

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'm feeling high or I'm feeling low
Or there is no change
Somehow days keep melting into the night
And there'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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