

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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