

# John Hiatt, Girl On A String

Well hes got her going up and down like a yo-yo

And she never feels better than ever, just so-so

Like a shrunken head on a rear view mirror

She rides along in his atmosphere

Like furry dice or some voodoo thing

Hes got that girl on a string

Since they tied the knot he keeps her in stitches

And when she ain't banged up, shes sewing his britches

Like a line between the orange juice cans

Shes strung out on his childish demands

To meet him out by the backyard swing

Hes got that girl on a string

Girl on a string, just a little play toy

Girl on a string, for a little bad boy

Girl on a string, hes dragging her around

Girl on a string, hes tying her down

She carries his baby straddled on her hipbone

And theres another on the way, just wait till they get home

The deeper into darkness they get

The more she sees the silhouette

Of a girl who wanted pretty things

Not that girl on a string