Poison

Allen Stone

Here comes the minister,
His three-piece seems sinister,
And I'm just a visitor,
But I still know when I see a prisoner,I thought we all knew a tree and its fruit,
Are only just as good as the soil nourishing that root,And here comes the senator,
And his high-class, bitch-ass lobbyist eventsters,
I'm just a messenger,
Oh, but I still know when I see a prisoner, yeah,
I thought we all knew a tree and its fruit,
Are only just as good as the soil nourishing that root,I thought it was obvious when you worship the fund,
The root of your evil is what your heart becomes,
The fruit that you bear may be beautiful to some,
But it's poison, it's poison, it's poison,
It's poison,Here comes the singer and his self-righteous demeanor,
But look at these clothes--it shows,
Everybody knows I am just a prisoner,I thought we all knew a tree and its fruit,
Are only just as good as the soil nourishing that root,
I thought it was obvious when you worship the fund,
The root of your evil is what your heart becomes,
The fruit that you bear may be beautiful to some,
But it's poison, it's poison, it's poison,
It's poison.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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