

# Gene Clark, Strength Of Strings

In my life the piano sings  
Brings me words that are not the strength of strings  
Firey rain and rubies cooling in the sun  
Now I see that my world has only begun  
Notes that roll on winds with swirling wings  
Brings me words that are not the strength of strings

When I&#039;m feeling high or I&#039;m feeling low  
Or there is no change  
Somehow days keep melting into the night  
And there&#039;s always light on the cosmic range  
I am always high I am always low  
There is always change

Hear the strings are bending in harmony  
Not so far from the breaking on the cosmic range

SOLO

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