

Alela Diane, Pieces Of String

I'll have you know
Oh, I'll have you know
That if I had one
I'd play this on piano
And if I had one of those
I'd sit it on my knee and count to 1, 2, 3
And if I had one of those other things
You know I'd put it in my mouth
And if I had some of those other things
Oh, I'd put them into jars on the shelf

But I'll have you know
Oh, I'll have you know
That if I had 10 or 20
I'd have a choir of little children sing along

And I'll have you know
I'll have you know
That if she had one she'd put it in a paper bag
If she had one she'd put it in a paper bag
Oh, this long-gone grandma would put it in a paper bag
Labeled 'pieces of string to small to use'
Pieces of string to small to use
But her, her autumn leaves are now the dirt
And those summer winds did blow her hair
But now she's pieces of string to small to use
Oh, pieces of string to small to use
What's left is pieces of string to small to use
Pieces of string to small to use