

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/>