

## Puppet Parade

Megadeth

I punch your clock, I play a role  
But everyday it's the same  
The party's loud, and the drinks are cold  
But nothing dulls the pain  
I bite my tongue and sell the lie  
Pretend that I belong  
Another shot another high, make it a double  
And make it strong

No voice, no choice  
You must obey

When the blood runs cold  
In the plans we've made  
Where the strings are pulled  
And the traps are laid  
Where the lies are truth  
And our lives are trade  
As we march in line  
In a puppet parade

I ride the edge, I twist the blade  
Just try to spark a flame  
But all the colors start to fade  
And blur into the same  
They say I've got it all, yeah right  
A king without a crown  
But when I crash against the floor  
I barely make a sound

No voice, no choice  
You must obey

When the blood runs cold  
In the plans we've made  
Where the strings are pulled  
And the traps are laid  
Where the lies are truth  
And our lives are trade  
As we march in line  
In a puppet parade

Strings, tied to my back  
Must smile like a hangman, I know it's an act  
It's a curse, tied to charade  
As they dance for the crowd, in the puppet parade