

Guitars

Rupert Holmes

Taut and tight, there's a net in the night
The evening is strung with strings
Power lines intertwine with the vines
The telephone wire sings
My pulse is racing
I need to place you in this web of silver cords
My heart is pumping in time to the theme that resounds in the s
tars
I have to love you tonight while the earth is alive with guitar
s

Drawn like steel across a drum
My nerves begin to strum like a storm
Drawn to you, I feel the pull
Of strings that ring so full and so warm

Highly strung, we're in love and we're young
The evening is laced with light
Weave our way through the strange interplay
Of bodies that brush the night

My heart is pumping in time to the theme that resounds in the s
tars

Drawn like steel across a drum
My nerves begin to strum like a storm
Drawn to you, I feel the pull
Of strings that ring so full and so warm

Taut and tight, there's a net in the night
The evening is strung with strings
Power lines intertwine with the vines
The telephone wire sings
I'm close behind you
I have to find you in this web of silver cords
My heart is pumping in time to the theme that resounds in the s
tars
I have to love you tonight while the earth is alive with guitar
s