

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 dieIn 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 moreThan 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 warWell, let the poets cry themselves to sleep

And all their tearful words will turn back into steamBut 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 tearsAnd I never thought this life was possible

You're the yellow bird that I've been waiting forThe 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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