

Tangles

Lady Lamb

Time takes the years from out of our hides
Wait for the belt with bated breath
And the bait on the line
Finds a fish in the sea
Your teeth take the cake and feed it to me

I heard from a little bird
That you crushed its mama's bones
Please look me in the face
Don't you be disgraceful
Oh lord, oh please say, say it ain't so

For I'm immune
I'm immune to no one
Love is a luxury that I can't quite afford
I call it by name
And you know it just walks out my door
Maybe I shouldn't hold it so tightly anymore

Your smoke builds a plume
How it stifles my perfume
And the paint on the walls of your room
Makes for a pretty, makes for a pretty little June

And I never want to see you
I never want to see you again
But I long to see you soon
For a heart can be as stark and sad
As a single laugh in a funeral parlor
And my argument is as senseless
As picking up pennies from the snow
And loneliness she can be a whore
I take her to bed-
I'm so sure she won't be there in the morning

Oh lord what more could we be for
Than the bangles on your wrist?
Oh lord what more could we be for
Than the tangles in your hair?

Look me in my face
Don't you be a disgrace
Oh lord, please say it ain't so

What more could we be for
Than the change clanging in your pockets?
The pennies falling from your hand into the snow
The pennies falling from your hand into the snow