

Tunng, String

hang my eyes up on a hook
swells the panic i cant look
inside my own skin i fail to find myself again
a million faces look the same
and their replies evaporate
theres no soul behind these eyes
if they cant glue me back again
ghosts drop hints and whisper things
just blood and bone and bits of string
family portrait on the wall
quiet confusion circle this
i can feel my mothers hand
but i cant find her face to kiss
theres no soul behind these eyes
if they cant glue me back again
someones life inside a box
nothing here resets the clocks
ghosts drop hints and whisper things
just blood and bone and bits of string