

Marionette

Soul Asylum

Marionette I haven't met you yet
I hear you're good I hear you're made out of wood
Not quite as blind as you might think she'd be
they run as deep as a tree

And they cut off your wings and replaced them with strings
Now the strings attach to everything
It's twisted and tangled and troubled with anger
But somehow you still swing

Tried all my tricks I tried to steal a kiss
Splinters and slivers stuck all over my lips
She thinks she must be doing something wrong
They pull the strings and then they string you along

And they cut off your wings and replaced them with strings
Now the strings attach to everything
It's twisted and tangled but I've got an angle
On just what makes you swing
Hanging by a string

She is wearing thin
She's up to ... sometimes
Know the boss he makes her do things his way
So why do you think she's so scared of you
What do you think makes her that way
When push comes to shove she'll push and shove

It doesn't always have to be this way
She's saving up for a vacation somewhere

Why do you think she's so scared of you
What do you think makes her that way
When push comes to shove she'll push and shove
It's very hard work when you don't get paid

And they cut off your wings and replaced them with strings