

# Harry Chapin, Tangled Up Puppet

I'm a tangled up puppet,  
Spinning round in knots,  
And the more I see what I used to be,  
The less of you I've got.  
There was a time that you curled up in my lap; like a child  
You'd cling to me smiling, yours eyes wide and wild  
Now you slip through my arms, wave a passing hello  
Twist away and toss a kiss, laughing as you go  
You used to say "Read me a story and sing me songs of love"  
For you were Princess Paradise like your wings of a dove  
Now I chase you and tease you trying to remake you my own  
But you just turn away and say "please leave me alone."  
And I'm a tangled up puppet  
All hanging in your strings  
I'm a butterfly in a spider's web  
Fluttering my wings  
And the more that I keep dancing  
And spinning round in knots  
The more I see what I used to be  
And the less of you I've got  
You are a drawer full of makeup and rinses and things  
You keep changing your moods like your earrings and rings  
But tonight while we played tag for five minutes in the yard  
Just for a moment I caught you off guard  
But now you write your secret poems  
In a room just for your dreams  
You don't find time to talk to me  
About the things you mean  
And what I mean is--  
I have watched you take shape from a jumble of parts  
And find the grace and form of a fine work of art  
Hey, you, my brand new woman, newly come into your own  
Don't you know that you don't need to grow up all alone