

9811

"Puppet Strings"

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Don't see eye to eye so why even try?
Something clouds your vision in the corner of your eye.
So I misunderstand. Over again I see that you wanna be
the one who pulls on my puppet strings but strings
don't make me dance no more.
Strings fall to the floor.
Candlesticks and bonded wrists
don't make me dance no more.

Something that you're selling is something I won't buy.
Miscommunication is the key to our demise.
Why do you want to sing my praises?
Do you want to save my soul?
Is your inner child tainted?
Do you want to be in control?
Stella, a stella, a stella to me.
Stella, Stella, Stella, do me

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