

The Puppet

The Stingrays

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)
(You knew about this)
(We know what to say)
I was the puppet, I was the puppet
All along
(Salt of the earth)
(We know what to say)
(You knew about this)
Your head in your hands

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