

# No More Tangles (with Royal Northern Sinfonia)

[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 around  
Not now  
Or any other time  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>