

# Knots

Jeremy Messersmith

Black sweatband, sticks blur in her hands; she's the drummer  
She weaves a beat through Kinks and Deep Purple covers  
Can't shake her off  
She keeps me tied in knots  
I'm tangled from the inside out  
Strung out and tired, a funeral-crier; I'm heartsick  
So I twist and turn till the ropes start to burn and I'm franti  
c  
All those uptown boys making noise but she just yawns  
With a wicked back beat, she flips them off and then she's gone