

No More Tangles

John Grant

Stockholm is a place that I adore
But the syndrome by that name is one that I abhor
Patty Hearst cannot compete with me
I bet she thinks she can
I'll prove her wrong at tea for free
Words don't mean anything to you
Emotions turn right in to lies like black turns in to blue
Because the fear has made you blind
You don't know anything
And you thought that I was being kind

No more tangles
No more tears
No more reindeer games with narcissistic queers
Or any other such type of human being

This is a metaphor for fear
Answers to questions you've been asking me for years
What of our drink and fatigue
I've got a lot of that
Just tell me how much do you need
You spend your days tied up in knots
You know how to tie them in your flesh and in your thoughts
Even without reading Moby Dick
Tell me how does one learn that at your age so that it sticks

No more tangles
No more tears
No more reindeer games with narcissistic queers
Or any other such type of human being
No more angles, no more dumbing it down
Gee your hair smells perfect but I cannot stand to have you around
Not now
Or any other time