

## John Hiatt "Girl On A String"

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Well he's got her going up and down like a yo-yo  
And she never feels better than ever, just so-so  
Like a shrunken head on a rear view mirror  
She rides along in his atmosphere  
Like furry dice or some voodoo thing  
Hes got that girl on a string

Since they tied the knot he keeps her in stitches  
And when she ain't banged up, she's sewing his  
britches  
Like a line between the orange juice cans  
Shes strung out on his childish demands  
To meet him out by the backyard swing  
Hes got that girl on a string

Girl on a string, just a little play toy  
Girl on a string, for a little bad boy  
Girl on a string, he's dragging her around  
Girl on a string, he's tying her down

She carries his baby straddled on her hipbone  
And theres another on the way, just wait till they get  
home  
The deeper into darkness they get  
The more she sees the silhouette  
Of a girl who wanted pretty things  
Not that girl on a string

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