

I stand on one end of the board  
She drops the rock hard on the other end  
And I'm flying through the air  
And it's a trip I never planned

And I didn't bring much with me  
You wouldn't let me bring much with me  
But you're riding now beside me  
So where will we land?

You pull the string and I come untied  
Pull the string and I come untied  
You pull the string and I come untied

It's always me coming to your door  
With some stuff I found in the trash  
And these things I brought you before  
Well, I guess they didn't match  
So now whenever you are down  
Take me down with you

You pull the string and I come untied  
Pull the string and I come untied  
What's the use if this thing has died?