Puppet On Your String

Abe Parker

Twisting my intentions, shoving words into my mouth
How do I feel so bad for how bad you hurt me now?
You convinced me that I stabbed myself in the back
Even though I can't reach the handle
Baby, if I struck a match, it would burn the whole place down
All this air's so gaslit, I can smell the toxins now
You throw pictures at the wall, and then leave me with the mess
And then act like all this is normal

I'm done sweeping glass and fixing frames
I'm done telling myself that you could change for me
Oh-ooh, oh-oh, yeah, I won't be the puppet on your string

Oh, the puppet on your string
Hmm, the puppet on your string

Paint me as the culprit and you frame me for your crime
Make me think the words you said I made up in my mind
Keep me in the dark 'til your intentions come to the light
And then say I just had my eyes closed

I know the rules
I'm never gonna win your game
It's time to say that

I'm done sweeping glass and fixing frames
I'm done telling myself that you could change for me
Oh-ooh, oh-oh, yeah, I won't be the puppet on your string

Oh, the puppet on your string
Hmm, the puppet on your string
Oh, the puppet on your string
Hmm, the puppet on your string

If I don't leave now
I won't ever walk away
It's hard to say, but

I'm done sweeping glass and fixing frames
I'm done telling myself you could change for me
Oh-ooh, oh-oh, I won't be the puppet on your string

Oh, the puppet on your string
Oh, the puppet on your string

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