

Poison

Rancid

Like Chancre's
Canterbury Tales
When three men find a pot of gold
And end up killing one another in the name of greed
Some people are poison
Under my skin like opium
And I'll stare in their eye to annoy them
Yeah there poison
Admissions of liabilities
I'm living in my own private cold war
In a room full of spies and I cannot find the door
Some people are poison
Under my skin like opium
And I'll stare in their eye to annoy them
Yeah there poison
The violent aspects of a tattered man
Let me respond to that if I can
Illuminated manuscripts written by hand
Accusations have been made from the very beginning
Some people are poison
Under my skin like opium
And I'll stare in their eye to annoy them
Yeah there fuckin poison!

Songwriters

DEVILLER, DANE ANTHONY / HOSEIN, SEAN SYED / ANDERSON, ANTHONY / HURSTFIELD,
ADAM / SMITH, STEVEN
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