The marionette has your number
Pulling your arms and legs till you can't stand on your own
Dragging you conscience on the stage
And your heart gets rearranged,
And you cannot tell your mentor from your Maker
Look at the crowds bleeding with laughter
Over the way you entertain at beckon call
They don't see behind the lights or the painted background
They just like to see you fall

And you don't really mind
And you're just wasting time
And you don't feel anything
You're a boy on a string

I feel a sadness like Gippetto
Watching the life that he created run away,
Seeing the puppeteer's intrusion
And holding the remains of puppets that had rotted away
One day the curtain will not open
And all of the crowds will go away
But sometimes those strings will choke you
But until that day

No you won't really mind
And you're just wasting time
And you don't feel anything
You're a boy on a string

And you don't really mind
And you're just wasting time
And you don't feel anything
You're a boy on a string.