

# Boy On a String

## Jars of Clay

The marionetter has your number  
He's pulling your arms and legs  
Till you can't stand on your own  
Dragging your conscience on the stage  
And your heart gets rearranged  
You cannot tell your mentor from your Maker  
Look at the crowds bleeding with laughter  
Over the way you entertain at beck and call  
They don't see behind the lights  
Or the painted backgrounds  
They just like to see you fall  
And you don't really mind  
And you're just wasting time  
And you don't feel anything  
You're a boy on a string  
I feel the sadness like Gapetto  
Watching the life that he created run away  
Seeing the puppeteer's intrusion  
And holding the remains  
Of puppets that had rotted away  
One day the curtain will not open  
(Will not open)  
And all of the crowds will go away  
(Crowds will go away)  
Some times those strings will choke you  
But until that day  
Then you won't really mind  
And you're just wasting time  
You don't feel anything  
You're a boy on a string  
Just a boy, just a boy  
Just a boy, just a boy  
And you don't really mind  
And you're just wasting time  
You don't feel anything  
You're a boy on a string  
'Cause you don't really mind  
And you're just wasting time  
You don't feel anything  
You're a boy on a string  
Just a boy on a string

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>