

# Strings Attached

## The GC5

In five years it'll burn inside you  
Will you look back and say you did all that you tried to  
They'll try hard each day to break you  
Until the day comes when lip service will forsake you  
And you've been tested  
Pulled out your hair now  
With each passing day gone by  
You look the worse for wear now  
Your excuses all grow stale  
Until you see the lady in the long black veil  
And every violin in the world is playing your song  
But they're playing it all wrong  
You think long, try to get things sorted  
With one foot in each grave you end up quartered  
You feel a tug, a subtle persuasion  
As that suit and tie look ever more engaging  
Accept the strings, they will support you  
As you wave goodbye to childish things they contort you

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