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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