# Girl On A String

## John Hiatt

Well he's got her going up and down like a yo-yo
And she never feels better than ever, just so-so
Like a shrunken head on a rear view mirror
She rides along in his atmosphere
Like furry dice or some voodoo thing
Hes got that girl on a string
Since they tied the knot he keeps her in stitches
And when she ain't banged up, she's sewing his britches
Like a line between the orange juice cans
Shes strung out on his childish demands
To meet him out by the backyard swing

Hes got that girl on a string
Girl on a string, just a little play toy
Girl on a string, for a little bad boy
Girl on a string, he's dragging her around
Girl on a string, he's tying her down
She carries his baby straddled on her hipbone
And theres another on the way, just wait till they get home
The deeper into darkness they get
The more she sees the silhouette
Of a girl who wanted pretty things
Not that girl on a string

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