

Strength of Strings

This Mortal Coil

In my life the piano sings
Brings me words that are not the strength of strings

Fiery rain and Ruby's cooling sun
Now I see that my world has only begun

Notes that roll on winds with swirling wings
Brings me words that are not the strength of strings

(When I'm feeling high, or I'm feeling low, or there is no change
Somehow days keep melting into the night

And there's always high on the cosmic range
I am always high, I am always low, there is always change

Hear the strings are bending in harmony
Not so far from breaking on the cosmic range)