You Drew

Ken Stringfellow

Take the baby's cane away and hide his little braces
Left to his devices, he still wants that rocky road
Feed him all your fables and your periodic tables
Fabulous, a fatalist is what he wants to beBut you drew the poison from me
Picked me off the bayonet tree
Pulled me like a tooth that kept your nights from finding sleepMove into a bungalow and disconnect the phone line
Hello, grace. It's been awhile
Your footsteps can go unnoticed
That's not to say that you weren't missed
But I guess you weren't invited
I never lacked for company
It's for care that I was wanting
But you drew the poison from me
Picked me off the bayonet tree
Pulled me like a snaggled little loose tooth
It's these late admissions that are driving me from sleep
I admit that I admire admiration's name
But if you come back to my senses, I won't try to reason with you
Knowledge gained is knowledge used. It never works out different
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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