

# Dr. Hook, Strings

Strings, there's always strings, attached to the things, we think are free to take  
Lines, thin shiny lines, so very fine, but so very hard to break  
Threads, just hanging threads, weaving a web that we can hardly see  
But Oh, we feel the strings, pulling on you, pulling on me

Strings, invisible strings, tying our wings, keeping us on the ground  
Strands, soft silky strands, takin' our hands and leavin' them tightly bound  
Vines, clinging vines, twisting they wind, covering everything  
Strings, pulling on you, pulling on me

So tangled together, we don't want to be free  
We're hurting and crying, but trying endlessly

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Oh, strings, we feel the strings, pulling on you, pulling on me

pulling on you, pulling on me  
pulling on you, pulling on me  
pulling on you, they're pulling on me....

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