

Ian Hunter

"Invisible Strings"

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One, two, three

Well, I woke up this morning here's a girl in my bed
How did she get there? Was it something I said?
I don't understand it but somehow it seems
She visits me in invisible dreams

Over and over I try to explain
How did that girl get into my veins?
Did somebody send her? Was it my velvet wings?
And how does she touch my invisible strings?

Invisible strings, invisible strings
These are a few of my favorite things
Now it's all over when the fat lady sings
I'll still be playing my invisible strings

Well, maybe she don't have a world of her own
Maybe she's using me just like a phone
And sometimes she's cool and sometimes she stings
And I'm all tangled up in invisible strings

Invisible strings, invisible strings
These are a few of my favorite things
When you're wearing black and I'm wearing wings
We'll still be playing those invisible strings

Well, she never leaves, I'm never alone
I ain't in the book but she's still calling home
I tried to lose her watch the TV
But that woman's always picking on me

Well, there's strings round my body, strings round my
heart
I'd like to know where the string pulling starts
I'd give anything to meet the angel who sends
Invisible ink to my invisible pen
Give me once again

Invisible strings, invisible strings
These are a few of my favorite things
When you're wearing black and I'm wearing wings

We'll still be playing our invisible strings, oh yeah

Invisible strings, invisible strings
Well, these are a few of my favorite things
Now it's all over when the fat lady sings
We'll still be playing our invisible strings, oh oh oh yeah

Invisible strings, invisible strings
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah
(We'll still be playing our invisible strings)

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