

Poison Years

Bob Mould

There's poison thoughts in my mind
I've got to free myself from this bind, I know I'm a reasoning guy
In an act like Jesus Christ, stare into the sun
You don't see eye to eye with anyone I throw it all away
(Don't talk to me no more)
The more I think, the less I've got to say
(I don't remember you no more)
About these poison years, it's just a memory
(It's just a memory) Why every time you knock me down
It's all that I can do to get up off the ground, pull myself apart again
At the end of this rope, rope at the end of the line
I see you swing by your neck on a vine Treason is the reason for my poison years
Leaves are changing seasons of my poison years There's poison years in my mind
I've got to free myself, oh, from this bind, I know I'm a reasoning guy
Every time you knock me down
It's all that I can do to get up, to get up off the ground Treason is the reason for my poison years
Leaves are changing seasons of my poison years Leaves are changing seasons of my

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