

Bandits, Puppet

What is that look up on your face,
a simple mood,
have I fallen from grace.
Don't you tell me nothing is wrong,
for just have more,
should this be going on.
Is the sky too grey,
did your milk taste bad today?
Did I fade it bad, was it something I have said, was it something I have said?
There we go on and on again,
the same old game,
of me to blame, of me to blame.
Here I go jumping round the bed,
a stupid me,
'cause you're the king,
and I'm your puppet on a string, and I'm your puppet on a string.
Is it so hard to understand,
this situation is getting out of here,
but maybe there's something I've missed,
a brandnew love,
that's why you look so pissed.
Did I drive you mad in my wearing that old hat,
tell me what to do,
should I paint the grey sky blue, the grey sky blue?
I wish I could look into your head,
and read your thoughts,
they're so instead, they're so instead.
Here we go on and on again,
the same old game,
when you're the king,
and I'm your puppet on a string,
I'm your puppet on a string,
I'm your puppet on a string.
Ouhou..
Should I leave or stay,
should I kiss your blues away,
tell me what to do,
I do anything for you,
do anything, 'cause I'm not.
I'm just like your puppet on a string,
you've puppet me,
just hanging on,
now hear my song,
I'm just like a puppet on a string,
oh can't you see,
you're killin' me.
Ouhou... well I've had the thought to leave...
I'm just like your puppet on a string,
for in this game,
you always win,
I'm your puppet on a string, I'm your puppet on a string.