

# Soul Asylum, Marionette

Marionette I haven't met you yet  
I hear you're good I hear you're made out of wood  
Not quite as blind as you might think she'd be  
\_\_\_\_\_ they run as deep as a tree  
And they cut off your wings and replaced them with strings  
Now the strings attach to everything  
It's twisted and tangled and troubled with anger  
But somehow you still swing  
Tried all my tricks I tried to steal a kiss  
Splinters and slivers stuck all over my lips  
She thinks she must be doing something wrong  
They pull the strings and then they string you along  
And they cut off your wings and replaced them with strings  
Now the strings attach to everything  
It's twisted and tangled but I've got an angle  
On just what makes you swing  
Hanging by a string

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She is wearing thin  
She's up to \_\_\_\_\_ sometimes \_\_\_\_\_  
Know the boss he makes her do things his way  
So why do you think she's so scared of you  
What do you think makes her that way  
When push comes to shove she'll push and shove  
It doesn't always have to be this way  
She's saving up for a vacation somewhere  
Why do you think she's so scared of you  
What do you think makes her that way  
When push comes to shove she'll push and shove  
It's very hard work when you don't get paid  
And they cut off your wings and replaced them with strings