Poison

Rancid

Like Chaucer's

And end up killing one another in the name of greed

When three men find a pot of gold

Canterbury Tales

Some people are poison

Under my skin like opium

I'll stare in their eye to annoy them

Well, they're poison

Yeah, they're poison

Admissions of liabilities

I'm livin' in my own private cold war

And I can't find the door

In a room full of spies

Some people are poison

Under my skin like opium
Well, they're poison
I'll stare in their eye to annoy them
Yeah, they're poison
The violent aspects of the 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
I'll stare in their eye to annoy them
Well, they're poison
Yeah, they're poison
Yeah, their fuckin'... POISON

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