

The Puppet Song

The Four Seasons

I'm like a puppet hanging on a string
With a snap of her finger how I come a running
You pick me up and then you let me down
All I know is you'd better find yourself another clown

Hey little girl the time has come to say
That I've got to take my love away
Every day that I remain
I know I just can't take the pain that you will cause inside my
fool heart
I was a plaything that you could enjoy
Can't you see that I'm a real boy
If you think I'm made of wood
Then won't you tell me why my life is shattered all to pieces

I'm like a puppet hanging on a string
With a snap of her finger how I come a running
You pick me up and then you let me down
All I know is you'd better find yourself another clown

How long can I act like a marionette
You've been fooling since we have met
Just how long do you think I can go on giving when I'm getting
nothing in return

Baby, baby you took everything
And you gave me nothing in return but heartache
Baby, baby you've gotta break the string
I'm a real man now I'm not a wooden puppet

(Baby, baby you took everything)
(And you gave me nothing in return but heartache)
(Baby, baby you've gotta break the string)
(I'm a real man now I'm not a wooden puppet)