

Strength Of Strings

Gene Clark

In my life the piano sings
Brings me words that are not the strength of strings
 Fiery rain and rubies cooling in the 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 stringsWhen 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 light on the cosmic range
 I am always high I am always low
 There is always changeHear the strings are bending in harmony
Not so far from the breaking on the cosmic rangeIn my life the piano sings
 Brings me words that are not the strength of strings
 Fiery rain and rubies cooling in the 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

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