

# Broadway

Just another puppet on a string  
Pull the threads, watch her sing

Stand her here, place him there,  
Color in their eyes, dye their hair

I'll return each season, each season  
I'll be yours again  
Never mind rhyme or reason

I'll do what you say  
What you say, I'll say  
My hours, my minutes, my moments each day  
Until I forget who's in the mirror, who's begging me to stay

Give me their woes and their troubles, lend me their face  
For 113.20 minutes, my soul I'll happily replace

I'll never tire  
I'll never stop  
Until my name climbs up to the top

My name's now big  
My name's now bright  
But now I forget who I really am  
When I lay down at night

I did it for the money  
I did it for the fame  
Addicted to the people, the applause  
For someone to herald my name

But I'm just another puppet on a string  
Please pull my threads, let me be consumed  
Let me sing

—*Hannah Marie Fuller*