

# 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 be  
But you drew the poison from me  
Picked me off the bayonet tree

Pulled me like a tooth that kept your nights from finding sleep  
Move 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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