

Poison Oak

Bright Eyes

Poison Oak some boyhood bravery
When the telephone was a 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 the 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 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 could turn back into steam
But me I'm a single cell on a serpents tongue
And there's a muddy field where a garden was
And I'm glad you got away
But I'm still stuck out hear
My clothes are soaking wet from your brothers 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

Songwriters

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