

Knots

Jeremy Messersmith

Black sweatband, sticks blur in her hands; she's the drummer
She weaves a beat through Kinks and Deep Purple covers
Can't shake her off
She keeps me tied in knots
I'm tangled from the inside out
Strung out and tired, a funeral-crier; I'm heartsick
So I twist and turn till the ropes start to burn and I'm franti
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All those uptown boys making noise but she just yawns
With a wicked back beat, she flips them off and then she's gone