

# 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