

# Man on a String

## Giant Sand

Nothing but a cold floor  
Under my feet  
Outside  
the rain turns to sleet Nothing but a ghost  
knocking on my door  
All because you don't send me love  
Anymore Send me no more love  
It would only stand to make me sick  
Send me love no more  
I'd only get back in what I got out way too quick I knew a man  
who would like to talk a good game  
Words sweet as syrup pour out of him like rain One fateless night, fooling around downtown  
When that girl came in you cold hear the sap hit the ground Now I know a girl with a man on a string  
She loves to see how much he can take  
With a come on and a little heartache  
She swore she didn't need any more  
Than all she could take Nothing but a cold floor  
under my feet  
Outside the wind blows bitterly  
Nothing but a ghost knocking on my door  
All because you don't send me love  
Anymore Now I know a man  
with a girl on a string  
He likes to see how much she can take With a come on and a little heartbreak  
She swore she didn't need any more  
Than all she could take

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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