

## Boy on a String

Jars of Clay

The marionette has your number  
Pulling your arms and legs till you can't stand on your own  
Dragging you conscience on the stage  
And your heart gets rearranged,  
And you cannot tell your mentor from your Maker  
Look at the crowds bleeding with laughter  
Over the way you entertain at beckon call  
They don't see behind the lights or the painted background  
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 a 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  
And all of the crowds will go away  
But sometimes those strings will choke you  
But until that day

No you won't really mind  
And you're just wasting time  
And you don't feel anything  
You're a boy on a string

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.