

# Puppet On A String

Parabelle

Said he was in danger  
Lost hope with twisted angles  
Had a face like yours and mine  
But a heart that skipped in time

Said he was too common  
If only we could sell him  
It makes for happy hearts  
It makes for corporate whores

Are you divine?  
Have you ever been?  
Maybe you can stop me  
Before I do something to myself  
Or maybe you could...

Put my head into your chest  
And my arms around your back  
I am not beautiful like you  
I hate the way you look at me  
I hate the way you trend  
Tolerance, tolerance, tolerance, tolerance  
Die alone

Your just a waste of time  
Your such a waste of skin  
Your just a puppet on a string  
Now let me hear you sing

Failed a secret agent  
The one who makes you famous  
But she'll take you down with force  
A patriot of course

Hes got a sense of style  
A sense for our revival  
But he wonders which is worse  
The contract or the curse

Well I'm divided  
In every segment  
One for god and man to fight for  
One for you and me to die for  
One for land  
Take my hand cause your divine

Put my head into your chest  
And my hands around your neck  
I am not beautiful like you  
I hate the way you look at me  
I hate the way you trend  
Tolerance tolerance tolerance tolerance  
Die alone

Your just a waste of time  
Your such a waste of skin  
Your just a puppet on a string

Now let me watch you swing

Are you happy now?

Take my hand

Take my hand

Cause your divine

Your divine, your divine, your divine

I am not beautiful like you

I hate the way you look at me

I hate the way you trend

Tolerance tolerance tolerance tolerance

Die alone

Your just a waste of time

Your such a waste of skin

Your just a puppet on a string

Now let me watch you! SWING!

Tip toe [x7]

Tip