

Boy on a String

Jars of Clay

Ha, ha, ha
FourMarionett has your number
Its pulling your arms and legs till you can't stand on your own
Draggin' your conscience on the stage
And your heart gets rearranged
You cannot tell your mentor from your maker
Look at the crowd bleeding with laughter
Over the way you entertain at beck and call
They don't see behind the lights
Or the painted background
They just like to see you fallAnd you don't really mind
And you're just wasting time
And you don't feel anything
You're a boy on a stringFeel a sadness like Gapetto
Watchin' the life that he created run away
Seein' the puppeteer's intrusion
And holdin' over remains
(Of puppets that had rotted away)
(One)
Day the curtain will not open
(Will not open)
And all of the crowds will go away
(Crowds will go away)
Sometimes those strings will choke you, but until that day
(Sometime)
(Until that day)Well you won't really mind
And you're just wasting time
You don't feel anything
You're a boy on a stringIt's the boy, it's the boy, it's the boy, it's the boy
It's the boy, it's the boy, it's the boy, it's the boy
It's the boy, it's the boy, it's the boy, it's the boy
It's the boy, it's the boy, it's the boy, it's the boy
It's the boy, it's the boy, it's the boy, it's the boyAnd you don't really mind
And you're just wasting time
And you don't feel anything
You're a boy on a stringAnd you don't really mind
And you're just wasting time
You don't feel anything
You're a boy on a string

Just a boy on a string

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