

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