

The Massachusetts Tangle

Lyrics: Gary McGath, Copyright 1997
Music: Tom Lehrer, "The Masochism Tango"

I know that we'll always get lost in
The streets and the alleys of Boston.
I'm really pissed at how they all twist
As we drive through the Massachusetts tangle.

For whether it's June or December,
It's a drive that you'll always remember,
Streets in decay
That all are one-way,
As we drive through the Massachusetts tangle.

By their command I cannot stop or stand,
For parking here is banned,
(from 7 AM to 6 PM on alternate Thursdays)

Because it's where I am.
My heart entreats,
Let's head out on those streets,
Where every driver meets in one big traffic jam.

My head must be made of mahogany,
Since I keep on enduring this agony,
It raises my ire
Till I feel I'm on fire,
Which is why I perspire in this tangle.

My car got caught
In the left outbound lane, love,
And it drove me insane, love,
That I couldn't break free.
Though I struggled and fought
Through the Southeast Expressway,
I'm still sure that the best way
Wasn't I-Ninety-Three.

It's great for the tow trucks and haulers.
The last time I needed sixty dollars
To go to the yard
And get back my car
When I parked in the Massachusetts tangle.

It racks my brain
And makes me moan with pain
To know that once again
I'm setting out at dawn.
I know too well
I'm driving into hell,
But even if I smell
Bridges burning, I'll go on.

I'm stuck here and just growing older,
So I'll drive a while on the shoulder.
Blue lights will shine
And I'll pay a fine,
When I drive through the Massachusetts Tangle!
Oy-vay!