

# Sammy Kershaw, Without Strings

(Steve Dale Jones)

I can't imagine a symphony, without strings  
And what good are tennis shoes, without strings  
One without the other just can't be complete  
What about us, what about you and me

Without strings, without ties  
That's the way you want us to be  
But if there's nothin' between us  
There's nothin' between us  
Without strings, without ties  
Guess this is where we disagree  
How can there be a you and me, without strings

You can call me old-fashioned, 'cause I sure am  
And when I tell you I love you, well I sure do  
I don't play games, I say what I mean  
When I whisper in your ear  
So what do we do, where do we go from here

Without strings, without ties  
That's the way you want us to be  
But if there's nothin' between us  
There's nothin' between us  
Without strings, without ties  
Guess this is where we disagree  
How can there be a you and me, without strings  
How can there be a you and me, without strings