

# Ian Hunter, Invisible Strings

(Ian Hunter)

One, two, three  
Well I woke up this morning - there's a girl in my bed.  
How did she get there? Was it something I said?  
I don't understand it but somehow it seems  
She visits me in invisible dreams.  
Over and over I try to explain  
How did that girl get into my veins?  
Did somebody send her - was it my velvet wings?  
And how does she touch my invisible strings?  
Invisible Strings - Invisible Strings  
These are a few of my favorite things  
Now it's all over when the fat lady sings  
I'll still be playing my invisible strings

Well maybe she don't have a world of her own  
Maybe she's using me just like a phone  
And sometimes she's cool and sometimes she stings  
And I'm all tangled up in invisible strings  
Invisible Strings - Invisible Strings  
These are a few of my favorite things  
When you're wearing black and I'm wearing wings,  
We'll still be playing those invisible strings

Well she never leaves - I'm never alone  
I ain't in the book but she's still calling home  
I tried to lose her - watch the tv  
But that woman's always picking on me  
Well, there's strings round my body, strings round my heart  
I'd like to know where the string-pulling starts  
I'd give anything to meet the angel who sends  
Invisible ink to my invisible pen  
Invisible Strings - Invisible Strings  
These are a few of my favorite things  
When you're wearing black and I'm wearing wings,  
We'll still be playing our invisible strings  
Invisible Strings - Invisible Strings  
These are a few of my favorite things  
Now it's all over when the fat lady sings  
We'll still be playing our invisible strings  
Invisible Strings - Invisible Strings  
Oh yeah