

Tangled Up Puppet
Harry Chapin

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From: MR KEN L REYNOLDS [LTWU46B@prodigy.com]
Sent: Tuesday, December 30, 1997 7:00 PM

song: Tangled Up Puppet
artist: Harry Chapin
album: Harry Chapin Gold Collection
transcribed: Ken Reynolds

Enjoy the following Harry Chapin tune.

Tangled Up Puppet
Harry Chapin (klr)
capo 5th fret

I?m a [D] tangle up [Dmaj7] puppet [Bm] spinning round in [A7] knots
And the [A] more I see of what [A7] used to be, the [A] less of you I
[D] got

[D] There was a time that you [Dmaj7] curled up in my [Bm] lap like a
[D] child
You?d [G] cling to me [G/f#] smiling your [G/e] eyes wide and [G]
wild
Now you [Bm] slip through my [D] arms, wave a [Bm] passing [G/e]
hello
[A] Twist away , and [A7] toss a kiss, [A] laughing as you [D] go

[D] You used to say, ?Read me a [Dmaj7] story, and [Bm] sing me songs
of [D] love?
For [G] you were Princess [G/f#] Paradise, on the [G/e] wings of a
[G] dove
Now I [Bm] chase you and [D] tease you trying to [Bm] remake you my
[G/E] own
But [A] you just turn [A7] away and say, [A] ?Please leave me [D]
alone.? [A]

And I?m a [D] tangled up [Dmaj7] puppet, all [Bm] hanging in your
[A7] strings
I?m a [A] butterfly in a [A7] spider?s web, [A] fluttering my [D]
wings
And the [D] more that I keep [Dmaj7] dancing, and [Bm] spinning
?round in [A7] knots
The [A] more I see what [A7] used to be and the [A] less of you I [D]

got

You are a [D] drawer full of [Dmaj7] make-up and [Bm] rinses and [D]
things
You keep [G] changing your [G/f#] moods like your [G/e] earrings and
[G] rings
But [Bm] tonight while we played [D] tag for five [Bm] minutes in the
[G/E] yard
Well, [A] just for a [A7] moment, I [A] caught you off [D] guard
[A]

And I?m a [D] tangled up [Dmaj7] puppet all [Bm] hanging in your [A7]
strings;
I?m a [A] butterfly in a [A7] spider?s web, [A] fluttering my [D]
wings
And the [D] more that I keep [Dmaj7] dancing, and [Bm] spinning
?round in [A7] knots,
The [A] more I see what [A7] used to be and the [A] less of you I [D]
got

But for [Bm] now you write your [G] secret poems in a
[A] room just for your [Bm] dreams
You [G] don?t find time to [Bm] talk to me [A] about the things you
mean. . .
What I [G] mean is

I have [D] watched you takes [Dmaj7] shape from a [Bm] jumble of [D]
parts
And [G] find the grace and [G/f#] form of a [G/e] fine work of [G]
art
Hey, [Bm] you, my brand new [D] woman, newly [Bm] come into your
[G/E] own,
[A] Don?t you know that [A7] you don?t need to [A] grow up all [D]
alone

I hope you all enjoyed that one.
Ken Reynolds
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