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 aro und Not now Or any other time