

## Young Neil

### "Stringman"

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You can say the soul is gone  
And the feelin's just not there  
Not like it was so long ago  
On the empty page before you  
You can fill in what you care  
Try to make it new before you go

Take the simple case of the sarge  
Who wouldn't go back to war  
'Cause the hippies tore down everything that he was  
fightin' for  
Or the lovers on the blankets  
The city turned to whores  
With memories of green kissed by the sun

You can say the soul is gone  
And close another door  
Just be sure that yours is not the one

And I'm singin' for the stringman  
Who lately lost his wife  
There is no dearer friend of mine  
That I know in this life  
On his shoulders rests a violin  
For his head where chaos reigns  
But his heart can't find a simple way  
To live with all those things  
All those things  
He's a stringman  
A stringman All those strings to pull

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