

# Poison Oak

## Bright Eyes

Poison oak, some boyhood bravery  
When a telephone was tin can on a string  
And I fell asleep with you still talking to me  
You said, you weren't afraid to die  
In Polaroids, you were dressed in women's clothes  
Were you made ashamed, why'd you lock them in a drawer?  
Well, I don't think that I ever loved you more  
Than when you turned away, when you slammed the door  
When you stole the car and drove towards Mexico  
And you wrote bad checks just to fill your arm  
I was young enough, I still believed in war  
Well, let the poets cry themselves to sleep  
And all their tearful words will turn back into steam  
But me, I'm a single cell on the serpent's tongue  
There's a muddy field where a garden was  
And I'm glad you got away but I'm still stuck out here  
My clothes are soaking wet from your brother's tears  
And I never thought this life was possible  
You're the yellow bird that I've been waiting for  
The end of paralysis, I was a statuette  
Now I'm drunk as hell on a piano bench  
And when I press the keys it all gets reversed  
The sound of loneliness makes me happier

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