

Terrible Freedom

Noah Gundersen

Andy, let's make this a good one
No more fucking around
Let's give 'em a reason to turn this record up loud
Cause I'm tired of listening to music
It all sounds the same to me now
I've already heard everything that they're singing about

Sometimes I think about Elvis
And how cool it would be to be king
Drowning in pussy, so full of shit you can't breathe

There's a portrait of young Marlon Brando
Tattooed to the top of my arm
With that classically tragic American magic and charm
When he danced his last tango in Paris
As a miserable mess of a man
Ruined by love or the idea of, I began to understand

How the price of this terrible freedom
We thought was in such high demand
Eats through your flags as your confidence sags
Till you're shrouded in shadow
Lonely and morbidly fat

You had a real good run
You had a lot of fun
And whatever you become now that it's over
That's up to you

Something is happening here and you don't know what it is
There's changes in the weather, there's a lightning on the ridge
And somebody somewhere says this is the end
My beautiful friend
My beautiful friend
My beautiful friend