

# The Puppet

## Echo & the Bunnymen

I'll practice my fall  
For practice makes perfect  
Chained to the wall  
For maximum hold  
The window's too far  
Too far from my legs  
Open the door and let out the cold You knew about this  
With your head in your hands  
All along  
I was the puppet  
I was the puppet Trampolines broken  
Ceiling has come down  
The ache in my back tells me  
Something's gone wrong  
Rocking horse rocks  
As the wallpaper peels  
Curtain would like to know  
What he has done You knew about this  
With your head in your hands  
All along  
I was the puppet  
I was the puppet We're the salt of the earth  
(I'll practice my fall for practice makes perfect) And we know what to say  
(Chained to the wall for maximum hold)  
We're the salt of the earth  
(The window's too far too far from my legs)  
And we know our place  
(Open the door and let out the cold) You knew about this  
With your head in your hands  
All along  
I was the puppet  
I was the puppet All along  
(You knew about this)  
With your head in your hands  
All along  
(You knew about this)  
I was the puppet  
I was the puppet (You knew about this)  
Head in your hands

(You knew about this)  
I was the puppet  
I was the puppet  
(We're the salt of the earth)  
You knew about this  
(We know what to say)  
Your head in your hands  
(We're the salt of the earth)  
All along  
((You knew about this))  
(We know our place)  
I was the puppet  
(We're the salt of the earth)  
All along  
(We know what to say)  
((You knew about this))  
Your head in your hands  
(We're the salt of the earth)  
I was the puppet  
((You knew about this))  
(We know what to say)  
I was the puppet

Songwriters

MCCULLOCH, IAN STEPHEN/SERGEANT, WILLIAM/PATTINSON, LESLIE THOMAS/DE FREITAS,  
PETEPublished by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by  
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>