

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