

# 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 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 light 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 the breaking on the cosmic range  
In my life the piano sings  
Brings me words that are not the strength of strings  
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Now I see that my world has only begun  
Notes that roll on winds with swirling wings  
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Songwriters

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