

# Puppet Show

Gina Clowes

It seemed easiest at first for me to let you say  
When I could speak, when I should dance what I could play  
Conditions for the light that you would shine on us  
Donâ€™t read between the lines and never make a fuss

Then something came along one day that spoke to me  
A thunder cloud came rolling in, alive and free  
You cannot control the rate of your own petty rage  
A storm is not of plastic nor a scripted page

I pulled my strings, the curtain fell, I saw your face  
A foolish little boy afraid heâ€™d be exposed  
I cut my strings and smiled, and all hell broke loose  
But youâ€™ve got little cotton fists and I donâ€™t see the blooms

Iâ€™ll play no part in your crazy puppet show  
Yeah, the world inside your box has gottenâ€™ old  
Did you really think Iâ€™d never know the truth?  
I am no puppet and I donâ€™t belong to you

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Yeah, the world inside your box has gottenâ€™ old  
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Lyrics Submitted by Floyd Raines

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