

Invisible Strings

Ian Hunter

One, two, three
Well I woke up this morning - there's a girl in my bed.
How did she get there? Was it something I said?
I don't understand it but somehow it seems
She visits me in invisible dreams.
Over and over I try to explain
How did that girl get into my veins?
Did somebody send her - was it my velvet wings?
And how does she touch my invisible strings?
Invisible Strings - Invisible Strings
These are a few of my favorite things
Now it's all over when the fat lady sings
I'll still be playing my invisible strings

Well maybe she don't have a world of her own
Maybe she's using me just like a phone
And sometimes she's cool and sometimes she stings
And I'm all tangled up in invisible strings
Invisible Strings - Invisible Strings
These are a few of my favorite things
When you're wearing black and I'm wearing wings,
We'll still be playing those invisible strings

Well she never leaves - I'm never alone
I ain't in the book but she's still calling home
I tried to lose her - watch the tv
But that woman's always picking on me
Well, there's strings round my body, strings round my heart
I'd like to know where the string-pulling starts
I'd give anything to meet the angel who sends
Invisible ink to my invisible pen
Invisible Strings - Invisible Strings
These are a few of my favorite things
When you're wearing black and I'm wearing wings,
We'll still be playing our invisible strings
Invisible Strings - Invisible Strings
These are a few of my favorite things
Now it's all over when the fat lady sings
We'll still be playing our invisible strings
Invisible Strings - Invisible Strings
Oh yeah