Poison Oak

Hot Buttered Rum String Band

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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