

Dr. Hook "Strings"

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Strings, there's always strings, attached to the things,
we think are free to take
Lines, thin shiny lines, so very fine, but so very hard to
break
Threads, just hanging threads, weaving a web that we
can hardly see
But Oh, we feel the strings, pulling on you, pulling on
me

Strings, invisible strings, tying our wings, keeping us
on the ground
Strands, soft silky strands, takin' our hands and leavin'
them tightly bound
Vines, clinging vines, twisting they wind, covering
everything
Strings, pulling on you, pulling on me

So tangled together, we don't want to be free
We're hurting and crying, but trying endlessly

Strings, there's always strings, attached to the things,
we think are free to take
Lines, thin shiny lines, so very fine, but so very hard to
break
Threads, tiny threads, weaving a web that we can
hardly see

But Oh, we feel the strings, pulling on you, pulling on
me

Oh, strings, we feel the strings, pulling on you, pulling
on me

pulling on you, pulling on me
pulling on you, pulling on me
pulling on you, they're pulling on me....

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