You can say the soul is gone And the feeling is just not there Not like it was so long ago.

On the empty page before you You can fill in what you care Try to make it new before you go.

Take the simple case of the sarge Who can't go back to war 'Cause the hippies tore down everything that he was fighting for.

Or the lovers on the blankets That the city turned to whores With memories of green kissed by the sun.

You can say the soul is gone And close another door Just be sure that yours is not the one.

And I'm singing for the stringman Who lately lost his wife
There is no dearer friend of mine
That I know in this life.

On his shoulder rests a violin For his head where chaos reigns But his heart can't find a simple way To live with all those things.

All those things
He's a stringman
A stringman
All those strings to pull